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The Cannoneer

Story of a Private Soldier

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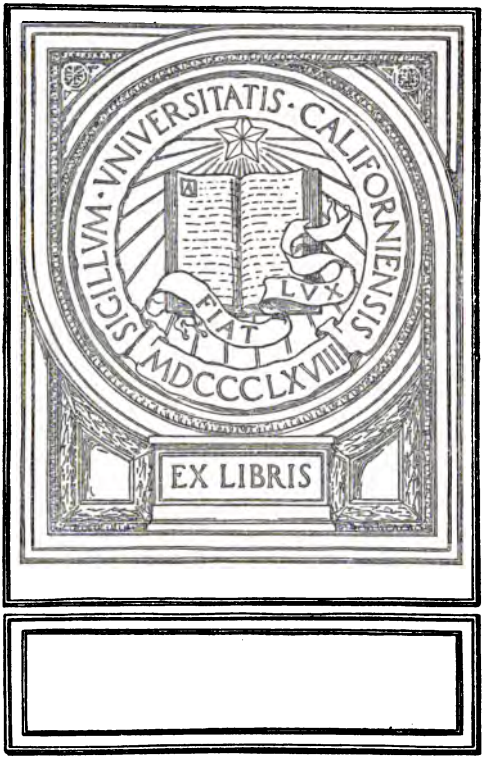

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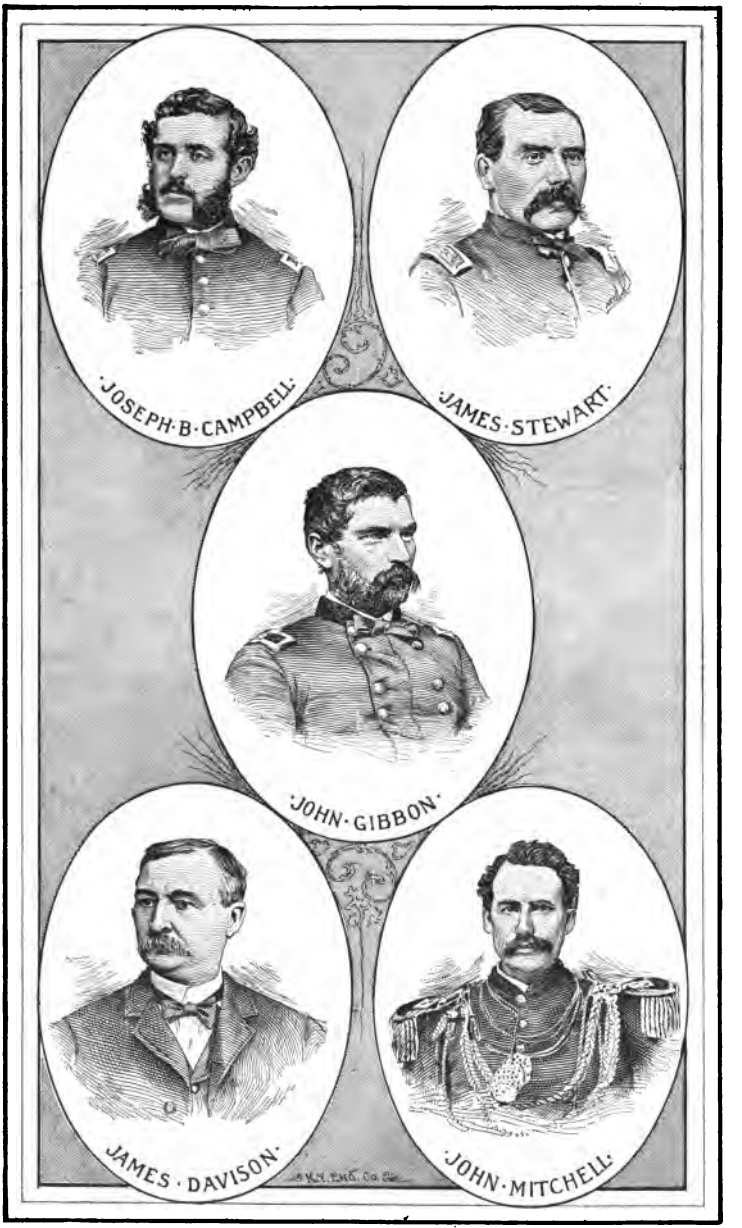

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"The Cannoneer."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY

"A DETACHED VOLUNTEER"

IN THE REGULAR ARTILLERY.

AUGUSTUS BUELL.

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INTRODUCTION.

The volume here humbly submitted is a careful revision of the text of a sketch sometime ago published as a serial in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, of Washington, D. C. This sketch had been written almost entirely from memory, at odd spells, during a busy lifetime, and little effort was made to revise or "edit" it for the serial publication. The result was much inaccuracy of statement, ill-considered criticism and reflections upon the conduct of co-operating troops, which, however faithfully they may have represented the feeling of the camp and battlefield that they were designed to portray, were clearly not calculated to form part of a just and impartial history in the light of evidence attainable in calmer days and under peaceful conditions. The Author has felt a due sense of the responsibility involved in the publication of a book, historical in character, no matter how unpretentious. Hence, so far as might be, without breaking the main thread of personal narrative, recourse has been had to official records wherever it seemed necessary to verify statements or correct the natural and unavoidable errors or lapses of memory. It is also to be remarked that, during the publication of the original sketch, which ran through 26 numbers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, the vast circulation of that paper among the veterans, and the kind interest of the comrades, brought out a great deal of correspondence commenting on, criticizing, correcting and elaborating the text of the sketch. Some of this correspondence will be found incorporated in this volume at appropriate points. It has all been sedulously preserved, and it is doubtful if there is or ever will be again such a collection of the personal reminiscences of soldiers—mainly enlisted men—as exists in the 2,000-odd letters called out by the original sketch, embracing, as they do, recitals of individual experience in nearly every battle of the Army of the Potomac. Almost without exception these letters are from men who are now the yeomanry of our land; men who gave two, three or four years of their young manhood to the defense of the Union, and who have since taken the places of honor and importance to which their virtues and talents entitle them in their respective communities. The limits of space and scope of this work prohibit the incorporation of more than the merest fragments of this rich and varied correspondence. At no distant day it is probable that these letters, carefully edited and annotated, will be given to the public in a volume.

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Personally the Author has but to say that his service was brief and uneventful compared to that of most of his comrades. Doubtless his experience was, on the whole, much less harsh and trying than that of the average private soldier. The pictures he draws of his company officers and his comrades are by no means softened by the "half-tone process of memory and long ago," but are literally true to the life. The paternal care and kindness of Capt. Stewart and the brotherly affection and solicitude of Lieut. Mitchell are not in the slightest degree idealized or exaggerated; nor is one excessive word or phrase offered in depicting the soldierly virtues or the personal excellences of the comrades in the ranks. Every old soldier has at least the privilege of maintaining that his commanders were the bravest and most skilful, and his comrades the best and dearest that the army afforded. The Author claims no more than that privilege. Those of us who survive are scattered to the four corners of the earth, never to meet again, but I think it can be said without the slightest hazard that no man or boy who did his duty in Stewart's Battery has any recollection of any comrade that is unpleasant or any reminiscence of his service that he does not love to tell. The name of the Old Battery is blazoned high on the scroll of the Union's battle-fame. Around her guidon staff twine the triple laurels of 1812, the Mexican War and the Struggle for the Union. The glories of Plattsburg, of Monterey, of Buena Vista, of Antietam, of Gettysburg, of Spottsylvania, of Bethesda, and of Appomattox Courthouse — the battle legends of a half century — cluster among her "cross-cannons," imperishable while the Old Flag waves.

Col. William F. Fox, the accepted Statistician of the Civil War, in answer to an inquiry recently propounded to him by Comrade R. S. Littlefield, of Empire City, Oreg., says:

The "Cannoneer" is correct in claiming for his Battery the greatest aggregate losses of any light battery in the service. * * * There is no doubt but that more men fell at Stewart's guns than in any other battery in the Union Armies.

Capt. Stewart, in a letter from his home at Carthage, Ohio, says:

Realizing, as I did, the distinguished services and the already established fame of the Battery, I often wished that it might have had a historian. When I finished reading your concluding article I felt satisfied that Battery B had found a historian worthy of its history.

But I also feel that you have given me too much praise personally. Among other things, you have represented me as a man destitute of fear. Let me assure you, my dear boy, that whatever may have been my apparent conduct in action, no man ever went under fire with a keener sense of the perils and horrors of battle than I did.

But it was my fortune to be placed in command of men of exceptional pride and bravery. No officer having a spark of manhood about him could have helped doing well at the head of such men. I cannot think of them now, whether they are living or dead, without emotion. I assure you that it was my men and boys who held me up to my work in our desperate battles of Antietam, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Bethesda Church, etc., and not I who held them to theirs.

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The only occasions when fear departed from me were when some of the men and boys whom I loved would fall before me, torn and mangled by bullets or shot or pieces of shell, when the battle was so hot that I could not spare men to remove them, and they would turn to me with beseeching faces for help, which I could not give them for the time being. Then, perhaps, I would become desperate, and in the fulness of my desire to avenge their sufferings I might have appeared to be reckless. Whether any one could have done better than I did with such men I will not pretend to say. But I will say that it must have been a very poor officer who could not have done as well. It was my men and boys who made my Battery's reputation. It is their glory, not mine.

This expression of Capt. Stewart is valuable not only as a tribute to the men who served under his command, but also as an index to his own character. No one who ever served as an enlisted man can mistake the meaning of such sentiments expressed by a company or battery commander. Without intending to be invidious, it seems proper to remark that service in a battery dating almost from the birth of the Union and honorably identified with all our wars was calculated to produce an *esprit du corps* and excite sentiments of pride and motives of conduct not ordinarily felt by members of organizations temporary in character. This volume will be found a continuous tribute to the manly worth and soldierly virtues of a class of men who have received scant justice in our military history — the enlisted men of the Regular Army. Their example of steadiness, discipline, devotion and fidelity can never be forgotten by any one who served shoulder to shoulder with them as a detached volunteer.

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CHAPTER I.

SKETCH OF REGULAR ARTILLERY — EARLY HISTORY OF BATTERY B — BUENA VISTA — UTAH EXPEDITION — ARRIVAL OF BATTERY B AT WASHINGTON.

BY act of Congress approved March 16, 1802, the existing Regular artillery of the United States was founded. This was the act which separated the "Corps of Artillerists and Engineers," created by the act of March 3, 1799, into distinct arms of service.

By act of April 12, 1808, the designation was changed to "the Regiment of Light Artillery." This regiment was authorized to consist of nine companies, each having under that establishment a Captain, two subalterns and about 35 enlisted men. These companies, however, were employed in garrison duty, none being equipped as light artillery. In January, 1812, as part of the preparation for war with Great Britain, two more regiments of light artillery were created. The service of the artillery during that contest has not made much impress upon history, hardly any record of the operations of batteries having been preserved, either in the annals of the time or in official reports. The largest force assembled in any engagement was the five batteries with Jackson at New Orleans. Gen. Brown appears to have had three batteries on the Niagara frontier, and Macomb had three at Plattsburg, besides several artillery companies serving as infantry; but there is only casual mention of their performance. In 1814 the three regiments were consolidated into what was termed the "Corps of Artillery," consisting of four battalions of eight companies each. On March 3, 1816, the President was authorized to restore the light artillery regiment on the footing of 1808, and to retain the four battalions of "Corps Artillery" for garrison duty. This organization was maintained until March 2, 1821, when the existing 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th regiments were organized, to consist of nine companies each, having a strength of three officers and 32 enlisted men to the company, besides six artificers, who were known as "ordnance mechanics," and who were the pioneers of the existing Ordnance Department, separated from the artillery by the act of April 5, 1832.

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Under the organization of 1821 one company in each regiment was equipped as light artillery, the others being equipped as infantry and assigned to garrison duty. The companies equipped as light artillery were K of the 1st — a new company — A of the 2d, C of the 3d and B of the 4th regiment, the Captains being Worth of the 1st, Fanning of the 2d, Jones of the 3d and Humphrey of the 4th. For 17 years these light companies did garrison duty the same as the rest, the only difference being that they were each equipped with batteries of four brass six-pounders and were drilled in the light artillery manual of that time. It is worth while to remark that these batteries were not equipped with horses during that period. The guns had neither caissons nor limber-chests, but were hauled by the men with drag-ropes, and carried their ammunition in boxes mounted on the axle of the gun-carriage between the "cheeks" of the stock and the wheels.

In 1837, on account of the Florida war, two of these batteries were horsed and their complement increased to 71 enlisted men. They were C of the 3d, commanded by Capt. Ringgold, and B of the 4th, Capt. Washington. But of these two only Washington's Battery, B of the 4th, actually took part in the operations. This battery, prior to the reorganization of 1821, had been Company C, of the Third Battalion, Corps of Artillery, and as such had served as a rifle company in the battle of Plattsburg in 1814. The orders by which Battery B was assigned to field service in the Florida war were as follows:

Capt. Washington's company (B), 4th Artillery, serving as light artillery, with its pieces, caissons, ammunition wagons and traveling forge, will move with the column, etc. [Paragraph 12, G. O. No. 68, Jan. 27, 1838.]

The use of artillery not being practicable in the forests and swamps of Florida, Capt. Washington's guns were parked at a fortified camp on Jupiter River and the men acted as provisional dragoons for some months. At the same time Companies B and H, of the 1st Artillery, were drawn from Savannah and old Fort St. Augustine and equipped as light infantry or riflemen, in which capacity they served to the end of the Seminole war. In March, 1839, appears a paragraph in general orders complimenting Battery B upon its "arduous and effective service in the pestilential region forming the theater of operations," and ordering it North "with a view to restore the health of the officers and men." The losses of the Battery during the Florida war are stated at 19 out of about 70 present for duty; but this was no doubt mainly, if not entirely, by disease, there being no separate record of casualties in action so far as can be ascertained.

May 20, 1839, an order was issued which marked an era in the history of American artillery. This was Secretary Poinsett's order directing the establishment of a camp of instruction at Trenton, N. J., where the four light batteries were ordered to rendezvous "for a thorough course of drill and instruction according to the system of tactics lately approved." [Vide "Instruction for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot, 1839–40." Translated from the French by First Lieut. Robert Anderson.]

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At this camp a light artillery brigade was formed, under command of Maj. Abraham Eustis. It consisted of Battery K of the 1st, Capt. Taylor; Battery A of the 2d, Lieut. Duncan; Battery C of the 3d, Capt. Ringgold, and Battery B of the 4th Artillery, Capt. Washington. The armament of the Battery at this time was four brass six-pounders, and the complement was one Captain, two subalterns, four Sergeants, eight Corporals and 60 men, with 40 draft-horses and 12 saddle-horses — all the non-commissioned officers being mounted.

Troubles on the Canadian frontier caused two of the batteries — A of the 2d and B of the 4th — to be sent to Ogdensburg in 1842–43. In 1845 the impending difficulties with Mexico caused Ringgold's Battery — C of the 3d — and Washington's — B of the 4th — together with T. W. Sherman's Battery — E of the 3d — to be sent to the Rio Grande, where they were incorporated with Gen. Taylor's "Army of Observation." The armament of the Battery was increased by adding two 12-pounder howitzers to the four six-pounder guns, and the complement was raised to four officers and 122 enlisted men.

As the requisite number of Regular artillery recruits were not available, the three batteries were filled up by detaching men from the infantry commands. Battery B had 76 men of its own, and these were reinforced by 20 from the 3d Regular Infantry and 15 each from the 1st and 2d Illinois volunteers, making 126, or four more than the complement. The officers of Battery B at this time were Capt. J. M. Washington, First Lieut. John P. O'Brien and Second Lieuts. Brent, Whiting (who died of yellow fever in 1853) and Darius N. Couch (afterward Major-General in the Union Army).

Upon the capture of La Vega's battery of six Mexican four-pounders at Resaca, the captured guns were divided among the three batteries of Taylor's Army, two of them being assigned to Battery B, thus making it an eight-gun Battery, consisting of four six-pounders, two 12-pounder howitzers and two captured Mexican four-pounders. To man these new pieces an additional detail of 14 men was made from the 3d Infantry, which brought the strength of the Battery up to 140 enlisted men, in the camp at Mier immediately before starting for Monterey.

The Hon. William R. Morrison, Member of Congress from Illinois, who was then a private soldier in Col. Bissell's 2d Illinois volunteers, has informed the author that Washington's Battery (B of the 4th) was considered at that time a *corps d'elite*, and that when the call was made on their regiment for volunteers to join it the only difficulty was in selecting the 15 or 20 required out of the 200 or more who were anxious to go. The quality of these "detached volunteers" from the 2d Illinois may be imagined from the fact that two of them — William Queen and Patrick O'Harnett — became Sergeants in less than two months after joining the Battery.

No event of importance in the history of the Battery occurred during the march from Mier to Monterey. During the operations which ended

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in the capitulation of Monterey Battery B took a prominent part, and O'Brien's section (two six-pounders) is credited with silencing and driving off a Mexican battery of four four-pounders on the Saltillo Road.

Advancing to Saltillo, Battery B was thrown out toward Buena Vista with the advance of the army, and on the 22d of February, 1847, Gen. Wool posted Capt. Washington's guns to command the road leading from San Luis Potosi, from which direction Gen. Santa Anna was approaching in heavy force. During that afternoon the Battery drove off several detachments of Mexican lancers who menaced its position.

Early in the morning of Feb. 23, 1847, Gen. Taylor in person directed Capt. Washington to detach his left half-battery, under Lieut. John P. O'Brien, with orders to report two guns to Col. Bowles, 2d Indiana, and two to Col. Bissell, 2d Illinois volunteers. Lieut. O'Brien proceeded with one six-pounder gun, one 12-pounder howitzer and the two captured Mexican four-pounders to the front, but upon the suggestion of Col. Bissell went into battery with three guns on the flank of the 2d Indiana, leaving only one gun (one of the Mexican four-pounders) with the 2d Illinois. The Mexicans soon attacked the position of the 2d Indiana from the cover of a deep ravine, and a desperate encounter ensued, in which the Hoosiers, assailed front and flank, were forced to retire. O'Brien worked his guns until the enemy was within 30 feet of his muzzles, and then retired his six-pounder and his 12-pound howitzer by prolonge, abandoning the four-pounder to the enemy, every Cannoneer, Driver and horse attached to it being either killed or disabled.

Arriving at the position of the 2d Illinois O'Brien halted, unfixed prolonge, and made another desperate effort to stop the Mexican advance. Gen. Wool says in his report that O'Brien, after having two horses killed under him, and being painfully wounded in the knee, took charge of his howitzer in person and continued to fire canister until the Mexicans had actually killed his "No. 1" and captured his "No. 2" at the muzzle of the piece. He then abandoned both guns — the six-pounder and the howitzer — and made good his retreat, with his few remaining men, under cover of the fire of the 2d Illinois. Col. William R. Morrison, already quoted, says that, though serving in two wars — the Mexican war and the Rebellion — he has never seen officers and men stand by their guns like O'Brien and his men stood by Battery B at Buena Vista.

At this moment O'Brien succeeded in getting a horse, mounted on which he returned to Capt. Washington, who had three six-pounders and the remaining 12-pound howitzer still in reserve, and at his request the Captain gave him a section composed of two six-pounders, with which the indomitable O'Brien returned to the front at a gallop. Arriving at the line of battle he found the 2d Illinois, reinforced by the remnant of the 2d Indiana, and the 2d Kentucky, which had just come up under Col. McKee, engaged in an almost hand-to-hand conflict with the Mexicans, who, largely reinforced, had now changed their attack from the left flank to the right, and who had also got

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three guns in position to enfilade the front of Bissell and McKee.

"Give it to their artillery, Mr. O'Brien," said Bissell, "and we will take care of their infantry."

O'Brien with his two 6-pounders now advanced as close to the Mexican guns as the conformation of the ground would permit, supported by two companies of the 2d Kentucky, and opened on the Mexican battery with canister and round shot. He silenced them in about 10 minutes. Meantime the enemy on our left flank had been working around until they came in range of Capt. Washington's reserve guns, posted in the main road, and he opened on them, causing them to break and take shelter in adjacent ravines in great confusion. During these operations Capt. Bragg had come into close action in our center with Battery C of the 3d, unlimbering within 50 yards of their leading infantry, and, "spreading his guns," (that is, firing to the right with his right section and to the left with his left, so as to enfilade their line,) gave them such a torrent of canister that they broke and fled at the third round.

It was at this moment that the famous, though apocryphal, incident of "a little more grape, Capt. Bragg!" is alleged to have occurred. The author of that celebrated "Whig campaign story" could not have been much of an artilleryman, or he would have known that there was no such thing as "grape" in light artillery. The actual fact, as related to the author by Gen. Pleasonton, who, as a Lieutenant of dragoons, was then serving as a temporary Aid to Gen. Taylor, is as follows:

"Gen. Taylor, accompanied by his Chief of Staff, Col. Bliss, and two or three Aids, rode up to Bragg's battery just as it was opening. Observing the effect of the first round, he inquired:

"'What are you firing, Captain?'

"'Canister, sir.'

"'Double or single?'

"'Single, sir.'

"'Then double it, and give 'em h—l!'"

It is not necessary to describe the total rout of the Mexican army or the subsequent operations of that part of the United States forces commanded by Gen. Taylor, because this is not only not a history of the Mexican war, but the object of the present chapter is merely to show that Battery B was no "raw hand at the business" when it joined the Army of the Potomac in October 1861.

The losses of Battery B at Buena Vista (all from the left half-battery under Lieut. O'Brien) were as follows:

KILLED.

Privates—
James Holley, 4th Artillery.
Horace Weekley, 4th Artillery.

Privates—
Michael Doughty, 4th Artillery.
William Green, 3d Infantry.

—— Kinckes, 4th Artillery.

SEVERELY WOUNDED.

Lieutenant—John P. O'Brien.
Sergeant—Andrew Pratt, 4th Artillery.
Private—Floyd, 1st Illinois.

Sergeant—William Queen, 2d Illinois.
Corporal—O'Harnett, 2d Illinois.
Private—Baker, 2d Illinois.

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Privates—Hannans, 4th Artillery.
Thurman, 2d Illinois.
Pfeiffer, 4th Artillery.
Beagle, 4th Artillery.
Privates—Clarke, 3d Infantry.
Butler, 4th Artillery.
Burch, 4th Artillery.
Brown, 4th Artillery.
Berrier, 4th Artillery.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

Eleven men—names not given in the casualty report.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed	5
Died of wounds	4
Severely wounded	11
Slightly wounded	11
Total	31

Battery B was not engaged seriously during the Mexican war after Buena Vista. Upon the evacuation of Monterey it retired to Ringgold Barracks, where it remained for some years, until ordered to New Orleans, en route to Fort Leavenworth, in 1855 or 1856.

Nothing of importance in its history occurred during this period, except the enlistment of Private James Stewart in its ranks in the year 1851—an event destined to be immortally linked with its fame in a greater war and on more important fields.

The exigencies of the Mexican war had caused several other batteries to be horsed and equipped as light artillery, but they were all reduced after the peace except three, of which Battery B was one—even Bragg's (Ringgold's) Battery C of the 3d being dismounted at Santa Fé in 1849.

The history of the Battery from this time until its arrival in the Army of the Potomac from Utah, October, 1861, is told by Capt. Stewart in a charming little memoir, recently prepared by him at the request of the author, and published as an appendix to this volume.

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CHAPTER II.

REORGANIZATION — THE DETACHED VOLUNTEERS — THE "ALL QUIET" WINTER — SECOND BULL RUN — SOUTH MOUNTAIN — ANTIETAM — THE BLOODY CORNFIELD — GALLANTRY OF GEN. GIBBON — TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER IN THE BATTERY — INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY AT 30 PACES — CAPT. CAMPBELL WOUNDED — STEWART TAKES COMMAND — PROPORTION OF KILLED TO WOUNDED — MCCLELLAN'S WASTED OPPORTUNITY — REFLECTIONS UPON ANTIETAM.

THE Battery upon arriving at Washington was armed with six 12-pounder Napoleon guns, or "light twelves," as they were officially called, and ordered to be placed on the "full war footing" — that is to say, six guns, 12 caissons, battery wagon, forge, etc., with six horses each for the guns, caissons and forge, and eight for the battery wagon, 12 spare horses and 16 saddle-horses for the Sergeants, Artificers, Buglers and the Guidon. The personnel authorized was four commissioned officers, two Staff Sergeants (Orderly and Quartermaster), six line Sergeants (Chiefs of Piece), 12 Corporals (six Gunners and six Chiefs of Caisson), five Artificers, two Buglers, one Guidon, and 120 Cannoneers and Drivers — 152 in all.

At this time, which was in the month of October, 1861, the Battery had in its ranks not more than 59 enlisted men, all Regulars. A few Regular recruits were sent on from Carlisle Barracks and other rendezvous of the Regular Army, but not near enough to make up for the losses by expiration of terms of service.

The following is the roster of the "Old Regulars" who constituted the Battery in 1861 when it first joined the Army of the Potomac and before any detached volunteers had been assigned to it:

Captain—John Gibbon.
Lieutenants—John Hunt,
Edmund Bainbridge,
Joseph B. Campbell.
Orderly Sergeant—James Stewart.
Sergeant—Charles A. Santmyer,
Sergeants—Henry Workman,
Chris. Máisak,
Robert Moore.
Corporals—John Mitchell,
Andrew McBride,
William West,

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Corporals—John M. Benjamin,
Jonathan Harding,
John C. Conners,
Samuel Ball,
Henry Moore.
Buglers—John Cook,
William Castor.
Privates—Andrew Ames,
John B. Lackey,
James Knowles,
Moses Armstrong,
Patrick Hogan,
Michael Gallagher,
William Hayes,
Dennis Driscoll,
Andre Benzinger,
John Bingham,
Ed. Bogey,
Hugh Boyd,
John F. Bradley,
Joseph Brownlee,
John Brown,
John S. Carter,
James Cahill,
Fred. A. Chapin,
William L. Crawford,
Privates—James Maher,
William Maffitt,
Barney McQuade,
Frank Rudge,
Horace DeLacey,
William Schroeder,
Charles A. Scott,
John Sheehan,
Henry Lyons,
William Kelley,
Philip Smith,
Joseph Herzog,
William Greene,
William C. Gardiner,
Michael Donovan,
George Steigner,
Richard Tea,
Adam Trodon,
William Trotter,
Julius Turk,
Henry Vogle,
John Willsee,
John Woodward.
Artificers—John A. Goeb,
Pat McCabe,
Ed. Sullivan.

These were always designated in the parlance of the Battery as "The Old Regulars," a title which they made a synonym of honor and glory in the great events which they were so soon destined to share. The "Old Regulars" of Battery B were men of extraordinarily high character—far above the average of enlisted men in the Regular Army. Many of them attained distinction in the operations which ensued.

ORD. SERG'T SANTMYER.
(A Sample "Old Regular.")

Every Regular battery was short of its complement, by reason of the fact that recruiting for the Regular Army had nearly ceased in consequence of the popularity of the volunteer service, and it became necessary to fill up the Regular batteries by detaching men from the volunteer regiments. Accordingly orders were issued by Gen. McClellan authorizing the recruitment of the Regular batteries from the volunteer regiments of the commands to which they were attached. Battery B was at that time attached to what was sometime later known as King's Division of McDowell's Corps. This was when the batteries were assigned to divisions, and the artillery of King's Division was composed of Edgell's

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1st New Hampshire Battery; Battery D, 1st Rhode Island; Reynolds's Battery L, 1st New York, and Battery B, 4th Regulars, then commanded by First Lieut. Joseph B. Campbell, who was also Acting Chief of Artillery of the division. John Gibbon was Captain of the Battery on the Regular Army list, but he had been made Brigadier-General of volunteers, and was then commanding the Fourth Brigade of King's Division. This brigade, afterward known to fame as the "Iron Brigade," consisted of the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin Regiments and the 19th Indiana.

The Third Brigade of the division was composed of New York troops, the regiments being the 20th, 21st, 23d and 35th, and was then commanded by Gen. Marsena R. Patrick, afterward Provost-Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac.

The result of McClellan's order of November, 1861, was to "detach" men from these commands as follows:

[These men were not all detached at one time, but at various periods from October, 1861, to June, 1862.]

From the 23d New York:

John Austin,	Chris. Brennan,	Henry Brown,
Asa Carman,	Stephen Chilton,	Timothy Dean,
Albert Easton,	Henry Garr,	Jesse Garr,
Charles Hathaway,	Charles Harris,	William Hogarty,
George Johnson,	Dewitt C. Johnson,	Andrew Kelley,
George Lacey,	Samuel McManus,	Edward O'Brien,
Orlando Patrick,	George C. Smith,	Ira Slawson,
Azel Buckley,	William Mason,	Fred. Osborne.
Lewis Putnam,	Joseph Randall,	

From the 35th New York:

James Arnold,	Charles Allen,	Frank Call,
James Cobb,	Patrick Comafort,	James Clark,
James Kline,	Robert Dewar,	Frank W. Dexter,
Henry Dildin,	Nathan Forbes,	Dave Fredenburg,
James Gordon,	John Kelley,	George Lawton,
Frank Muldoon,	William J. Moore,	Robert McAlone,
John McDonald,	Frank McDonald,	Joseph Morgan,
Henry Plumb,	Thomas Shaw,	George Van Anden,
Edward Wheeler,	Lewis Tooley,	Eben Taylor,
	Elon Waters.	

From the 19th Indiana:

John Anderson,	William Balch,	Fleming Smith,
Peter Casper,	William J. Codey,	George Crannells,
William Dickinson,	Joseph Gould,	John O'Neill,
Joseph Grim,	James Jenkins,	John W. Jones,
John W. Knight,	John C. Kennedy,	Philip Wingate,
Martin Phillips,	La Fayette Pursley,	Claus Young,
Arthur Stedman,	Isaac Sowerwin,	James Wine,
	William Zimmerman.	

From the 2d Wisconsin:

John Compton,	Preston Johnson,	Nathaniel Malson,
Charles Jenks,	Thomas M. Clarke,	Henry Burkhardt,
William Bartholomew,	George Griffin,	John Johnson,
Edgar A. Thorpe,	Henry B. Foster,	John McDermott,
	Elbridge G. Packard.	

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From the 6th Wisconsin:

Henry Childs,	Isaac Fort,	Henry G. McDougall,
John G. Hodgedon,	Edgar B. Armstrong	Alonzo Priest,
James S. Armstrong,	Henry M. Colby,	Seymour W. Colby,
Henry Cardey,	Miner Whemple,	William L. Johnson,
John B. Sanborn,	John H. Fillmore,	William Gardner.

From the 7th Wisconsin:

Eben B. Dunlap,	Philip Frazier,	Andrew J. Brunt,
John L. Jones,	Edwin Mackey,	Maitland J. Freeman,
Albert Hunt,	Lawrence Dowling,	Lucius Marshall,
Andrew Bishop,	Benjamin F. Branham,	James Thorpe,
	Benjamin H. Stillman.	

This roll embraces all the volunteers detached into the Battery from October, 1861, to June, 1862. Others from the same regiments came in at later periods and will be mentioned in their turn. Some of those in the above roll did not remain with the Battery. The total number was 117 men, of whom about 100 served in the Battery until their terms of enlistment expired, or they fell, killed or disabled, in battle.

These detached volunteers, with the remaining "Old Regulars," brought the strength of the Battery up to the authorized complement; but it never had the full strength present for duty after the Winter of 1861–62.

Great and radical changes have been made in the material of light artillery since 1861. The 12-pounder Napoleon gun and its coadjutors, the 10-pounder Parrott and the three-inch Rodman rifles, have made a place in history which seems to entitle them to at least a cursory description. The 12-pounder Napoleon was of bronze, smooth-bore, and muzzle-loading, as was all the artillery of that day, except one or two experimental guns by Armstrong and Krupp in Europe. It was officially known as the "light twelve," to distinguish it from the old regulation 12-pounder, which was longer and heavier, though of the same caliber. Its principal dimensions were as follows:

Length over all	6 feet.
Length of bore	5 feet 3¼ inches.
Diameter at breech	11 inches.
Diameter at muzzle	8¼ inches.
Diameter of bore	4¼ inches.
Weight of gun	1,220 pounds.

The round, solid shot for this gun weighed 12 pounds. The common shell, with bursting charge (8-ounce) and fuse, weighed nine and one-half pounds. The shrapnel or spherical case, which was a thin shell filled with musket balls and a bursting charge, weighed with its "sabot," 12¼ pounds. The canister, which was a tin can of the size of the bore and six inches long, filled with cast-iron shot about an inch in dimeter, weighed 14 pounds. The "sabot" was a piece of wood turned to fit the bore, and was placed between the powder and the projectile, instead of the "wads" formerly used. It was used only in smooth-bore guns firing spherical projectiles. The rifled guns, which fired conical projectiles, did not use the "sabot." By regulation the powder charges for shot, shell and case were two and

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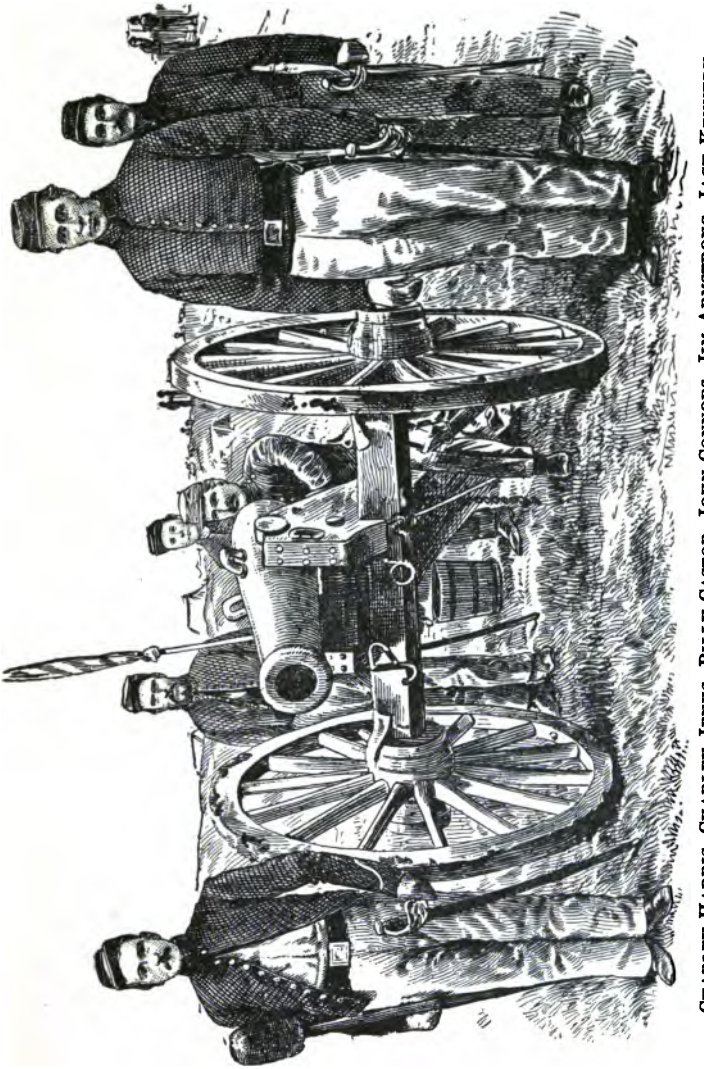

CHARLEY HARRIS, CHARLEY JENKS, BILLY CASTOR, JOHN CONNORS, JIM ARMSTRONG, JACK KENNEDY.

[This picture is engraved from a tintype taken in the field in July, 1862, when the Battery was in front of Fredericksburg, and kindly furnished by Comrade Charley Harris, who preserved a copy of it. The gun—"Old Betsey"—was of the original (1857) pattern of the 12-pounder Napoleon. The later patterns were cast smooth—that is to say, without the "handles" on top. "Old Betsey" was unlimbered for action at Appomattox, but did not open fire.]

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one-half pounds, and for canister two pounds. The fuse at that time used for round shell and case shot was a metal disk one and one-half inches in diameter. Its outer surface was of lead or an alloy of lead soft enough to cut easily. Underneath this metal surface was a ring of "meal-powder" or igniting composition. The exterior of the metal disk was marked like the dial of a clock — three-quarters, one, one and one-quarter, one and one-half, one and three-quarters, two, and so on up to five. These figures indicated in seconds and fractions thereof the time at which the shell would explode after leaving the muzzle, if the soft metal was cut out immediately over the desired figure on the dial, so as to expose the composition at that point to the flames of the powder-charge.

The "ranges" of the light 12-pounder were as follows for case shot:

At point blank.....	300	yards.....	Fuse,	1	second.
At 1 degree elevation.....	560	"	"	1¼	"
At 1½ degrees "	700	"	"	2¼	"
At 2 degrees "	800	"	"	3	"
At 3 degrees " 1,000		"	"	4	"
At 4 degrees " 1,200		"	"	5	"

The ranges for common shell were a trifle greater for each elevation than those for case shot (because the common shell was lighter), and in timing shell fuses more accuracy was usually observed than with case shot, because in shell practice it was generally desirable to burst the shell at or close to the actual target; whereas, with case, it was sufficient to burst it almost anywhere in the neighborhood of the enemy. The carriage of the light 12-pounder complete weighed 2,600 pounds, which, with the gun, made a total weight of 3,800 pounds, or nearly two tons. This was a pretty solid load to be dragged, as it often was, by six powerful horses right over ditches, plowed fields, stone walls, or slashings full of stumps and logs.

The pattern of caisson remains now substantially as it was then, so no detailed description of it is necessary. The equipment of the rifle batteries was in general the same as that of the 12-pounders, except in the matter of ammunition. The 10-pounder Parrott was scant three inches in caliber, and was made of cast iron, with a wrought-iron band shrunk on over the breech. The three-inch Rodman was of wrought iron, forged solid, and then bored and rifled. Both these types of guns used conical projectiles, weighing, for solid shot, 10 pounds; common shell, about eight pounds, and shrapnel, about 10½ pounds. They also had a special canister made for them. The three-inch wrought-iron rifle was generally considered superior to the 10-pounder Parrott, in consequence of the liability of the latter to blow up or break off between the fore-end of the reinforce and the trunions. But so long as the Parrott gun held together it was as good as any muzzle-loading rifle.

The Parrott ammunition could be used in the three-inch gun if necessary, but the three-inch projectiles could not be used in the 10-pounder Parrotts, because the latter were one-tenth of an inch smaller caliber.

The first real organization of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac

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occurred during the Winter of 1861–62, shortly after the completion of McClellan's first plan of divisional organization for the infantry. At this time three or four batteries were assigned to each infantry division, one of the batteries being in most cases Regular, and the senior officer of the Regular battery was made Acting Chief of Artillery for the division. In this manner the Regular artillery became, so to speak, the nucleus of organization, pattern and instruction for the volunteer artillery — a wise measure, the practical results of which soon became apparent.

At this stage of the conflict several Captains of Regular artillery were made Brigadier-Generals of volunteers. Gibbon, Griffin, Ricketts and Ayres were prominent among these. At the same time many Lieutenants were detached for the numerous staff duties incident to the colossal scheme in progress, which was the organization of a hundred thousand raw volunteers into what was destined to be the greatest, most famous and most successful army known to history. As the complement of officers allowed on the roster of a battery was fixed by law, the result of this indiscriminate detaching of line officers of Regular artillery greatly reduced the force of officers serving with the guns. To such an extent did this practice obtain that, at any time after January, 1862, hardly any Captain of Regular artillery would be found commanding his battery; there were seldom more than two officers present with the guns, and these frequently two Second Lieutenants, the senior of whom would be in command. There were also instances where a battery was commanded for considerable periods of time by its junior Second Lieutenant alone.

Besides, many of the best equipped and most meritorious Sergeants of the old Regular batteries were commissioned as officers in either the Regular or the volunteer artillery, and in most cases these men did great honor to themselves and to the school in which they had been trained.

As a rule, the volunteer batteries during the initial period of the civil war were better off as to personnel than the Regulars. The volunteer batteries always had their full complement of officers. The same was true of the 5th Regulars, which had been raised in May, 1861, and hence did not differ from the volunteers except in name. But the old 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Artillery, entwined as their guidons were with laurels from all the early battles of the Republic, not only had to furnish instructors for their new comrades, but had also contributed liberally to the resources of the foe by the defection of their Southern-raised officers. It happened that the 3d and 4th Artillery had been favorite regiments with Southern-born officers in the old army, and between them they furnished the Confederacy with some of the best commanders they had. In short, the old Regular artillery in 1861 found itself a divided camp, contributing almost impartially to the artillery organizations of two hostile armies, destined to wage the greatest war known to human annals.

After Capt. Gibbon had left the Battery to take up his duties as a General Officer of volunteers, leaving his First Lieutenant, Joseph B.

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Campbell, in command, the most important event, as it proved, in the history of the Battery occurred. This was the promotion of James Stewart, then Orderly-Sergeant, to be its Second Lieutenant. This gentleman was a native of Scotland, but had served in the ranks of the Battery for 10 years prior to the war in every capacity from private to Orderly Sergeant. He was a handsome man, of fine, soldierly presence, rather grave and taciturn in manner, and had a fair education, though not what would be called a man of culture. But he had that rare faculty of enforcing rigid discipline without severity, and of exerting the most absolute command without harshness or arrogance. Punctilious in every duty of his own toward his men, he simply asked them to do as well by him. To their wants or complaints he was ever ready to listen patiently and kindly, and in any case requiring decision he was absolutely just and impartial. The result was, having an exceptionally spirited and self-respecting lot of young men to deal with, he soon brought them to regard him as their personal friend as well as commander—a feeling that "told" with terrific power when they had to share a danger or a glory with him.

This was splendid raw material, but it had to be handled "right side up with care," for these young farmers and lumbermen from Wisconsin, Indiana and New York were "quick on the trigger," and would not take any nonsense from anybody, with or without shoulder-straps.

Stewart was at this time about 33 years of age. In person he was five feet eight or eight and a half inches high, though his erect carriage and the poise of his head made him look an inch taller than he really was. His shoulders were broad and square, and his chest measure was probably not less than 41 or 42 inches. His hair was a deep auburn-brown, and he always kept it trimmed rather short, after the "old Regular" fashion. His forehead was ample, broad and square, the frontal or eyebrow bones projecting or swelling a little. His nose was short, but straight and full, with a tendency to dilate the nostrils, particularly in action. His eyebrows were square-cut, and his eyes were dark-blue and very large. Ordinarily their expression was kindly and often quizzical, betraying the droll humor of his nature; but in battle they became lighter in hue and had a hard, set expression which betokened his fierce courage and invincible resolution. His mouth was pretty much concealed by a heavy, crisp mustache, which dropped down below his chin at the ends. His voice was deep-toned and strong, and on drill or in battle he could make it ring above the clamor and crash; but in ordinary intercourse he always spoke low and soft. He had just a trace of the Scotch-Irish accent, though hardly enough to call a "brogue."

In character Stewart was simply a perfect soldier. As an officer in the Regular Army he was associated to a great extent with graduates of West Point, who, of course, were much better educated and more polished in manner than he was, but he yielded to none of them in the attributes

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of the true gentleman. He was one of Nature's noblemen. His qualities of head and heart were those which neither education can supply nor the lack of education obscure. I have always had a theory that courage is the first and greatest attribute of a gentleman, and that no man as brave as Stewart could possibly be mean or cruel.

His long service in the ranks had imbued him with an instinct of subordination and habits of deference, which put him at a sort of disadvantage when brought in social contact with superior officers, particularly if they were West Pointers. As to habits, he was fond of "creature comforts," and sometimes indulged in them quite as much as was good for him. But he always realized when it was "time to quit," and whatever happened during convivial nights at headquarters, or in Washington, he was always on hand in the morning where duty called him. In personal affairs he was high spirited and quick tempered, as several pugnacious officers found out to their cost one time or another in camp festivities. In the administration of his Battery he was quick to discriminate between the occasional weaknesses of a good, true soldier and the habitual faults of a "deadbeat." He would forgive or ignore many trifling offenses on the part of a man who had shown distinguished courage in action or attention to duty in camp, but a man who shirked in camp or skulked in battle need expect no mercy from him. As it happened, the quality of his men was such that while he had frequent cases of the former sort to deal with, he had few or nearly none of the latter, though in the few that he did have his treatment of them was exemplary. One of his strong points was that good conduct on the part of an enlisted man never escaped his attention, and he mentioned a greater number of his men in battle reports for distinguished conduct in action than any other battery commander in the army. Another strong point was his indefatigable attention to the physical wants of his men. If supplies were to be had at any hazard Stewart's Battery always had them. He would stay up all night hunting for a Commissary or Quartermaster's train to insure his men and horses a breakfast in the morning. In a case of necessity on such occasions wo to the Wagonmaster or Commissary of Subsistence who stood in his way! With his superior officers — corps or division commanders, such as Gibbon, Reynolds, Newton, Warren or Griffin, as the case might be — he was always a prime favorite, and could always get from them anything he wanted, because they knew they could invariably depend on him implicitly whenever they wanted him for any duty, no matter how dangerous or desperate.

The detached volunteers of 1861 were all young men, fresh from the farms, sawmills and workshops of New York, Wisconsin and Indiana, who had been accustomed to hard work for an honest livelihood, respected themselves, valued their reputations, had honorable ambitions, were keenly solicitous about "what the folks at home will say about us," and were ready to fight anything on earth at any time or in any shape!

Now, it would have been easy for an officer of tyrannical or overbearing temperament to have stirred the deadly resentment of these fearless,

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independent young fellows, most of whom would not brook an affront from a man with shoulder-straps any more than from a man without, and who would all "fight at the drop of a hat" if imposed upon. Fortunately, Stewart was just the man to deal with such customers. His first appeal was always to a man's self-respect and sense of duty. If that failed he would sometimes send the offender back to his volunteer regiment with the statement that he "was not made of the right stuff" tingling in his ears. On other occasions he would endeavor to arouse the dormant ambition of the man by calling his attention to the success or advancement of some other fellow. Downright punishment he always avoided to the last extremity, and when he did inflict it, methods were used calculated to make the culprit ridiculous without serious physical suffering; and above all, he avoided those savage devices so much in vogue with many company officers, such as "bucking and gagging," stringing up by the thumbs, tying to the fifth wheel, etc., which usually failed of their intended exemplary effect by exciting the sympathy of the other men. In his personal intercourse with the men he was more free than Regular officers usually are, but no man in the Battery, from Orderly Sergeant down, ever ventured on the least undue familiarity with him.

CORP'L ALONZO PRIEST.
(A sample Wisconsin volunteer.)

It is notorious that the volunteers of 1861 and 1862 were enormously superior, as a class, to those of any later period, and the regiments of Gibbon's and Patrick's Brigades were extraordinarily fine soldiers, even for that period. As Gen. Gibbon, assisted by Capt. Campbell and Lieut. Stewart, picked their men at the rate of two, three or four from each company, and made a personal selection in each case, it will be seen at once that the Battery became a *corps d'elite* of the most pronounced character. It maintained this character to the end.

Capt. Stewart, in a letter to the author, referring to the quality of the men under his command in Battery B, says:

Just after the war, in 1866, I met an English officer with whom I had a conversation relative to the characteristics and merits of the English and

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American armies. He was familiar with our army and admitted its effectiveness, but said he was astonished at the apparently lax discipline in the field during the war. I told him that in an army of volunteers, such as ours was, there was no necessity for the rigid discipline common in European armies; that a great many of our private soldiers (some of whom were in my Battery) were young men of collegiate or academic education — well connected, high-spirited young fellows, and the peers of officers of the British army or any other in the world, so far as education and social position were concerned. Such men disciplined themselves, set examples for their comrades, and also, when called on for dangerous or even desperate duty, were always actuated by pride and self-esteem to accomplish it in a satisfactory manner, at whatever cost. Such men cannot be treated like machines, as European soldiers are, and it was not necessary to hold over them the fear of punishment. On the contrary, the hope of honorable mention of their names in battle reports spurred them to incredible daring. They enlisted in the ranks from patriotic motives, to "save the Union," and not for pay. They were the grandest types of manhood. Of course, in commanding such men, the same as others, an officer had to maintain certain forms of intercourse necessary in military etiquet; but, aside from such forms, I always considered these men as my comrades in every sense of the word, and they always appreciated and accepted the situation.

The sentiments expressed by the Captain in his conversation with the British officer exactly indicate his feeling toward his men and his method of dealing with them. The author hopes this letter will dispel a common impression that service in the Regular artillery was marked by cruel discipline and disagreeable relations between officers and men. There may have been such instances, but they were exceptions.

The Winter of 1861–62 was passed in camp near Alexandria without special incident, the traditional "all quiet on the Potomac" being varied only by incessant drills, target practice, inspections and reviews, in which the Army of the Potomac served its severe and thorough apprenticeship to the trade of war. Only those who participated can appreciate the toils and privations involved in that first Winter of drill, discipline and training, laying deep and broad the foundations of that martial character and warlike quality which in after years made the Army of the Potomac what it was — an army that could fight more desperately, endure defeat more philosophically, enjoy victory more calmly and close up around Appomattox Courthouse more chivalrously than any other army that ever existed on the face of the earth!

The camp of a light battery is much more picturesque and imposing than that of a company of cavalry or infantry. There were two different plans of encampment in vogue at the time of the civil war, each of which had certain advantages, according to the lay of the ground. One was known as the "half-battery" plan of camp; the other as the "section" plan. As a rule, the men preferred the section plan, as it preserved the individuality of the section, and brought the horses all on one picket line, which, in Winter quarters, required the building of only one stable; whereas the half-battery plan separated the horses into two lines, and in Winter necessitated the building of two stables. The diagrams on next page will show roughly the different plans of battery encampment.

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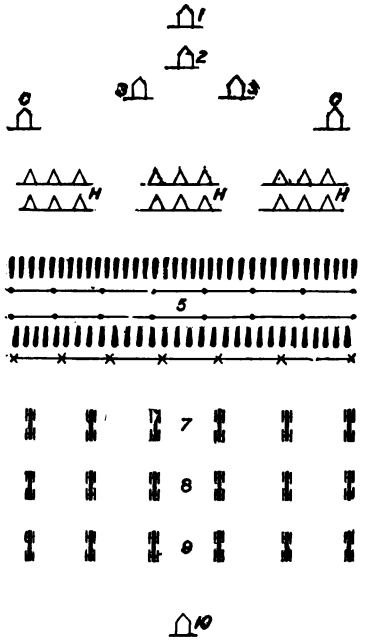


SECTION PLAN.

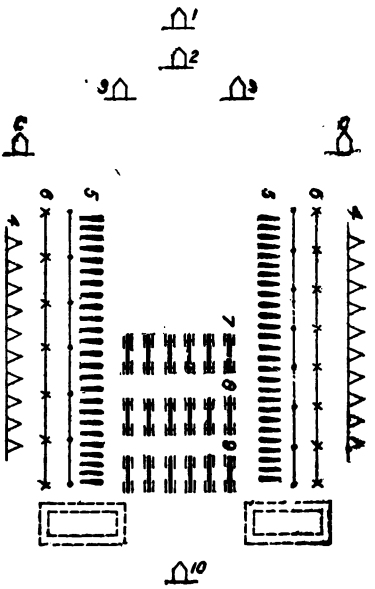
1. Officers' cook-tent.
2. Captain's tent.
3. Lieutenants' tents.
C. Men's cook-tents.
4. Men's tents.
5. Horses.
6. Harness-poles.
7. Battery wagon, forge, etc.
8. Caissons.
9. Guns.
10. Guard tents.

be in a regimental organization, and the men of each section liked to be as independent of the others as possible in all affairs pertaining to the "domestic life" of camp.

There was still another plan, not laid down in the regulations, but sometimes resorted to in the field, particularly by four-gun bat-

These plans were sometimes slightly varied, either as to space or arrangement, but the above diagrams indicate the general outlines of all battery camps. Sometimes the cooking would be done for the whole battery at one fire. At other times each half-battery had a cook. In Winter quarters the cooking would be done frequently by section, which arrangement the men generally preferred; in fact, you would always find, particularly in an old battery manned by veterans who had seen a good deal of service, that the individuality of the different sections was quite as pronounced as that of separate companies would

HALF-BATTERY PLAN.



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teries. It was similar to the camp of a company of cavalry, with the tents all in one line, facing the stables, a broad street between them, and the guns and caissons parked in line, each caisson resting on the left of its gun and the battery wagon and forge at the foot of the company street.

During the first campaign of 1862 the Battery remained with King's Division, of McDowell's Corps, in Northern Virginia, and took no part in the operations on the Peninsula. The first shot fired by the Battery in the civil war was on the occasion of Gen. McDowell's occupation of Fredericksburg in May, 1862, when several batteries were posted to fire across the river to cover the preliminary operations of the infantry.

ANDREW J. BRUNT.
(The first man hit.)

From this time until the beginning of Pope's disastrous campaign of the Second Bull Run no event of interest happened in the history of the Battery, except the muster out of most of the remaining "Old Regulars" who had enlisted at Fort Leavenworth in June and July, 1857, when the Battery was preparing for the Utah expedition, and whose five-year terms expired at this time. The most prominent of these was Charles A. Santmyer, then Orderly Sergeant of the Battery, who took his discharge to accept a commission in the volunteers, in which service he won considerable distinction later in the war. He was succeeded as Orderly Sergeant by John Mitchell, with whom the reader of this sketch will soon become well acquainted.

The old Regulars discharged at this time were about 30 in number. Their places were filled by Charles Hanson, James H. Lewis, William J. Gleason, John W. Miles, James Russell and Amos Burdick, from the 2d Wisconsin; Harvey Childs, Sylvester Fort, Martin McCandra, John McLaughlin, Jerry Murphy, Frank Bell, John H. Cooke, Hiram Whittaker and James L. Barney, of the 6th Wisconsin; Frank Blair, Tom Price, Henry Beecham, Horace Ripley, Alphonse Collins, Charley and John Fulton, Henry G. Klinefelter, Johnny Lee, Frank Noble, John Dolphin, Charles Levins and Charles Harris, from the 7th Wisconsin, and five or six more from the 19th Indiana, who were detached in the Battery at different dates from June to September, 1862.

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The Summer passed without any noteworthy event until Aug. 26, when Gibbon's and Hatch's Brigades had a skirmish near Fauquier Sulphur Springs with a force which two days later proved to be the van of Stonewall Jackson's column debouching from the Shenandoah Valley. In this skirmish the Battery had one man wounded—Private Andrew J. Brunt, detached from the 7th Wisconsin, who had one of his hands shot off, and who was the first man hit in the Battery.

On the 28th of August occurred the battle of Gainesville, in which the four regiments of Gibbon's Brigade and two regiments of Doubleday's, namely, the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana, 56th Pennsylvania and 76th New York, aided by Battery B, sustained the shock of one wing of Jackson's command, composed, according to Confederate accounts, of 11 regiments of infantry and two batteries, one of six and one of four guns.

This was the first heavy action in which the Battery took part. Its behavior was complimented by Gens. Doubleday, Hatch and Gibbon, and the effectiveness of its fire was considered remarkable under the circumstances. On August 30, at Groveton, the Battery was again in action. During these operations the enemy at no time got to close quarters, so that the losses were comparatively slight, being one man killed, one mortally wounded and five more or less severely hit. During the fight at Gainesville Lieut. Stewart's horse, "Old Tartar," suffered the loss of his tail, and as he afterward became one of the most famous horses in the Army and will be frequently mentioned, a brief sketch of him here may be interesting. His "biography" is from the pen of Stewart himself:

CARTHAGE, OHIO, *Dec.* 6, 1889.

DEAR COMRADE: Yours of Nov. 28 at hand. You ask for Tartar's "biography." His military record is as follows: He entered the service at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in July, 1857, just before Battery B started on the Utah expedition, and was then four years of age.

Before reaching Green River, Utah, he was taken sick with distemper of a malignant type, so we had to abandon him when we left Green River Camp, Salt Lake. The following Spring Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston offered $30 apiece for abandoned horses and mules branded "U. S." which should be returned to camp. I was at the tent of Maj. Fitz-John Porter one morning when two Indians came in with a couple of horses, one of which I recognized as Tartar. They said they had found him the Fall before on Green River, and they had used him all Winter to haul tent-poles. I had him taken over to the Battery, where Capt. Phelps, then commanding, remarked that "he had fared better with the Indians than the other horses had with the Battery."

In the Summer of 1860 the guns were left at Camp Floyd, and the personnel of the Battery formed into a provisional company of cavalry, doing duty in keeping open the mail, emigrant and pony express routes between Salt Lake City and Carson City, Nev. We were engaged in this duty from May to October, during which time Tartar's average work was from 40 to 50 miles a day. Early in 1861 the Battery marched from Camp Floyd, Utah, to Leavenworth, Kan., whence we were shipped by rail to Washington to join the Army of the Potomac. At the Second Bull Run Tartar was struck by a shell, carrying away his tail, and wounding both hips or hams. At first I thought I could not use him any more, and turned him into a small field or farmyard. The next morning however, he jumped the fence and followed the Battery.

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Some time after this President Lincoln reviewed the army in front of Fredericksburg, the First Corps being then in camp on the Belle Plaine Road. After I had passed in review, riding Tartar, I was sent for, to allow the President to look at the horse's wound. As soon as Mr. Lincoln saw it, he said to the general officers about him: "This reminds me of a tale!" which he proceeded to relate to their great amusement, but I was not near enough to hear what it was. But his little son "Tad," mounted on a pony, followed me and insisted on trading horses. I told him I could not do that, but he persisted in telling me that his papa was the President, and would give me any horse I wanted in trade for Tartar. I had a hard time to get away from the little fellow.

Tartar was again wounded at Fredericksburg, and after that it was difficult to get him to stand under musketry fire. The day before we reached Gettysburg he was lamed by running a nail into one of his forefeet, and did not go into the battle. In the pursuit of Lee after the battle he could not keep up with the Battery, and I left him with a farmer on the road, with a note stating what command he belonged to, etc. About a month afterward a friend of mine informed me that he had seen him over in Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division, tied up. I went over and got him. This was in August, 1863. He had no further mishaps, but served through the war, and was, I understand, at Appomattox Courthouse. When I was promoted and transferred to the 18th Infantry, in 1866, I left Tartar with the Battery, in the tenth year of his honorable and distinguished service.

JAMES STEWART, Captain, U. S. A.

In these battles Battery B, though performing all duty required of it, by no means bore the brunt of the artillery fighting. Its volunteer comrades — Monroe's (D) 1st Rhode Island, Gerrish's 1st New Hampshire and Reynolds's (L) 1st New York — having been on the whole more closely engaged and suffering much greater losses.

During the retreat of Pope's army Battery B was with the rear guard, and unlimbered for action at Ox Hill or Chantilly, and again near Fairfax Seminary, though not seriously engaged in either instance, and suffering no casualties.

On the 10th of September, 1862, the Army of Virginia was discontinued and its troops merged in the Army of the Potomac. By this reorganization King's Division, which had been the First Division, Third Corps, of the Army of Virginia, became the First Division, First Corps, of the Army of the Potomac; Ricketts's, the Second Division; and the Division of Pennsylvania Reserves, under Meade, was added as the Third. The command of the corps was conferred on Maj.-Gen. Joe Hooker. In the infantry some changes afterward occurred, among which was the incorporation of Meade's Division of Pennsylvania Reserves in the Fifth Corps after the battle of Fredericksburg; but in the main the organization of the First Army Corps on Sept. 12, 1862, was that under which its renown became imperishable in our annals. As for the rest of the troops of Pope's short-lived Army of Virginia, they were reorganized into the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The batteries still remained attached to divisions, and there was little change in their assignments. Edgell's 1st New Hampshire, Reynolds's (L) 1st New York, and Battery B, remained with King's Division; but Monroe's (D) 1st Rhode Island was transferred to the Ninth Corps.

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Thus reorganized, the Army of the Potomac took up its line of march for the Upper Potomac, en route, as it proved, to the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam.

The forcing of the passes of South Mountain, Sept. 14, involved the right section of Battery B, which, under command of Lieut. Stewart, advanced with Gibbon's Brigade and effectively shelled a battery of the enemy posted in the gorge of Turner's Pass, firing over the heads of our infantry. Of this affair Gen. Gibbon says in his official report [page 248, volume XIX, part I, War Records]:

> Lieut. Stewart used his two guns with good judgment and effect, and begged to remain upon the field after his section was relieved by the other four pieces of the Battery under Capt. Campbell. * * * I beg to recommend him to the favorable notice of the authorities.

Col. Sol. Meredith, of the 19th Indiana, also says in his report [page 250, same volume]:

> On arriving near a house on our extreme left, surrounded on the southwest and north by timber, I discovered large numbers of the enemy in and around the house. They had been annoying us as well as the skirmishers by firing from the house and outhouses; also from the woods near the house. I ordered Lieut. Stewart, who commanded a section of Battery B, 4th Artillery, to come forward and open fire upon the house. He moved forward his section of two pieces and threw several splendid shots, the first of which took effect in the upper story, causing a general stampede of their forces from that point, enabling us to go forward more rapidly, and with less loss from their sharpshooters.

The Battery suffered no loss in this action at Turner's Pass, though Stewart's section was quite actively engaged for a considerable time during the afternoon of Sept. 14. On the following day, and also on the 16th of September, the Battery advanced in such positions as were assigned to it by Gen. Hooker, commanding the First Army Corps, but was not engaged with the enemy.

The 17th of September broke clear and warm for the time of year. Gen. Hooker advanced the leading brigade of the First Corps — Gibbon's — at daylight down the Hagerstown Pike, toward Sharpsburg, to a point at which its skirmishers encountered the pickets of Stonewall Jackson's Corps, posted generally on a line at right angles to the pike, through fields mostly planted with corn (then higher than a man's head), and extending from the "East Wood" to the "West Wood," as shown on the accompanying map. Jackson also had artillery posted close up to his picket line, and he opened with it as soon as our columns appeared on the pike south of the Poffenberger House. Upon thus developing the presence of the enemy in force, Hooker instantly put the First Corps in motion of attack by divisions, the First Division leading. This division was commanded by Gen. Doubleday, in consequence of Gen. John P. Hatch having been severely wounded at Turner's Gap, three days before. It consisted of Gibbon's (Fourth) Brigade — commonly called the "Iron Brigade" — composed of the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana; Patrick's (Third) Brigade, composed of the 20th, 21st, 23d and 35th New

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York; Wainwright's [formerly Doubleday's] (Second) Brigade, composed of the 7th Indiana, 76th and 95th New York and the 56th Pennsylvania, and Phelps's (First) Brigade, composed of the 22d, 24th and 30th New York; 14th Brooklyn and the 2d United States Sharpshooters — and it advanced in the order above given.

The Divisional Artillery, commanded by Maj. Albert Monroe, of the 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, consisted of Battery D, 1st Rhode Island the 1st New Hampshire Battery, Capt. Edgell; Battery L, 1st New York, Capt. John A. Reynolds, and Battery B, 4th Regulars, Capt. Joseph B. Campbell and (after the latter was wounded early in the combat) Lieut. James Stewart.

A general description of the battle of Antietam is not within the scope of this work. Hence nothing will be attempted beyond the action of the First Corps in and about the famous "Cornfield."

The First Division led the attack, the brigades of Gibbon, Patrick, Phelps and Wainwright striking Jackson's positions in the Cornfield on both sides of the pike and extending as far as the West Wood. The enemy opened about sunrise from a battery on a knoll about half way between the turnpike and the East Wood. Gen. Doubleday ordered Battery B to shell this battery, which was soon silenced. Stewart was now ordered to take his section (the right section) and proceed with Gibbon's Brigade, leaving the other four guns temporarily in the former position. Stewart formed in front of Dr. Miller's barnyard, on the right (west side) of the pike, looking south, and within 30 or 40 yards of the fence separating the Cornfield from the pasture-ground. The tall corn was full of the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters, and Stewart's section had three men killed and 11 wounded in a few minutes, when Capt. Campbell brought up the other four guns and all of the caissons — the battery then being equipped with 12 caissons.

Dr. Miller's farmhouse was on the east side of the pike, and the barnyard and outbuildings attached to this farmhouse extended some distance down the road. These buildings were on a slight knoll, which descended just beyond the barns and strawstacks somewhat abruptly into the creek bottom or flat, which at that time was filled on both sides of the pike with large fields of tall corn nearly ripe. The fence along the pike was a low stone wall, but next to the position of the Battery, and hardly 100 feet in front of it, the Cornfield was fenced off from the pasture by a rail fence quite densely grown up with briars and bushes, forming a complete screen.

The Battery was formed on the brow of this knoll, so that they could hardly depress their muzzles enough to reach the line of the fence with their canister. From this fact much of their canister went over the Rebels who lay behind this fence and rattled harmlessly through the corn beyond. The distance from where the left gun was posted to the nearest part of the cover where the Rebels were was only 28 paces. It seems almost incredible that any man could have escaped in a battery working in an open field,

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with veteran infantry under dense cover sharpshooting at it within 28 or 30 paces! Capt. Campbell was hit in the neck, shoulder and side almost as soon as he got into the position, and the command of the Battery devolved on Stewart, who was then the only commissioned officer present. The Sergeants, Corporals and Cannoneers fell in every direction so rapidly that the working of the guns was seriously impeded, but the remaining men filled up the gaps as well as they could and stuck to the position like grim death.

ACTING GUNNER JOHN GIBBON.

At this moment Gen. Gibbon came into the Battery, and seeing the Gunner and No. 3 on the gun that was in the road both shot down he took charge of the piece and acted as Gunner and No. 3 together during several rounds. His escape was miraculous, as he wore the full uniform of a Brigadier-General, and the enemy was so close that they could not help discerning his rank, unless the smoke obscured him. His example had a great effect on the men, and became one of the cherished traditions of the Battery.

This terrific and unequal contest resulted in the Battery driving the enemy's infantry out of their cover; but, as the latter were immediately reinforced, the Battery was limbered up and hauled off without the loss of a single gun or caisson, though some of the guns had only two horses left. They went into position again on another part of the field, and were engaged at other times during the day, but not in any such manner as here.

The casualties of the Battery in this part of the action were nine killed and 31 wounded, including Capt. Campbell, and of the wounded three afterward died. Thus a loss of 40 killed and wounded was suffered by a battery having about 100 men present for duty. There were one or two instances where batteries, which were run over and captured by the enemy, suffered greater losses, including prisoners; but there was no other case during the whole war, in either army, where any battery lost 40 men killed and wounded in a square stand-up fight, out of 100 present, and not only held all their guns, but actually went into action with them again the same day! Among the killed was Serg't Herzog, who was shot through the lower part of the abdomen, from side to side. When taken back to the field hospital, which was Dr. Miller's barn, the Surgeon told

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him that his wound was necessarily fatal, and that he had but a few hours to live. Being in great agony, poor Joe remarked, "If that is the case, Doctor, those few hours are not worth living," whereupon he deliberately drew his revolver and shot himself through the right temple.

This fighting at Antietam settled the reputation of Stewart's Battery in the Army of the Potomac. After that its name became a synonym for pluck and resolution. Stewart always showed an especial affection for the boys who had stood by him in that awful carnage, and the recruits who came later had to content themselves with the second place in his regard. This was a matter of course, and Stewart would not have been the man he was if he had failed to appreciate the heroic devotion of his veterans of Antietam. The old Battery afterward got into a good many tough places, such as Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Bethesda Church, etc., as will be seen later on, not to mention Fredericksburg and Petersburg. But the recruits of 1863, even with Gettysburg on their records, always took off their caps to the old Antietam boys whenever there was a campfire debate about prowess, and cordially yielded the palm to the iron veterans who had braved the butchery of that fatal Cornfield on the Sharpsburg Pike.

Stewart's official report of this affair gives a very clear idea of the nature of the struggle. It is also an admirable specimen of what a battery commander's report ought to be, both in its lucid delineation of events and its frank mention of the services of the enlisted men. He says:

I was ordered by Gen. Gibbon to bring my section forward and place it in position, about 75 yards distant from and to the left of the turnpike, for the purpose of shelling the woods, distant from 800 to 900 yards, directly in my front.

After shelling for some time, Gen. Gibbon ordered the section to be still further advanced to a position in front of some strawstacks, about 30 yards to the right of the turnpike. As soon as I came into battery in this position I observed large bodies of the enemy, from 400 to 500 yards distant, and ordered the guns to be loaded with spherical case, one and one-quarter and one and one-half seconds, because the ground was undulating, and not suitable for canister. After firing two or three rounds from each gun the enemy partially broke, ran across a hollow in front of the section, crossed to the left of the turnpike, entered a cornfield, and, under cover of the fences and corn, crept close to our guns, picking off our Cannoneers so rapidly that in less than 10 minutes there were 14 men killed and wounded in the section.

About this time Capt. Campbell, commanding the Battery, brought the other four guns into battery on the left of my section, and commenced firing canister at the enemy in the Cornfield on the left of the turnpike. In less than 20 minutes Capt. Campbell was severely wounded in the shoulder, his horse shot in several places, and the command of the Battery devolved upon me.

Gen. Gibbon was in the Battery, and, seeing the advantage which the enemy had, ordered one of the guns which was placed on the turnpike to be used against the enemy's infantry in the Cornfield, Gen. Gibbon acting both as Cannoneer and Gunner at this piece. The fire was continued by the entire Battery for about 10 minutes longer in this position, the enemy part of the time being but 15 or 20 yards distant. The loss, whilst in this position, was one Captain wounded, three Sergeants, four Corporals, 32 privates killed and wounded, and 26 horses killed and seven wounded. While in this position the Battery was supported by Gen. Gibbon's Brigade and the 20th New York.

Gen. Gibbon ordered me to limber to the rear and place the Battery in

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battery in the same position my section first occupied in the morning. Here I found Capt. Ransom's battery, of the 5th Artillery, in position, and immediately came in battery on his left, but had no opportunity to use my guns, as some of our infantry were formed 20 yards in front of the Battery; so I limbered up and followed Capt. Ransom's battery to the edge of the woods in rear, having my horse shot under me in two places in less than two minutes. Here I removed my wounded horses and regulated the men and horses throughout the Battery.

At this time I received an order from Gen. Gibbon to place the Battery in the same position my section first occupied in the morning, but to fire to the right. I immediately took a section to the point indicated, sending word to the General that I could not take the Battery, as we had not men and horses to man the six pieces. I went into battery on the right of Capt. Reynolds's New York battery, who was then under a very heavy fire from two of the enemy's batteries. After my section had been firing for some time part of Gen. Sumner's Corps passed to the rear very much disorganized through the woods on the right of my section, closely followed by the enemy. During this time I was in a very difficult position, as the enemy had ascertained my exact range, and I was utterly unable to get his on account of the smoke from the musketry. After carefully viewing the ground I limbered to the rear, and came in battery upon Capt. Reynolds's left, when one of my Cannoneers reported to me that the turnpike directly in my front, and about 75 yards distant, was full of the enemy's infantry. I ordered my guns to be loaded. The enemy commencing to fall back on the same road, I waited until I saw four stands of the enemy's colors directly in front of my section, and then commenced firing with canister, which scattered the enemy in every direction. I kept up the firing until the enemy was out of sight.

In a few minutes Capt. Clarke, Chief of Gen. Sumner's artillery, advised me to limber to the rear and cross the plowed field, as I had no infantry support, and he was going to retire his batteries, which were in my rear on the left, and the enemy then advancing on the left in force. I remained in the plowed field for some time, when, learning that Gen. Gibbon had placed the other four guns of the Battery in position, and seeing there was no use for me there, I joined them on an eminence in rear of the woods between 1 and 2 o'clock p. m., remaining there inactive until 5 p. m., when the enemy opened from two batteries. I opened with my entire Battery on the nearest battery, which was on my right, and from 800 to 900 yards distant, and after firing two or three rounds from each gun, the enemy not responding, I ceased firing.

The behavior of my men was all that could be desired, but the men whose names are given below came under my immediate observation, and discharged their duties with such calm, cool courage and discretion that I would earnestly request that their conduct may be brought to the favorable notice of the General commanding. Their names are as follows: First Serg't John Mitchell, Serg'ts Andrew McBride, William West, Corp'l Frederick A. Chapin, Lance Corp'ls Alonzo Priest, Henry G. McDougal, Privates Henry A. Childs, James Cahill, William Kelly, John B. Lackey, Jeremiah Murphy, William Green, Charles Harris and Elbridge G. Packard.

I desire to state that since the Battery first went into action, on the 26th of August, Benjamin N. Meed, Clerk at headquarters of Gen. Gibbon, and private belonging to Company B, 6th Wisconsin, has voluntarily acted as Cannoneer in my section in each and every engagement in which my section has participated, and, although he has never been drilled with the Battery, has rendered cheerful and very efficient service.

In this battle at the Cornfield Battery B was the very vortex of the fight from start to finish. The enemy made no less than three determined efforts to take it at the point of the bayonet, and the infantry of Gibbon's and Patrick's Brigades rallied to its support with equal resolution, the

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result being, without doubt, as fierce and murderous a combat as ever surged about a six-gun battery. Whatever may be said of the stoical pluck and desperate courage with which Campbell, Stewart and their men stuck to their guns, no less praise is due to the devoted infantry of the First Division, who stood by them through thick and thin. As to the behavior of the infantry, Gen. Doubleday, commanding the First Division, states in his report:

I stated in the first part of this report that the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana moved into the woods to drive off the enemy, who were acting against our right flank. This movement was simultaneous with that of Patrick's Brigade, all crossing the road and moving forward into the woods at the same time. The two regiments named took position in advance of, and parallel to, the rest of Gibbon's line. Patrick's three regiments had scarcely taken position in the woods before a body of the enemy appeared on their right, guarding a battery of light guns they had posted there. Gen. Hooker directed that one of Patrick's regiments be sent to watch this battery, and the 23d New York, under Col. Hoffman, was detached for that purpose. The two remaining regiments, the 21st and 35th New York, closed up on the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana, and all moved forward together. The enemy previous to this had kept up a brisk fire, but was sheltered by a series of rocky ledges, which afforded them almost perfect security; they poured in heavy volleys of musketry. To meet this increase of fire Patrick's two regiments were thrown forward in the first line. To all appearance the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and they not only resisted our further advance, but moved to try and capture Campbell's Battery and regain possession of the Cornfield. This charge was handsomely repulsed by the fire of the 2d and 6th Wisconsin, by the rapid discharges of the Battery, which fired double canisters, and by the flank fire of the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana, of Gibbon's Brigade, and the 21st and 35th New York, of Patrick's Brigade, these four regiments having taken up a position perpendicular to their former one, which enabled them to pour in a heavy fire upon the flank of the charging column. Patrick could not have changed position in this way under ordinary circumstances, but it was evident that a large part of the troops that had been in his front were detached to aid in the charge. These united agencies drove the enemy back, saved the guns and gave us a renewed possession of the Cornfield. Campbell's Battery having lost 40 men in killed and wounded, including its commander among the latter, and having had 27 horses killed, was no longer in a condition for active service, and was compelled to retire behind the supports of Sedgwick's Division.

Gen. Gibbon says:

The brigade was, by direction of Maj.-Gen. Hooker, detached from the division and ordered to advance into a piece of wood on the right of the Hagerstown Turnpike, toward the village of Sharpsburg. The brigade advanced in column of divisions on the left of the turnpike until the head of it reached an open space, when the 6th Wisconsin was deployed and pushed forward into a cornfield in our front, the 2d Wisconsin being deployed and formed on its left, while a section of Gibbon's Battery, under Lieut. Stewart, was brought into action in the rear to fire over the heads of our men in reply to one of the enemy's batteries in their front. The 6th and 2d pushed gallantly forward, supported by the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana, when, finding the enemy was likely to flank us on the right in the wood, which extended down in that direction, I ordered up Stewart's section, and directed the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana to deploy to the right of the line and push forward rapidly into the woods. The whole line soon became hotly engaged, and the enemy, heavily reinforced from the woods, made a dash upon the Battery. This attack, how-

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ever, was successfully repelled by heavy discharges of canister from the guns, the fire of the few remaining men of the 2d and 6th Wisconsin, and the flank fire poured in by the 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana, which had been brought around to sweep the front of the Battery with their fire, Capt. Campbell having in the meantime joined Stewart's with the other four pieces of the Battery.

While referring to the regimental reports for special mention of meritorious individuals, I beg leave to call attention to the steadiness and gallantry of both officers and men, and especially to the coolness and bravery of Lieut.-Col's Bragg, Bachman and Allen; Maj. Dawes, Capt. Callis (of the 6th Wisconsin) and Capt. Campbell and Lieut. Stewart, of Battery B.

Gen. William W. Dudley (who, as senior Captain of the regiment, commanded the gallant 19th Indiana after the death of Lieut.-Col. Bachman, early in the action) says:

Early on the morning of the 17th instant we were called up and prepared to go into action. We moved directly to the front in column by division. Our first casualty occurred in a peach orchard near the destined battlefield. We now moved to the edge of a cornfield near a stone house, which was immediately used as a hospital. Here we lay down, while our skirmishers were scouring the Cornfield in front. We were soon ordered to the right, to a piece of woods which skirted the battlefield on the right. Here we deployed column and formed our line of battle on the right of the 7th Wisconsin, and Lieut.-Col. Bachman ordered Company B, then my command, to deploy forward as skirmishers. This being done, the regiment moved slowly forward till the right was through the wood, when we halted. It was at this time that the attempt was made to take Battery B, 4th Artillery, which was stationed at the straw-stacks near the stone house hospital. Upon seeing the advance of the enemy, Lieut.-Col. Bachman at once called in the skirmishers, and changed front forward on the tenth company, so as to front the left flank of the enemy. As soon as it was practicable we opened fire on them, and we have every reason to believe that our fire was very effective in repulsing their attack on the Battery.

The action of the 35th New York is described in a letter to the author by Comrade J. E. Otis, late Orderly Sergeant and Lieutenant of Company B of that regiment. He says:

At one time during the battle the 35th New York was drawn up in line of battle on the road beyond the Miller House. There was a heavy rail fence on the left of the road, opposite our front, and at a distance of something like 150 to 200 yards was the celebrated Cornfield. Gibbon's battery of six brass pieces was to our left, between the buildings and on a level with the front part of the Cornfield. At this time we were receiving some casualties from front and flank, and firing at will into the Cornfield. I remember that the Rebels were resting their guns on the straight rail and post fence, and just busy picking off Gibbon's Gunners. I think I am correct in saying that two of the pieces next the building were abandoned, but covered by the fire of the next two, which were so feebly manned that their guns were not pushed back. At this point in the engagement the 35th made a charge into the Cornfield and captured a color and quite a batch of prisoners, and saved Gibbon's guns. It was understood at the time that Col. Lord sent due acknowledgment for this very opportune act, but it never went further than acknowledgments.

Comrade Henry G. Klinefelter, now residing at Nora, Wis., and who served in the Battery as a detached volunteer from the 7th Wisconsin, writes to the author as follows:

The position of the Battery was to the right of the road as we faced the enemy. One piece was in the road (the Sharpsburg Pike.) It was right on the brow of a little ridge, close to some buildings. I was No. 1 Cannoneer on the

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gun in the road. There was a straight rail fence in front. The buildings were to our right and rear. I think the Cornfield came up to the road to our left. It was here that Stonewall Jackson's troops made three desperate charges to capture the Battery, and the last time came within about four rods of our guns before we could stop them, and when Gen. Gibbon saw that we had checked them he ordered his brigade (Iron Brigade) to charge them, and I claim that it was the Iron Brigade (which was right there with us all of the time) and the courage and desperate work of the Battery boys that saved the guns. The two guns on the right were silenced for a few minutes, but not until nearly all of the men were shot down, and two of the boys had crawled on their hands and knees several times from the limber to the piece and loaded and fired those guns in that way until they had recoiled so far that they could not use them any more. Not until then were they entirely silenced. The rest of the guns were well handled. At my gun there were only four of us left, but we were helped by the infantry boys of the 6th and 7th Wisconsin. During the thickest of the fight Gen. Gibbon came up to my gun and straddled the trail and sighted the gun, and said "Give them —— boys!" * * *

So far as I can remember, only one New York regiment came in line with our Battery at the Cornfield. This was the 20th New York, which came in on the right of the road. It was said at the time that Gen. Gibbon sent to Gen. Patrick for help, as the whole battle on that part of the line was centering right on his (Gibbon's) Battery, and Gen. Patrick sent the 20th New York. This was the only New York regiment that we saw. The 35th was in Patrick's Brigade, and also the 21st and 23d — all good men — and we had men in the Battery from all of those regiments.

As a sample of the experience which a "detached volunteer" was likely to undergo in a Regular battery, a characteristic letter from Comrade Horace Ripley will be instructive and amusing. Horace was a "broth of a boy." He was detached from Company B, 7th Wisconsin, Sept. 12, 1862, and joined the Battery on the morning of the 13th, the day before South Mountain. Not being assigned to the section engaged in that battle, he had a day or two to familiarize himself with the duties of an artilleryman. But let him tell his story in his own way. He says:

When I reported to the Battery they put me on the caisson of Packard's gun as supernumerary. This was Sept. 13, 1862. The battle of South Mountain was the next day, and it so happened, between marching and fighting, that there was no battery drill of any description between the date of my joining the Battery and the terrible struggle at the Antietam Cornfield. At that time I was still supernumerary. When the Battery went into action in the early morning of Sept. 17 it was literally my first "battery drill." The closest investigation will show that I was never absent from duty one day from the time I joined, Sept. 13, 1862, until my time was out, Sept. 1, 1864. When Packard's gun first went into action on the Sharpsburg Pike below the Miller House in the morning I was employed as a hitching-post for the Sergeant's horse. Very soon after the difficulty began the Sergeant (West) was hit in the thigh, and I helped him back to the Miller barn, which was the field hospital. Returning to the Battery I had two horses to hold. One of them was soon hit in the flank and fell down, dying. In a moment the other one had his bits completely shot out of his mouth, carrying away his whole under jaw, so that the Corporal blew his brains out to put him out of his misery!

By that time the Johnnies had made room for me at our piece, so I left the horses and went in as Cannoneer on Packard's gun, beginning by acting Nos. 5 and 7, carrying ammunition from the limber to the gun. The slaughter at our gun continued until Packard and I were the only men left standing, when

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some of the 7th Wisconsin came in to help us. At this time Packard was acting Sergeant, Gunner and Nos. 3 and 4 on that piece. We both got out of that fight unharmed, and after that we were bunk mates until he received his death wound at the North Anna River on the 25th of May, 1864, nearly 20 months afterward. He was one of the most fearless men that I have ever known.

This dreadful butchery at the Antietam Cornfield marked an epoch in the history of the old Battery. Prior to that time its career had been, with the exception of its comparatively bloodless service at Gainesville and Groveton, a career of discipline only, and that sometimes harsh and drastic. Capt. Campbell was an officer of high scientific attainments in

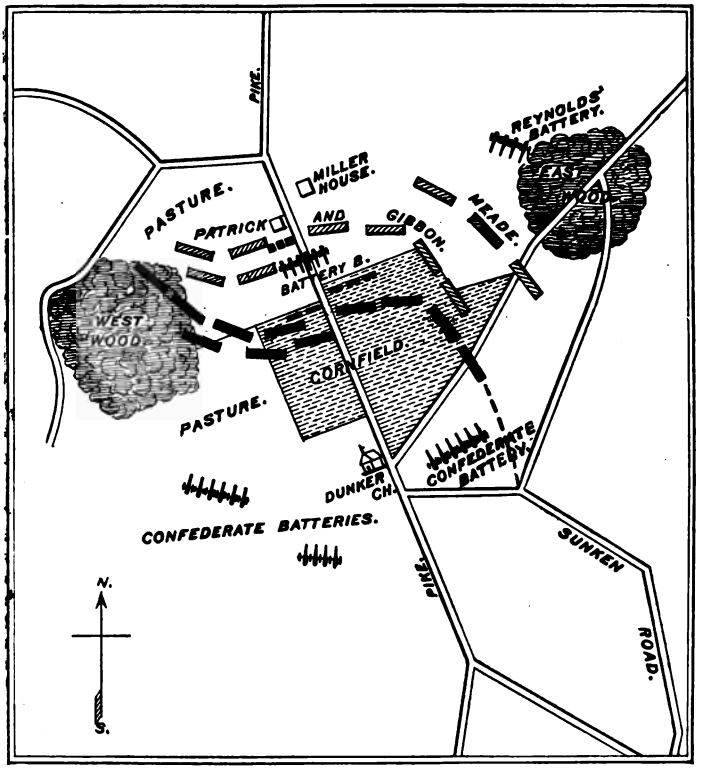

DIAGRAM OF THE POSITION AT THE CORNFIELD.

his profession and of the most heroic courage. The men admired Capt. Campbell and respected him. But it is doubtful if he could ever have got the work out of them that Stewart did; because, with all his accomplishments as an officer, Capt. Campbell never succeeded in getting the affections of the men.

Stewart, with his good-natured methods of personal intercourse, his quick discernment of merit and cordial acknowledgment of it, and his con-

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stant contact and conversation with the soldiers, had, to a degree perhaps unequalled in the whole Regular Army, the rare tact of making his enlisted men feel that he and they were comrades, without weakening his prestige as commander. It must not be imagined that Stewart, as a disciplinarian, was weak or lax. On the contrary, he could be—and was so when occasion required—severe and harsh. But he always knew where to draw the line.

The battle of Antietam, as a whole, and its general results, have often been described and analyzed by abler writers. It is doubtless the general verdict of history that the results achieved were neither adequate to the opportunity nor worthy of the heroic devotion of the subordinate officers and the rank and file who fought Gen. McClellan's battle for him.

Without going into details of tactics or attempting to analyze strategy, it will suffice the present purpose to show by the conclusive evidence of official statistics how each commander-in-chief handled the forces at his disposal. The usual difficulty of accurately estimating the Confederate force actually "effective present" occurs in this case. But the most trustworthy accounts (from Confederate sources) converge on a total of 40,000 infantry and artillery, with perhaps between 5,000 and 6,000 cavalry, or roundly 45,000 of all arms.

Gen. McClellan reports the "present for duty equipped" of the Army of the Potomac at any time between Sept. 10 and Sept. 17, as follows:

	Strength.	Loss.
First Corps	14,856	2,590
Second Corps	18,813	5,138
Fifth Corps	12,930	109
Sixth Corps	12,300	439
Ninth Corps	13,819	2,349
Twelfth Corps	10,126	1,746
Cavalry	4,320	30
Total	87,164	12,401

This table indicates beyond dispute that the battle was fought on the Union side by the First, Second, Ninth and Twelfth Corps, aggregating 57,614, or not more than two-thirds of the effective force available, and that their loss was 11,823, or nineteen-twentieths of the total. The author leaves to soldiers of better military education, wider experience and more exalted rank, the task of deducing from these and cognate facts what might have been the result if McClellan had used all his available force, as Lee certainly did his, and had followed up the shocks of the First, Second, Ninth and Twelfth Corps with the magnificent veterans of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, who, 25,000 strong, intact and fresh, were themselves almost equal to what was left of the Confederate Army available after the battle of the forenoon.

Surg.-Gen. Guild, of the Army of Northern Virginia, gives the losses of that army in killed and wounded alone at 10,291. But this embraces the whole period from Sept. 14 (South Mountain) to Sept. 19 (Shepherdstown Ford), inclusive. So it is not possible to separate accurately the

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casualties of Antietam proper. None of the Confederate reports give any account of their loss in prisoners. Our own accounts state about 980 captures of Confederate prisoners, mainly at South Mountain, while the total loss of the Army of the Potomac in prisoners was as follows in the whole campaign:

Crampton's Pass	2
Turner's Pass	85
Antietam	746
Total	833

The battle of Antietam has always been considered remarkable for the small proportion of captures to the other casualties. The meaning of this fact is plain to any soldier. Prisoners are taken by manuvers, flank movements, surprises, etc. The fact that so few were taken at Antietam indicates that it was a slugging match pure and simple — which in fact it was — to a greater extent than any other battle between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia.

The percentage of killed to wounded was also larger than in any other general engagement, being for the Army of the Potomac 2,108 killed to 9,549 wounded, and in the Confederate Army 1,567 killed to 8,724 wounded. The loss in the Battery was as follows:

KILLED.

Sergeant—Joseph Herzog.
Corporal—John Brown.
Privates—Martin McCandra, Henry Brown, John Anderson, Henry Lyons, Hiram Whitaker, Sylvester Fort, Smith Young.

WOUNDED.

Captain—Joseph B. Campbell.
Sergeants—William West, Robert Moore.
Bugler—Johnny Cook.
Corporals— —— Willsey, —— Benjamin, —— Conners.
Privates— —— Ames, James Armstrong, —— Brennan, —— Bishop, —— Brownlee, —— Burdick, James Clarke, Henry Colby, Harvey Childs, William Dickinson, Timothy Dean, John Fillmore, John Holland, John Hodgedon, —— Hill, John W. Jones, George Johnson, John Lee, William Maffitt, William J. Moore, Robert McAllone, —— Malson, Frank Noble, Edward O'Brien, Arthur Stedman, James Thorpe, Claus Young, Isaac Sowerwin.

Of the wounded, Brennan, Hodgedon and Hill died. There were also four men wounded in the Battery who belonged to the 7th Wisconsin, and were not accounted for in our casualty returns.

The only other batteries in the Army suffering heavy losses were Tompkins's (A) 1st Rhode Island, belonging to the Second Corps, and

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Monroe's (D) 1st Rhode Island, brigaded with Battery B. They were both heavily and closely engaged, and lost 19 and 18 respectively. It was not generally thought that McClellan made the best possible use of his artillery in the battle. He had 48 batteries, besides the four horse-batteries with the cavalry, but only five or six of them were used with any great effect, though all were in a high state of efficiency and anxious to fight.

The frightful gaps that Antietam had made in the ranks of the Battery were never refilled — at least not up to the complement it had before. Of the wounded a few returned at intervals for several months afterward, but there was a permanent loss of killed or totally disabled, amounting to over 30, and most of these were among the best men the Battery ever had. Their places were taken by Bart. Fagan and Dan Shemmell, from the 2d Wisconsin; John Finley, Pete Smith, Charley Sprague, Job Driggs and Den. Fuller, from the 6th Wisconsin; Dan Ackerman, John Small, Pat Wallace, Wesley Richardson, Jim Moore, and one or two others, from the 7th Wisconsin, and Joe Anderson, Dan Blaine, Dave Drummond, Perry Rowe, Daniel Kingfield, Ranse McDaniel, and perhaps one or two others, from the 19th Indiana — or about 20 in all. With these accessions, the strength of the Battery was brought up to about 112, which was still a short complement for a six-gun battery equipped with double caissons, and therefore requiring nine drivers to each piece, besides the drivers on the battery wagon, forge, etc.

Thus equipped, the Battery followed the fortunes of the First Corps during the various marches by which the Army of the Potomac was moved from the banks of the Upper Potomac, at Shepherdstown, to those of the Lower Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The most noteworthy incident in its history during this period was the assignment of a Second Lieutenant of the 3d Regulars, named James Davison, to service with it, Stewart having been since Antietam the only commissioned officer present. Like Stewart, he had risen by hard work, faithful service and sterling merit from the ranks of the old Regular Army. He had enlisted as a private in 1854, and had served in every grade up to July, 1862, when he was promoted to be Second Lieutenant, at the personal request of Gen. Henry J. Hunt, from the position of Sergeant-Major of the Artillery Reserve. Davison's character as a man and his excellence as an officer will become apparent in subsequent pages. At this point suffice to say that his popularity with the men was of quick growth.

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CHAPTER III.

FREDERICKSBURG — SULLEN APATHY OF THE TROOPS — USELESS DEVOTION AND HOPELESS COURAGE — "PUBLIC OPINION" IN THE ARMY — THE AUTHOR JOINS — CHANCELLORSVILLE — HOOKER'S "GOOD PLANNING AND POOR FIGHTING" — SPLENDID CONDUCT OF ARTILLERY — SEELEY'S BATTERY — STEVENS'S BATTERY — ANOTHER REPULSE — WRATH OF THE TROOPS — CAMPFIRE FESTIVITIES — THE AUTHOR KNOCKED OUT — WE PREPARE FOR GETTYSBURG.

FREDERICKSBURG is not a pleasant topic to a Union soldier. The part which Battery B took in it was creditable to the officers and men engaged, but the greenest laurels wither in the cold shadow of such a miserable disaster as that battle was, and for that reason its description here will be brief. Fredericksburg was the Gethsemane of the Union cause, and its battle-field was the Golgotha of the Army of the Potomac. In a personal sense the wretched butchery of that ill-fated 13th of December cost the writer a gallant relative, Serg't Sam Buell, of Battery E, 4th Regulars. Fickle as is the fortune of war, it has always seemed that the butchery of Fredericksburg transcended even the scope of that apology, and that the unfortunate men who shed their blood there had less glory to assuage their pangs than the victims of any other battle known to civilized history.

It has already been remarked that the scope of this volume does not contemplate exhaustive details of battles, but is confined to such mention of the action of co-operating or supporting forces as may be necessary to a clear understanding of the operations of the Battery itself. It often happened, as at Antietam, already related, or in later battles, as will appear in subsequent pages, that the Battery was involved in the vortex of battle at points of vital importance, and thereby became the focus of combat to an extent requiring considerable reference to other organizations; but Fred-

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ericksburg was hardly one of these instances. In general, it may be said that the effective present for duty equipped of infantry and artillery of the Army of the Potomac was greater at Fredericksburg than in any other battle of the war. The force was 114,000 men and 66 batteries, aggregating 352 guns, or 44 six-gun and 22 four-gun batteries. The same was true of the Army of Northern Virginia, which had, according to the field return of Dec. 10, 1862, 78,800 men and 272 guns. It is hardly necessary to speak of the respective *morale* of the two forces. At no time during the sad and tragic history of its first two years had the Army of the Potomac had less reason to put its trust in the God of Battles or more reason to doubt the omens of the fortunes of war than now. Its commander was a man of fine personal appearance, resonant general orders, windy proclamations, little military prestige, and, if possible, less sense, destitute alike of the respect of his subordinate officers and of the confidence of his men. Such facts could not be concealed from men of such average intelligence and discernment as the rank and file of the Potomac Army. The result was that the great host crossed the Rappahannock in a mood of sullen apathy to danger and assaulted an exultant enemy behind impregnable works with a dogged indifference to consequences which warlike history may be searched in vain to find a parallel for. Of the magnificent and hitherto unprecedented artillery force present, about 200 guns were left on the north bank of the river to pound vainly at ridiculous ranges upon an enemy either securely sheltered by his own works or masked by the near approach of our assaulting columns. Of the 140-odd guns that crossed with the infantry, more than half were jammed up in the streets of Fredericksburg, whence they could be extricated only by hauling them back again in silence to the north bank, where the only compensation for their uselessness was their safety. So far as actual fighting on the south side of the river is concerned, it appears that only about 16 batteries, aggregating 82 guns, were engaged, and of these only eight were in position to be perceptibly effective or in serious danger themselves. These were Hazard's (B) 1st Rhode Island and Egan's (E) 4th Regulars, belonging to the Second Corps; Edgell's 1st New Hampshire, Stewart's (B) 4th Regulars and Hall's 2d Maine, of the First Corps, with Simpson's (A) and Amsden's (G) 1st Pennsylvania, attached to Meade's Division, and Butler's (G), of the 2d Regulars, belonging to the Sixth Corps. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on this proposition. The grand total of artillery losses for the whole 66 batteries present at Fredericksburg was 176, of which the eight above mentioned lost 101, as follows:

Hazard's (B) 1st Rhode Island	16
Egan's (E) 4th Regulars	13
Edgell's 1st New Hampshire	16
Stewart's (B) 4th Regulars	10–(5)
Hall's 2d Maine	15
Simpson's (A) 1st Pennsylvania	12
Amsden's (G) 1st Pennsylvania	9
Butler's (G) 2d Regulars	10

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Of the other 58 batteries only 19 were sufficiently in action to "show blood," and these lost altogether 75 men. It remains to be said that every battery which got a chance at the enemy acquitted itself with credit, and the work done by Hazard, Egan and Hall was particularly brilliant.

We had two men killed outright — Bartley Fagan, from the 2d Wisconsin, and Patrick Hogan, Regular. Of the wounded, three lost limbs, and one of them — John Johnson, from the 2d Wisconsin — had his right arm torn off at the shoulder by a solid shot, which carried away so much of the shoulder that the cavity of the body was exposed and the tissue of the lung plainly visible through the hole. The medical and surgical reports say that this wound, taking into account the nature of the shock and the subsequent exposure of the vital organs — several hours elapsing before the wound could be properly dressed — was almost necessarily fatal, and that Johnson's recovery was literally miraculous. But he did recover, and is very much alive at this writing, being an able and efficient Clerk in the Register's Office of the Treasury, having learned to write rapidly and excellently with his left hand. "Johnny," as the boys used to call him, was a Norwegian boy of about 18 or 19 years when wounded. His race is noted for invariable courage, fortitude and endurance. The way he stood up under this terrible wound caused his name to be cherished by his comrades in the Battery as an example of "grit" and nerve. William Hogarty, from the 23d New York, lost his left arm.

During the 14th and until after dark of the 15th of December all the batteries remained substantially in the positions they occupied at the close of Saturday's battle. It being deemed important to hold the crossroads where Stewart was posted, the Battery was directed to remain there, which was practically an artillery picket, as its only support was our own picket-line, while the enemy advanced his pickets to within 200 or 250 yards of our muzzles. During the day, Sunday and also Monday, these pickets were drawn back, to be advanced again at night. But there was little or no sharpshooting, and during Sunday afternoon there was an informal truce for a couple of hours, during which time the wounded remaining between the lines were collected and the dead buried — at least on that front. During this period the men of the two armies mingled freely, and our boys were informed that the battery they had handled so roughly — blowing up a caisson, dismounting one of their guns and driving the rest out of position — was one of the celebrated batteries of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. As soon as it was dark Monday night orders came to withdraw to the north side of the river. This was an easy task for the other batteries of the corps, as they were considerably to the rear and protected by the main body of the infantry. But Stewart had no infantry in his front except the enemy's pickets, and none in immediate supporting distance of him except our own pickets, whose line was that of the road in which the guns stood in battery. Hence it was difficult to withdraw the guns without attracting attention, which, without doubt, would have

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been the signal for a rush on their part to take the guns. Careful reconnoissance from our line, conducted by Lieut. Davison, Serg't Mitchell, Corp'l Murphy and Private John Lackey, who crawled out considerable distances to the front just after dark, developed the fact that the enemy's pickets were within 500 feet of the guns, and that their picket line was really a heavy skirmish force, from which a rush was to be apprehended if they should detect signs of retreat on our part. Under these circumstances, the guns were limbered as silently as possible and hauled off, still shotted with double canister and primed ready for action if the enemy should attempt a rush.

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

This little affair was considered by Gen. Wainwright, Chief of Artillery of the First Corps, to be of sufficient importance to warrant the following credit in his official report:

Soon after 8 o'clock on Monday night, in accordance with your orders, I commenced withdrawing the batteries along our line, beginning with Lieut. Stewart's, which was the most exposed, being within 200 yards of the enemy's pickets. This and all the others were got off without any disturbance, and before 11 o'clock they were safely on this side of the river, without, so far as I can learn, leaving a serviceable harness strap behind. With hardly an exception, the officers and men executed this delicate movement to perfection. Stewart's Battery, being most exposed, deserves especial praise for the noiselessness with which they brought off their guns and caissons.

The enlisted men mentioned by Stewart for conspicuous conduct at Fredericksburg were Mitchell, McBride, Chapin, Cahill, Jimmy Maher, Priest, McDougall, Murphy, Ned Armstrong, Ed. Thorpe, John Lackey and John Sanborn.

After this disastrous battle the Battery returned to camp on the Belle Plaine Road, where it remained without incident of note during the remainder of the gloomy Winter of 1862–63. Private William Hogarty, who had lost his left arm at Fredericksburg, was promoted to be Second Lieutenant in the Veteran Reserve Corps, and Corp'l Ira Slawson received a commission in the New York Volunteers. Both these young men were detached volunteers from the 23d New York, and had served with the Battery since October, 1861. Along in February, 1863, Stewart ascertained that the two-year men from the New York regiments, whose time would expire early in May, were not disposed to re-enlist. As there were about 40 of them in the Battery it would be necessary to fill their places. It was probable that active operations would be in progress again about the time when their terms would expire. Hence Stewart thought it would be better to let them go then and get three-year men in their

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places in time to drill the latter, rather than wait to "swap horses crossing the stream." So he sent the two-year men back to their regiments and filled their places with 17 recruits from the 7th Wisconsin, 22 from the 24th Michigan, which had recently joined the Iron Brigade, together with six three-year New Yorkers.

The men from the 7th Wisconsin in this detachment were: Dave Smith, Andy Wilkinson, Cockrell Scott, Jim Rogers, Henry Jessee, Hugh Evans, Fred. Barbour, George Smith, John Johnson, James Black, Ahaz Thurston, Winfield S. Williams, Lucius Marshall, Billy Hinman, Rufe Hodgeman, George W. Barhydt and Horace Ellis. From the 24th Michigan came Theodore Bache, Lyman Blakeley, Henry Brown, Anthony Eberts, William Funke, Ed. Gore, Theo. Grover, James Gunsollis, John Happey, Billy Irving, Frank Kellogg, John McDermott, Robert Morris, George Oakley, John Orth, John Patten, Charles Patten, Robert Reed, Will Robinson, Bill Thornton, Isaac VanDicar, Abe Velie. Of the six New Yorkers, only four were retained—Frank McCormick, George C. Barrett, Anse Jillson and the author. (Another one, Frank Root, was accepted on reapplication in the Fall, after Gettysburg.) There was also one from the 107th Pennsylvania, Peter Andrews. This was a reinforcement of 44 men, or rather boys, as very few of them were over 20 years of age, and brought the Battery up to its working strength again.

My original assignment was to the gun detachment commanded by Serg't Frederick A. Chapin. He was an "Old Regular," a veteran of the Utah expedition, and one of the best-hearted comrades it was ever my fortune to know. He was liked by every one who came in contact with him, and as a soldier he had no superior, having been specially mentioned for distinguished conduct in every action of the Battery up to that time. He left the Battery upon the expiration of his five-year term in June, 1863, and afterward, it was said, became a Lieutenant of volunteers. Besides Mitchell, McBride and Chapin, the other Sergeants at this time were James Maher, Edgar A. Thorpe, James Cahill, Robert and Henry Moore. Robert Moore was absent, on either recruiting service or ordnance duty, and Henry G. McDougall was acting in his place. Among the noteworthy characters was Serg't James Maher, or "Uncle Jimmy," as he was generally called by the boys. He was a grim "Old Regular," having served several years in the British army, including the Crimean war, before enlisting in our service. "Jimmy" was a typical Irishman, brave, generous, jovial and irascible. He served through to the end of the war and some time afterward, and at this writing lives at Duvall's Bluff, Ark., whence he has from time to time written me valuable suggestions in regard to the make-up of this volume. On the whole, I think it perfectly safe to say that the non-commissioned officers of Battery B were at this time not surpassed in manly character or soldierly quality by those of any other battery in the world. Every one of them was perfectly capable of handling a section, or, if need be, the whole Battery in any kind of emergency.

The relief of Burnside and the assignment of Hooker to command the

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Army of the Potomac, while perhaps inspiring the men with that kind of sardonic satisfaction which proceeds from consciousness that any sort of change must be for the better, did not create any wild enthusiasm. Hooker was known to the army as "Fighting Joe," a soubriquet which had been given to him by his old division in the Peninsular campaign. The troops of the First Corps, whom he had commanded at Antietam, respected him. But even the capability of enthusiasm seemed to have died out of the army at this time. It was ready to fight again as it had often fought before. As a body its superb courage and its stoical fortitude had not diminished, nor had the enlisted men lost a particle of their self-reliance. But the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac had begun to consider themselves better soldiers than their commanders. Probably the ideal army is one in which no such thing as "public opinion" can exist. But the Army of the Potomac was not made up of that sort of soldiery. On the contrary, every company or battery camp was a community of American citizens, and every log hut in the Winter quarters was an improvised "debating society" of bright, smart young men and boys, for the most part fairly educated, and retaining, despite military discipline, the habits of free thought and free speech which had been bred in their flesh and bone in the peaceful days gone by. Hence the Army was full of public opinion, which was neither slow nor diffident in finding expression; and there were few officers, no matter what their rank, who would have felt flattered by the average campfire discussions in the Winter quarters of 1862–63.

A CAMP "DEBATING SOCIETY."

But through all this discontent, want of confidence and even apathy, ran a vein of good-natured cynicism, in which the men reasoned that "the old flag was still there," and would be found there at the finish right side up and on top, and that, though it might be through great tribulation, we were going to whip the Rebels and restore the Union some way, sometime and somehow in spite of poor commanders, silly editors, scheming politicians and thieving contractors!

In such a frame of mind the Army passed the time from December to May in tireless drills, reviews, inspections, fatigue-parties and all the other incidents of a Winter camp of preparation for hostilities in the Spring. Considerable changes took place in the organization of the Army. Burnside's "Grand Divisions" were discontinued and the normal condition of

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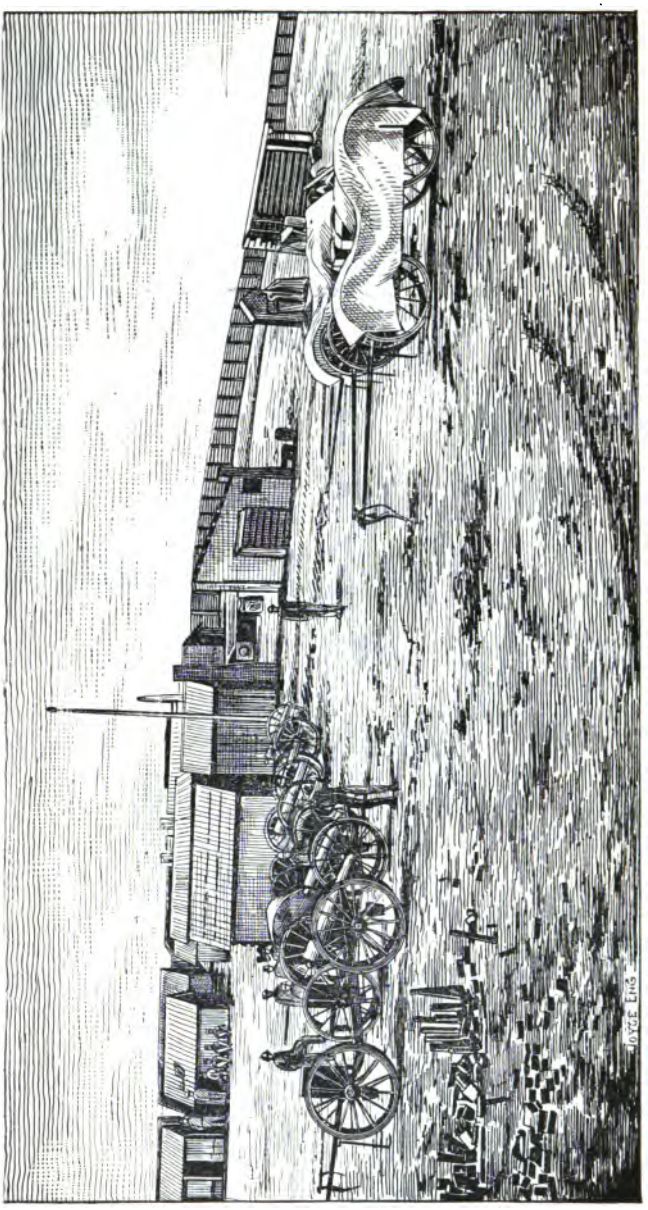

THE BATTERY IN WINTER QUARTERS.—[From a war-time photograph.]

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the army corps was resumed. The First Corps remained under command of Gen. Reynolds, but Meade's Division of Pennsylvania Reserves was transferred to the Fifth Corps, and a new Third Division, under command of Gen. Doubleday, was organized in its place, consisting also of Pennsylvanians. They were the 121st, 135th, 142d and 151st, brigaded under Gen. T. A. Rowley, and the 143d, 149th and 150th, brigaded under Col. Stone. These regiments had all been raised in the Fall of 1862, and had not seen much service at this time, though they were soon to win high rank and imperishable renown.

The artillery of the First Corps maintained its former organization, the batteries being attached to the infantry divisions. The only change was the detachment of Battery D, 1st Rhode Island, from the First Division. It went into the Ninth Corps, and we did not see it again. This left Reynolds's (L) 1st New York, Edgell's 1st New Hampshire and Stewart's (B), of the 4th Regulars, attached to the First Division of the First Corps; Hall's 2d Maine, Leppien's 5th Maine (afterward Stevens's), Thompson's (C) Pennsylvania and Ransom's (C) 5th Regulars, attached to the Second Division, with Cooper's (B), Ricketts's (F) and Amsden's (G) 1st Pennsylvania, attached to the Third Division.

The strength of the Army of the Potomac on April 30, 1863, was reported to be 114,500 of all ranks and arms. But it was notorious that not more than 82,000 to 85,000 muskets crossed the river to fight the battle of Chancellorsville. The artillery consisted of 57 batteries distributed among the infantry divisions and 14 in reserve. The total number of guns was 384, and the personnel aggregated over 7,500 men, most of the batteries being pretty full-handed at this time.

The artillery which was with the Second, Third, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps did yeoman service at Chancellorsville, as did also two or three of the Fifth Corps batteries. But the batteries of the Sixth Corps, for some reason, cut but a comparatively small figure in the desperate struggle of that corps at Salem Church on May 4, while the First Corps batteries, excepting the 5th Maine, shared the inaction of that corps and performed no service worth mentioning. As for Battery B, it was engaged briefly on the extreme left at Fitzhugh's Crossing May 1, and lost two men wounded — Phil. Frazier, who died of his wounds sometime afterward, and another man slightly. On May 3, the Corps having been brought round to the extreme right, the Battery was in action again for a short time near Hunting Creek Crossing, and had two more men wounded or missing.

The 5th Maine Battery, however, early in the morning of May 3, was detached from the First Corps and ordered to report to the Chief of Artillery of the Second Corps, near the Chancellor House. There it became engaged in a most desperate combat, in which it had about 30 men killed and wounded, including its gallant and accomplished Captain, George F. Leppien. All the accounts were to the effect that the 5th Maine Battery covered itself with glory on this occasion, fighting at the closest range against both infantry and artillery until its ammunition was expended,

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and then saving all its guns and caissons, notwithstanding that its loss of horses was so great as to require some of the guns to be hauled off by hand with the aid of some men of the Irish Brigade, of the Second Corps, consisting of the 28th Massachusetts, 63d, 69th and 88th New York and 116th Pennsylvania.

All the artillery that was in action at Chancellorsville behaved splendidly. In fact there was no battle of the whole war in which that arm of the service performed more efficient and decisive service than it did in arresting Jackson's advance in the evening of May 2 after the rout of the right flank of the army. There has been so much dispute about the proper credit for this performance that it is a delicate subject to deal with. The best evidence, from careful comparison of official reports, shows that Martin's 6th New York, Clark's 2d New Jersey Battery of Parrott guns, Lewis's 10th New York, Burton's 11th New York and Huntington's (H) 1st Ohio were formed in grand battery of 22 guns by the joint efforts of Gen. Pleasonton and Capt. Huntington, and that, while they were forming, a forlorn-hope charge was made by the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Majs. Peter Keenan and Pennock Huey, of that regiment, to check Jackson for a moment to enable them to get in battery and load. Many anecdotes have been related of this joint forlorn hope of cavalry and artillery, and it was a staple of campfire gossip for a long time afterward. The general impression among the troops was that the charge of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry was the most heroic act performed by that arm of the service during the whole war, and that the behavior of the batteries above named left nothing to be desired.

In the conflict of May 3, chiefly involving the Third Army Corps, the palm for artillery service was won by Frank Seeley's Battery (K), of the 4th Regulars, closely seconded by Winslow's (D) 1st New York and Dimick's (H), of the 1st Regulars. The spirit of generous rivalry which always prevailed among the batteries of the 4th Regular artillery requires that a representative of Battery B should say that the behavior of Battery K at Chancellorsville, in the battle of May 3, was not surpassed by that of any battery in any battle, and was seldom if ever equalled. Nothing short of the behavior of Burnham's Battery (H), of the 5th Regulars, at Chickamauga, or Stewart's (B), at Antietam, already described, can be compared with it. And even then it is doubtful whether, all things considered, the behavior of Seeley and his men was not entitled to the first rank in the history of the Regular artillery! Because, while Stewart and his men at Antietam and Burnham and his men at Chickamauga were fighting with some hope of success and some chance of victory, poor Seeley and his devoted Cannoneers had to struggle in the face of certain defeat and to fight as they fought and die as they died in the cold shade of foregone disaster. What they did and how they died fills an honorable page in the history of the Regular artillery, and the only regret is the melancholy fact that around that page must be drawn a heavy black border of mourning for the futility of their devotion and their daring. It was not their fault. Poor,

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humble subalterns, Sergeants, Corporals and Cannoneers, as they were, they did and dared and died in the wreck of Chancellorsville just as grandly and as gamely as they would have done amid the glories of Gettysburg! It was all the same at last. Let old K, of the 4th Artillery, cherish her record of Chancellorsville. No other battery of the Regular artillery will ever do anything to make it grow dim!

According to the testimony of his men, Frank Seeley was about like our own Stewart as an officer and a man. Private Andrew J. Miller, who served in Battery K all through the war, writes as follows concerning him; and all old soldiers will agree that the greatest glory that a company or battery commander can win is the praise of his enlisted men. Comrade Miller says:

> Lieut. Seeley rose from the ranks, and he was one of those cool, brave men that always "stood by." He was a good officer, and his character is above reproach. I knew him from Yorktown to Gettysburg, where he was badly wounded at the Peach Orchard. Our battery and Battery B were always on the best of terms, and we knew all about Stewart—"Old Jock," as they used to call him. Everything that you boys of Battery B could say in praise of Stewart, we of Battery K would cordially echo in favor of our own Frank W. Seeley.

While the battle of Chancellorsville was going on a number of us detailed from the different batteries of the First Corps had been absent at what was called "Dismounted Camp" after new horses to replace the ravages of the preceding campaigns. This detail was made about the middle of April, and its duties did not terminate until about the middle of May, so the men engaged in it missed the Chancellorsville campaign altogether, which was not a matter to be regretted, as it saved us one defeat!

Our stay there was longer than we had expected, and it was a fortnight or more before the officer in charge—a Lieutenant belonging to another battery—could get his complement of horses of the quality he desired. Returning to camp on the Rappahannock, several weeks were spent in comparative inaction, watching the manuvers of the Rebel army on the other side of the river. During this time the Battery was drilled in manual of the piece, school of the section and battery drill, tirelessly, in order to familiarize the newly-detached volunteers with their duties and to train the new horses. There was something grand and inspiring in the fierce clash and clamor of a battery manuvering at a gallop over rough fields, with the tramp of its powerful horses, the thunderous rumble of its huge wheels, the shrill blast of its bugles, the shouts of the drivers, the waving of guidons and the glittering of its polished brass guns in the sunlight. However, no event of importance happened for several weeks. Gloomy as was this Winter and Spring of 1862–63 in front of Fredericksburg, it must not be imagined that the boys failed to divert themselves.

Among other institutions in the Battery was an amateur "opera," sometimes performing as a "minstrel troup," in which Billy Irving and Anse Jillson or Tom Price were first-rate "end men," while sometimes Packard and sometimes Lon. Priest acted as "impressario" and the author

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as "second tenor." Five of those youthful voices were stilled forever—Charley Sprague, at Gettysburg; Billy Irving and Anse Jillson, at Spottsylvania; Packard, at Jericho Ford, and "Brig." Johnson in the slow torture of Andersonville! Another of our diversions was sparring or boxing with gloves, which Stewart always encouraged, and which formed one of the regular "exercises" of the Battery. There was no lack of teachers. Besides Stewart and Davison, who were both accomplished pugilists, there were Serg'ts Mitchell, Cahill, Fred. Chapin and Jimmy Maher (who had been a British soldier before enlisting in our Army, and was all through the Crimean war), of the Old Regulars, and Bill Bartholomew, Tom Clarke, Pat. Wallace, Lon Priest, Packard, Jim Moore and several others of the older Wisconsin volunteers. One day the boys were having "set-to's" down near the forage-pile, with Johnny Cook as "bottle-holder." I had been successful in a small bout with a boy of my own age and size, when

"CUB" KNOCKED OUT.

Serg't Cahill came down to see the fun. Jim was one of the best men of his inches in the Army. About five feet eight or nine inches tall, he was built like a four-year-old bull, and would strip at about 180 pounds. He had lived nearly all his life in camp, being one of the oldest Regulars and, literally, a man of iron. Flushed with success, I challenged him to put on the gloves. The old fellow finally peeled his jacket, put on the gloves and good-naturedly began "sparring for points" lightly, while I

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tried my best to "slug" him. I was at this time well grown, five feet seven and one-half inches, weighed 157 pounds, and could throw handsprings over the poles of the guns in park. Jim's patronizing way aggravated me, as he let all the boys see that he was only trying to "stop" me playfully, and so I called out, "Come on, I'm not afraid; hit me! Let's have a good rally!"

"Oh," he said, "you're nothing but a cub (a nickname, by the way, which always stuck to me afterward), you're nothing but a cub; I don't want to hit you."

But I kept teasing him, and finally he said, "Look out, now," feinted with his left for my side and, as I threw my guard down, gave me a terrific straight right-hander plumb on the point of the chin! I think I went about 10 feet, striking the ground all in a heap, and probably "sliding" a foot or two after I struck. Old Jim thought he had hurt me and rushed to help me up. In fact I felt of my neck to see if it wasn't broken, being completely dazed by the shock! The gloves were soft and I wasn't hurt, but if it had been a bare-knuckle blow my jaw would have been broken sure. "Old Jim" always stood very high in my estimation after that. With such diversions we whiled away the dreary days in front of Fredericksburg.

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CHAPTER IV.

ARTILLERY REORGANIZATION — MARCHING TO GETTYSBURG — WE STRIKE FREE SOIL — FIRST DAY'S BATTLE — CUTLER'S BRIGADE LEADS OFF — THE BATTERY AT THE RAILROAD CUT — TERRIFIC SLUGGING AT SHORT RANGE — HEROISM OF OUR INFANTRY SUPPORTS — DAVISON AND THE LEFT-HALF BATTERY — STEWART SURROUNDED AND CUTS HIS WAY OUT — FALLING BACK TO THE HILL — THE SECOND DAY — EARLY'S CHARGE — SPRIGG CARROLL'S COUNTER-CHARGE — THE THIRD DAY — CULP'S HILL — COLOSSAL CANNONADE — PICKETT'S CHARGE.

ABOUT the middle of May the artillery underwent a reorganization. Hitherto batteries had been attached to divisions, and though for some time an officer had been recognized as "Chief of Artillery" of each army corps, there had been no actual "corps artillery." But now all the artillery of the Army was grouped into "brigades," attached to the corps headquarters, or into a general reserve, attached to Army headquarters.

At first batteries were attached directly to infantry brigades — one battery to each brigade — and they camped and marched and fought together. This was in turn superseded by the system of "divisional artillery," in which two or three batteries were attached to each infantry division forming part of it, and under the orders of the Division Commander. This system held sway until changed to the corps system, where all the batteries belonging to an army corps were grouped into what was called the "Artillery Brigade."

For administrative purposes the Artillery Brigade was a distinct organization, having a commander, who was called the "Corps Chief of Artillery," with staff arrangements of their own about the same as a regiment of cavalry or infantry would have. The batteries, however, remained to a certain extent independent as to action, and were assigned to

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temporary service with divisions, and even with brigades, when expedient. No effort was made to keep batteries of the same artillery regiment together, Regular or volunteer. In fact, it was the policy to keep them in that respect separated as much as possible. The Regular artillery, as is well known, consisted of five regiments of 12 batteries each, and these were scattered all over the theater of war, serving with every army from the Potomac to the Mississippi. In the volunteer artillery the States had followed two different modes of organization. In some States the volunteer batteries were raised as entirely independent organizations, and numbered 1st battery, 2d battery, etc.; as, for example, those from Maine or Wisconsin. Other States organized their artillery in regiments, on the plan of the Regulars, and designated them by letter; as, for example, Pennsylvania. New York, Ohio and Illinois had both systems in operation, keeping up both independent batteries and artillery regiments. If we consider that the battery is the true unit of service in the field, we may conclude that it ought to be an independent organization in all other respects. But, as in large armies, artillery officers of higher rank than battery Captains are needed for the command of the corps brigades, the artillery reserve, and for handling that arm in masses whenever concentration is desirable, the regimental system becomes necessary to afford means of conferring suitable rank on such officers in their own branch.

But whether independent and designated by number, or regimental and designated by letter, officially, every battery soon became known in the Army by the name of its Captain, and by that title its exploits passed into history. This became inconvenient and often confusing to the reader of history, as commanding officers were frequently changed, and with them the current designation of the battery would be correspondingly altered. In our case the Battery was known between 1861–65 as "Gibbon's," "Campbell's," "Stewart's," and "Mitchell's," though so much of its work was done and its fame earned under command of Stewart that the other names are not usually connected with its history.

Under this reorganization the Artillery Brigade of the First Corps consisted of the 2d Maine Battery, Capt. James Hall; Battery L, 1st New York, Capt. Reynolds; the 5th Maine, Capt. Greenleaf Stevens; Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania, Capt. James Cooper, and ours, which was the only Regular Battery in the brigade.

These four volunteer batteries were all excellent organizations, and having been without exception raised in 1861, they had become thorough veterans at this time. As to excellence of service there can be no invidious comparisons between them, but in a personal sense there was closer fellowship between us and the Maine boys, particularly Stevens's, than between us and our New York or Pennsylvania comrades. This may have been due in some degree to the fact that Stevens's battery and ours were armed alike, both having 12-pounder brass Napoleons, while the other three were armed with the three-inch wrought-iron rifle, commonly termed the Rodman field piece. The exigencies of service frequently required all kinds

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of guns to be put to the same uses; but, as a rule, whenever there was opportunity for choice, the rifle batteries were used for long-range shelling, while our smooth-bore 12-pounders would be put in close quarters to doctor the charging lines of the enemy with double canister. But the rifle batteries frequently got in close quarters, where they also used canister with effect, though they could not load and fire quite as rapidly as the smooth-bore batteries could; while we, in turn, got our share of long-range shell and shrapnel business.

Speaking of Stevens's battery, we used to know its boys almost as well as we did our own. There was a good deal in common between us, many of them being Kennebec lumbermen, as many of our boys were Wisconsin lumbermen. Besides Capt. Stevens, there were Lieuts. Clark and Whittier, Serg'ts Hunt, Jim Bartlett and Ed. Stevens, together with George Whittier, the Lieutenant's brother or cousin, who was sometimes on detached duty at headquarters with me later than this; Jim White, the two Woodbury boys, Charley Crane, Al Harmon, John Murphy, Ben Morse, Ed. Stearns, Ike St. Clair, Hank Hamilton, Charley Cook, Bill Brown, and two or three other Browns, Mike Hickey, a typical Irish soldier, Dave Black, Bill Towne, Con Powers, Hiram Paul, Andy Welch, and many others—but this is not a sketch of Stevens's battery. Reynolds's was known among the New York troops as "the Rochester Battery," from being mainly raised in that city. Just now there occur to me the two Buell boys, Austin and Melville—distant relatives of mine—Serg't George Sill, Mosier, Nelson, Ganyard, Chapman, Lieuts. George Breck and Wilbour, etc. Stewart and Stevens were always great friends, being doubtless more intimate than any other two battery commanders in the brigade.

The enlisted men of the artillery at this time were personally armed with sabers, a clumsy weapon and perfectly absurd, because it was of no use, and, when worn, was always in the way. The artillery saber was more curved than even the cavalry sword, which increased its uselessness and unhandiness.

A more ridiculous spectacle can hardly be imagined than a Cannoneer sponging and loading in the position of No. 1, or running back and forth between the gun and ammunition chest as No. 5, with a long, crooked cheeseknife in a heavy scabbard dangling at his hip and getting between his legs to trip him up. Moreover, the only need a Cannoneer could ever have for a personal weapon at all would be when charged by infantry at close quarters, and in that case the old crooked, dull saber would be about as useless against a musket and bayonet as any incumbrance that could be devised.

The true side-arm for enlisted artillerymen is the revolver, and they should never be required to carry any other. The non-commissioned officers of artillery—that is, the Sergeants—were provided with revolvers from the start; but it was not until 1863, and after a number of batteries had been run over and captured, that our slow-going ordnance authorities concluded to serve out revolvers to the Gunners and Cannoneers, and even

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then many batteries never got them at all. Our Captain was too old and practical a soldier not to see the absurdity of the saber, and so we were never incumbered with it in battery drill or in action; but they had to be kept along, as the regulations required it, and so they were carried in the wagon. We had to keep them and their scabbards bright, which involved work that might better have been expended in grooming the horses or taking care of the harness and guns. However, the sabers had to be kept on hand for the satisfaction of the inspecting officer when he came round once a month.

The volunteer batteries in the First Corps Brigade generally had the advantage of us in number of men present for duty, they frequently having as many as 130, while we seldom exceeded 100. This was owing to the fact that they could always get recruits from home, and each battery had more or less of local reputation where it was raised, which facilitated recruiting; whereas we had to depend on detached men from infantry regiments in the corps, and could not always get them, particularly after the Battery had begun to get its name up for desperate fighting and appalling losses.

During this time the First Corps held the left of the army, camping along the Belle Plaine Road as far back as White Oak Church, and made no movement from the end of the battle of Chancellorsville till the middle of June, when it broke camp and marched to Bealeton, where it halted to observe the fords on the roads leading to Culpeper, where Longstreet was understood to be with his whole corps. In the meantime Pleasonton's cavalry was active, and had a desperate fight at Brandy Station, just before our arrival at Bealeton, in which a horse-battery (Martin's 6th New York) had suffered heavily and gained great credit. From this place we withdrew slowly by way of Manassas, through Centerville, to a point on the line of the Alexandria and Loudoun Road, called "Herndon's," where we camped two or three days. From there we moved rapidly to the Potomac, at Edwards's Ferry, where we crossed on the 25th and marched up the east bank of the river and halted in front of the old battlefield of South Mountain. It was now rumored through the camp that the main Rebel army was moving up the Cumberland Valley into Pennsylvania.

In front of us was South Mountain, Crampton's Gap on our immediate right, and just over the ridge was the Valley of the Antietam, where our Battery had lost its Captain and 40-odd men killed and wounded, and 30 or 40 horses killed or disabled a few months before. We remained near Middletown the 25th and 26th, and on the 27th fell back through the gaps toward Mechanicstown, where we arrived that night. It was by this time well known to all the troops that Lee's army was moving up the Cumberland Valley, on the other side of the mountain from us, and we used to watch every gap in momentary expectancy of seeing the head of a Confederate column debouch from it.

As we moved slowly northward, rumors of Lee's operations in Penn-

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sylvania filled the camp, and there was among the men a universal feeling of distrust as to the capacity of Gen. Hooker, who was still in the command of the Army. The men had confidence in themselves, and were sure they could whip the enemy if, as the veterans used to say, "The President would only give us a commander who would fight at least one battle to a finish."

There was something pitiful in the average sentiment of the rank and file of the glorious old Army of the Potomac at this time. The prevailing idea among the old soldiers — and it formed the staple of camp talk — was that the Army was being murdered by inches. They had always been ready and anxious to fight. When beaten they had believed that it was because of bad handling by their commanders. Even McClellan, for whom the veterans generally had a warm side, was criticized. They thought that if they had been allowed to follow up the Antietam affair vigorously, Lee's army would have been hopelessly crippled, if not destroyed, on the north side of the river. But they always found an excuse for "Little Mac," in that he hated to put his men in unless he was sure to win, and that, whatever happened, he would never get them murdered in hopeless enterprises. As for Burnside, they execrated him. No epithet could be severe enough to express their sense of his folly and stupidity. They always spoke of Fredericksburg as a "massacre."

Hooker they admired to a certain extent, but there was hardly a soldier in the ranks who did not know that the whole First Corps and part of the Fifth, embracing some of the oldest and best troops in the Army, had hardly been permitted to pull a trigger at Chancellorsville, and it is hard to convince such men as the old First Corps was made of that they could not have made some impression on the fortunes of the day if they had been put in on the right of the Third Corps after Pleasonton and Sickles had checked Jackson's attack. Knowing, as they did, that the Commander-in-Chief had not fought them to the best advantage at Chancellorsville, it was most natural that they should distrust his ability to handle them in the forthcoming great battle on our own soil, on the result of which the whole issue of the war was not unlikely to depend. The Antietam campaign, though fought on soil under Union control, was not regarded by the troops as really an invasion of the North. Maryland was more than half Rebel, anyhow, and none of the troops from the Northern and Western States had much sympathy with her people. But Pennsylvania was held in altogether different estimation, and the thought of fighting a big battle on her soil inspired the men with an altogether novel sentiment. Reports were coming to us every hour giving what in the light of later history is known to have been frightfully exaggerated reports of the numbers and equipment of Lee's army; but we believed it all then, and every man in the Army of the Potomac was sure that he was about to be matched against a vastly superior Rebel force in a struggle which might end the war, and they all believed that if it went against us that battle must terminate the conflict, for it was a common remark among the

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men, "If we are whipped here, and I pull through it alive, I am going to make tracks for home, and the provost-guard may be ——."

In view of this state of feeling, it is quite probable that, had the Army of the Potomac been whipped at Gettysburg as, for example, Pope's army was at Manassas, it would have dissolved to all practical intents and purposes. Organizations like our own, and doubtless some of the older volunteer regiments, would have held together and made some sort of retreat toward the Susquehanna, but the heart of the army would have been broken, and its power as a great fighting unit would have departed to return no more.

But there were no forebodings of defeat among my veteran comrades. The universal expression was the hope that the men would be permitted to fight the battle to a finish. Any old commander of troops at Gettysburg will tell you that he never before or afterward found his men so willing to advance or so reluctant to fall back as they were there. The sole misgiving was about the Commander-in-Chief. No one questioned his courage, but even the buglers were convinced that he was unable to handle any larger body than an army corps to advantage, and so the old Army of the Potomac moved slowly toward the scene of its most immortal triumph in a frame of mind that cannot be imagined by any one who was not a soldier in the ranks, and that can only be described as a sullen resolve to whip the fight if each man had to do it all himself.

Such was the state of mind of the Army when, during the afternoon of June 29, the news sped through the ranks that Hooker had been relieved. In the First Corps it was at the start reported that Gen. Reynolds had been put in Hooker's place, and, of course, there was wild enthusiasm; for no commander in any army ever had the respect and affection of his men to a greater extent than Reynolds had of the men of the old First. But later in the evening Stewart announced informally that the command of the Army had been conferred on Gen. Meade, of the Fifth Corps. He did not say much about Meade, except that he was "a rattling fighter," and would "give old Lee a bellyful before he got through with him." But we all wanted Reynolds—at least in the First Corps; and most of us who survive believe that if he had been in command, and had not been killed as he was, Lee would have had a much livelier time getting back into Virginia than he did.

We moved at daybreak the next morning, passed through the village of Emmittsburg, and about noon halted with the head of our column at a bridge across Marsh Creek. Here we remained during the afternoon and night of June 30. While we lay there Gen. Buford's division of cavalry passed up the road toward Gettysburg. They had plenty of news for us, and it was of an exciting character. They would sing out as they rode by, "We have found the Johnnies; they are just above and to the left of us, and the woods are full of 'em."

Of course but few details could be got, as the cavalry was moving rapidly, but Devins's Brigade made a brief halt in the road on our front,

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and some of the 6th New York men told us that they had tried to go to Gettysburg early in the morning by a shorter route, and had encountered a large force of Confederate infantry, which had compelled them to turn back and come round by Emmittsburg. The Colonel of the 6th New York told Stewart that there was no doubt but that Lee's whole army was in front of us, and that they — the cavalry — were advancing to bring on an engagement. The known proximity of the enemy in great force, and the certainty of an immediate battle, which every one said was bound to be the greatest and most desperate yet fought, began to have a perceptible effect on the men.

They were a little more serious than usual, and there was less chaff and badinage among them. That was all. No one could detect the least appearance of apprehension on the part of any man or boy in the Battery.

The night of our halt at Marsh Creek occurred one of the unpleasant things in the history of the Battery. Frank Noble, one of the best boys we had, went to a neighboring farmhouse to get some canteens of milk. The farmer, who was doubtless an "Adams County Copperhead," as we used to call them, demanded an exorbitant price. Frank got angry at this, went to the farmyard and milked one of the cows himself, bringing the milk to camp. The farmer followed and reported him. This perplexed Stewart, because Frank had been severely wounded at Antietam and had but recently returned to duty, and Stewart always hated to punish one of the Antietam veterans. However, the general orders against marauding of any kind were terribly stringent, and the Old Man knew that if he failed to take notice of the complaint it would be carried to higher authority, doubtless with much worse consequences both to Frank and himself. So he ordered Frank up on the caisson, which satisfied the complainant. But the boys all sympathized with Frank and gathered about him to express their sentiments. Stewart ordered them away, but they were sullen and for a few moments it seemed as if there was going to be confusion at least, if not worse trouble, which would have been terrible in a Battery with such a reputation for orderly conduct and good discipline. But good counsels prevailed, and after a little vehement language and a trifle of insubordination the men obeyed. Frank took his punishment sullenly, and nothing more came of it. But he never got over it, and the next January, when he veteranized, he left the Battery and returned to his regiment. No doubt he feels different about it now.

Whatever may have been the feeling in other Corps of the Army, it is safe to say that every man and boy in the First Corps, from Gen. Reynolds to Johnny Cook, our Bugler, started in that July morning to whip! There was a curious sensation among us when one of the Sergeants of Cooper's Battery (B, 1st Pennsylvania) came up the road about daylight on some errand or other and remarked to some of our men who were in the road, "Boys, don't forget that this is free soil! We are now about half a mile north of the Keystone State line!" Being further interrogated, this sturdy Sergeant told us that his own home was not more than 10 or 12 miles

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away — in the direction of Hanovertown — and he said: "You are Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and New York boys, and maybe you don't know how a Pennsylvanian feels when he may have to fight to-morrow in his mother's dooryard!" It is not necessary to remark that we all assured this stout Pennsylvania Sergeant of Cooper's Battery that Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and New York "would stand by him until h—l froze over! And then, if necessary, perish on the ice!!"

"YOU BET WE WILL STAND BY YOU."

The last thing we did the night of June 30 was to draw three days' cooked rations, and when we were packing our haversacks Corp'l Packard said: "See here, 'Cub,' you want to hang onto that grub, my son, because we shall probably be fighting up here for two or three days, and you can't get any more while that is going on."

We were turned out the next morning about daybreak, harnessed up, and, after crossing the creek, halted to let the infantry of Wadsworth's Division file by. There was no mistake now. While we stood there watching these splendid soldiers file by with their long, swinging "route-step," and their muskets glittering in the rays of the rising sun, there came out of the northwest a sullen "boom! boom! boom!" of three guns, followed almost immediately by a prolonged crackling sound, which, at that distance, reminded one very much of the snapping of a dry brush-heap when you first set it on fire. We soon reasoned out the state of affairs up in front. Buford, we calculated, had engaged the leading infantry of Lee's army, and was probably trying to hold them with his cavalry in heavy skirmish line, dismounted, until our infantry could come up. They said that the enemy had not yet developed more than a skirmish line, because if he had shown a heavy formation Buford would be using his artillery, of which he had two or three batteries, whereas we had thus far heard only the three cannon shots mentioned. These apparently trifling incidents show how the men in our Army were in the habit of observing things, and how unerring their judgment was, as a rule, even in matters of military knowledge far beyond their sphere or control.

But my eyes were riveted on the infantry marching by. No one now living will ever again see those two brigades of Wadsworth's Division — Cutler's and the Iron Brigade — file by as they did that morning. The little creek made a depression in the road, with a gentle ascent on either side, so that from our point of view the column, as it came down one slope and up the other, had the effect of huge blue billows of men topped with a

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spray of shining steel, and the whole spectacle was calculated to give nerve to a man who had none before. Partly because they had served together a long time, and, no doubt, because so many of their men were in our ranks, there was a great affinity between the Battery and the Iron Brigade, which expressed itself in cheers and good-natured chaffing between us as they went by. "Find a good place to camp; be sure and get near a good dry rail fence; tell the Johnnies we will be right along," were the salutations that passed on our part, while the infantry made such responses as "All right; better stay here till we send for you; the climate up there may be unhealthy just now for such delicate creatures as you," and all that sort of thing. It was probably 8 o'clock when the last brigade had passed, and then we got the order to march, moving with Doubleday's Division. As we moved up the road we could see the troops of the next division coming close behind. By this time the leading regiments of Wadsworth's infantry had got on the ground, and the sounds of battle were increasing rapidly.

Wadsworth's Division consisted of two brigades. The First was the Iron Brigade, composed of the 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana and 24th Michigan. The Second was Cutler's Brigade, composed of the 7th Indiana, 76th, 95th, 147th and 14th (Brooklyn) New York and 56th Pennsylvania. It happened to be the turn of Cutler's Brigade to lead the column on the morning of July 1. Comrade E. R. Graham, of the 56th Pennsylvania, now living at Grand Pass, Mo., writes as follows concerning the order of advance from Marsh Creek:

> The first infantry regiment of the Army of the Potomac to enter the State (of Pennsylvania) was the 76th New York, under Maj. Grover, followed in order by the 56th Pennsylvania, commanded by Brevet Brig.-Gen. J. W. Hofmann; 147th New York, Lieut.-Col. F. C. Miller; 14th Brooklyn, Brevet Brig.-Gen. E. B. Fowler, and the 95th New York, under Maj. Edward Pye. The 76th New York, 56th Pennsylvania and 147th New York formed on the right of the Railroad Cut, facing west in the order indicated, and the action was begun by the 56th Pennsylvania, followed instantly by the rest of the command.
>
> The Second Brigade was very proud of Stewart's Battery, and supported it in action as often as any other troops.

A careful survey of the ground occupied shows that the division crossed the State line the night before, when the Iron Brigade was leading, the 6th Wisconsin in front. But the 76th New York was the regiment which led off for Gettysburg the next morning, when Cutler's Brigade took the head of column in the order of alternation that was observed by the respective brigades.

The sounds of the cavalry fight had been distinct ever since we left Marsh Creek — a fitful crackle — but now we heard fierce, angry crash on crash, rapidly growing in volume and intensity, signifying that our leading infantry — Cutler's and the Iron Brigade — had encountered the "doughboys" of Lee's advance. It is well known that the men of the Iron Brigade always preferred slouch hats (Western fashion), and seldom or never wore caps. At the time this heavy crashing began we were probably half way

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up from Marsh Creek, and, as the Battery was marching at a walk, most of us were walking along with the guns instead of riding on the limbers. Among the Cannoneers was a man from the 2d Wisconsin (John Holland) who took great pride in the Iron Brigade. So, when that sudden crash! crash! crash! floated over the hills to our ears, John said, with visible enthusiasm, "Hear that, my son! That's the talk! The old slouch hats have got there, you bet!!"

Now the artillery began to play in earnest, and it was evident that the three batteries which had preceded us were closely engaged, while the musketry had grown from the crackling sound of the skirmishing we had heard early in the morning to an almost incessant crash, which betokened the file firing of a main line of battle. Just before reaching the brow of the hill, south of the town, where we could get our first sight of the battle itself, there was a provoking halt of nearly half an hour. We could hear every sound, even the yells of the troops fighting on the ridge beyond Gettysburg, and we could see the smoke mount up and float away lazily to the northeastward; but we could not see the combatants. While halted here Doubleday's Division passed up the road, each regiment breaking into double quick as it reached the top of the hill. The Eleventh Corps also began by this time to arrive from Emmittsburg. Finally, when the last of the Second Brigade of Doubleday's (Stone's) had passed, we got the order to advance again, and in two minutes the whole scene burst upon us like the lifting of the curtain in a grand play. The spectacle was simply stupendous. It is doubtful if there was ever a battle fought elsewhere of which such a complete view was possible from one point as we got of that battle when we reached the top of the hill abreast of Round Top.

The Battery kept moving rapidly to the front along the Emmittsburg Pike until it arrived at a cross road or farm lane leading toward the Seminary, when it turned to the left and shortly after halted in column a little to our left of that building and just on the crest of the ridge. The Battery remained here perhaps an hour, when it was relieved by Stevens's 5th Maine battery and proceeded at once to form "by half-battery" on both sides of the Railroad Cut, on the ridge nearest the town, and abreast of the Thompson House. The formation of the left half-battery was open order, and the three guns fronted about half the space between the turnpike and the railroad, the caissons taking cover of the buildings and the rear slope of the ground. Lieut. Davison commanded the left half-battery, and had with him Ord. Serg't John Mitchell, Serg'ts Thorpe and Moore, Lance Serg't McDougall, and about 42 Corporals, Drivers and Cannoneers.

Our guns pointed about due west, taking the Cashtown Pike *en echarpe*. The right half-battery was in line with us on the north side of the cut. Its right gun rested on the edge of a little grove, which extended some distance farther to the right, and was full of infantry (the 11th Pennsylvania) supporting us. There was also infantry in our rear, behind the crest and in the Railroad Cut (the 6th Wisconsin). One of our squad volunteered the facetious remark that these infantry "were put there to shoot the re-

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cruits if they flinched," for which he was rebuked by Corp'l Packard, who told him to "see that he himself behaved as well as the recruits." As Stewart commanded the right half-battery in person, he did not have much to do with us, directly, during the action that followed.

At this time, which was probably about noon, all the infantry of the First Corps, except that massed immediately about our position, together with Hall's, Reynolds's and one of the cavalry horse-batteries—Calef's—had been struggling desperately in the fields in our front, and for a few moments we had nothing to do but witness the magnificent scene. The enemy had some batteries firing down the pike, but their shot—probably canister—did not reach us. In a few minutes they opened with shell from a battery on a high knoll to the north of us (Oak Hill), and, though at long range, directly enfilading our line. But they sent their shells at the troops who were out in advance. We stood to the guns and watched the infantry combat in our front. Over across the creek (Willoughby's) we could see the gray masses of the Rebel infantry coming along all the roads and deploying in the fields, and it seemed that they were innumerable. At this time some 200 or 300 Rebel prisoners passed by our position on their way to our rear. They were a tough-looking set. Some had bloody rags tied round their limbs or heads, where they had received slight wounds.

In the meantime our infantry out in the field toward the creek was being slowly but surely overpowered, and our lines were being forced in toward the Seminary. It was now considerably past noon. In addition to the struggle going on in our immediate front, the sounds of a heavy attack from the north side were heard, and away out beyond the creek, to the south, a strong force could be seen advancing and overlapping our left. The enemy was coming nearer, both in front and on the north, and stray balls began to zip and whistle around our ears with unpleasant frequency. Then we saw the batteries that had been holding the position in advance of us limber up and fall back toward the Seminary, and the enemy simultaneously advance his batteries down the road. All our infantry out toward the creek on both sides of the pike began to fall back.

The enemy did not press them very closely, but halted for nearly an hour to reform his lines, which had been very much shattered by the battle of the forenoon. At last, having reformed his lines behind the low ridges in front, he made his appearance in grand shape. His line stretched from the railroad grading across the Cashtown Pike, and through the fields south of it half way to the Fairfield Road—nearly a mile in length. First we could see the tips of their color-staffs coming up over the little ridge, then the points of their bayonets, and then the Johnnies themselves, coming on with a steady tramp, tramp, and with loud yells. It was now apparent that the old Battery's turn had come again, and the embattled boys who stood so grimly at their posts felt that another page must be added to the record of Buena Vista and Antietam. The term "boys" is literally true, because of our gun detachment alone, consisting of a Sergeant, two Corporals, seven Cannoneers and six Drivers, only four had hair on their

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faces, while the other 12 were beardless boys whose ages would not average 19 years, and who, at any other period of our history, would have been at school! The same was more or less true of all the other gun detachments. But if boys in years they were, with one or two exceptions not necessary to name, veterans in battle, and braver or steadier soldiers than they were never faced a foe! A glance along our line at that moment would have been a rare study for an artist. As the day was very hot many of the boys had their jackets off, some with sleeves rolled up, and they exchanged little words of cheer with each other as the gray line came on. In quick, sharp tones, like successive reports of a repeating rifle, came Davison's orders: "Load—Canister—Double!" There was a hustling of Cannoneers, a few thumps of the rammer-heads, and then "Ready!—By piece!—At will!—Fire!!"

In order that the situation of the Battery at this moment may be clearly understood, a brief survey of the state of the battle is necessary. We were formed, as previously remarked, "straddle" of the Railroad Cut,

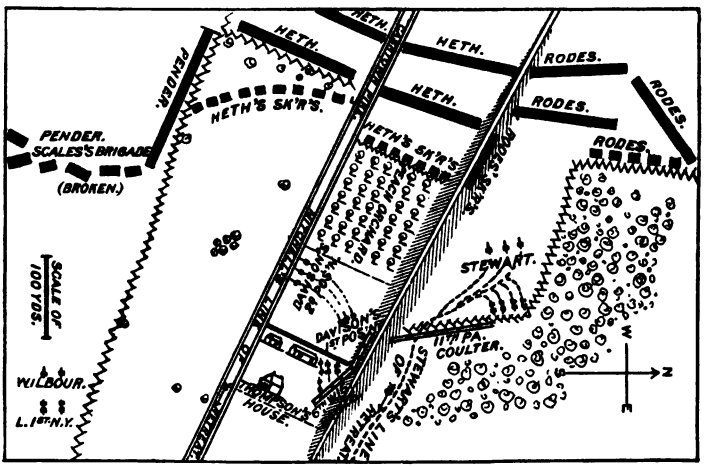

DIAGRAM OF THE RAILROAD CUT.

the "Old Man" with the three guns forming the right half-battery on the north side, and Davison with the three guns of the left half on the south side. Stewart's three guns were somewhat in advance of ours, forming a slight *echelon* in half-battery, while our three guns were in open order, bringing the left gun close to the Cashtown Road. We were formed in a small field just west of Mrs. Thompson's dooryard, and our guns raked the road to the top of the low crest forming the east bank of Willoughby's Creek. The time of day was perhaps 2:30 or 3 p. m. At all events, Hall's and Reynolds's batteries, which had held the crest in our front all morning, had retired either into the streets of Gettysburg town or to the grove near the Seminary, and all the infantry of the First Corps that had been

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fighting in our front had fallen back, except the invincible remnants of the 6th Wisconsin and 11th Pennsylvania, which were at that moment filing across the Railroad Cut close in our rear to support us in our final struggle.

Directly in our front—that is to say, on both sides of the pike—the Rebel infantry, whose left lapped the north side of the pike quite up to the line of the railroad grading, had been forced to halt and lie down by the tornado of canister that we had given them from the moment they came in sight over the bank of the creek. But the regiments in the field to their right (south side) of the pike kept on, and kept swinging their right flanks forward as if to take us in reverse or cut us off from the rest of our troops near the Seminary. At this moment Davison, bleeding from two desperate wounds, and so weak that one of the men had to hold him up on his feet (one ankle being totally shattered by a bullet), ordered us to form the half-battery, action left, by wheeling on the left gun as a pivot, so as to bring the half-battery on a line with the Cashtown Pike, muzzles facing south, his object being to rake the front of the Rebel line closing in on us from that side. Of the four men left at our gun when this order was given two had bloody heads, but they were still "standing by," and Ord. Serg't Mitchell jumped on our off wheel to help us. "This is tough work, boys," he shouted, as we wheeled the gun around, "but we are good for it." And Pat Wallace, tugging at the near wheel, shouted back: "If we ain't, where'll you find them that is!"

Well, this change of front gave us a clean rake along the Rebel line for a whole brigade length, but it exposed our right flank to the raking volleys of their infantry near the pike, who at that moment began to get up again and come on. Then for seven or eight minutes ensued probably the most desperate fight ever waged between artillery and infantry at close range without a particle of cover on either side. They gave us volley after volley in front and flank, and we gave them double canister as fast as we could load. The 6th Wisconsin and 11th Pennsylvania men crawled up over the bank of the cut or behind the rail fence in rear of Stewart's caissons and joined their musketry to our canister, while from the north side of the cut flashed the chain-lightning of the Old Man's half-battery in one solid streak!

At this time our left half-battery, taking their first line *en echarpe*, swept it so clean with double canister that the Rebels sagged away from the road to get cover from the fences and trees that lined it. From our second round on a gray squirrel could not have crossed the road alive.

How those peerless Cannoneers sprang to their work! Twenty-six years have but softened in memory the picture of "Old Griff" (Wallace), his tough Irish face set in hard lines with the unflinching resolution that filled his soul, while he sponged and loaded under that murderous musketry with the precision of barrack drill; of the burly Corporal, bare-headed, his hair matted with blood from a scalp wound, and wiping the crimson fluid out of his eyes to sight the gun; of the steady Orderly Sergeant, John Mitchell, moving calmly from gun to gun, now and then

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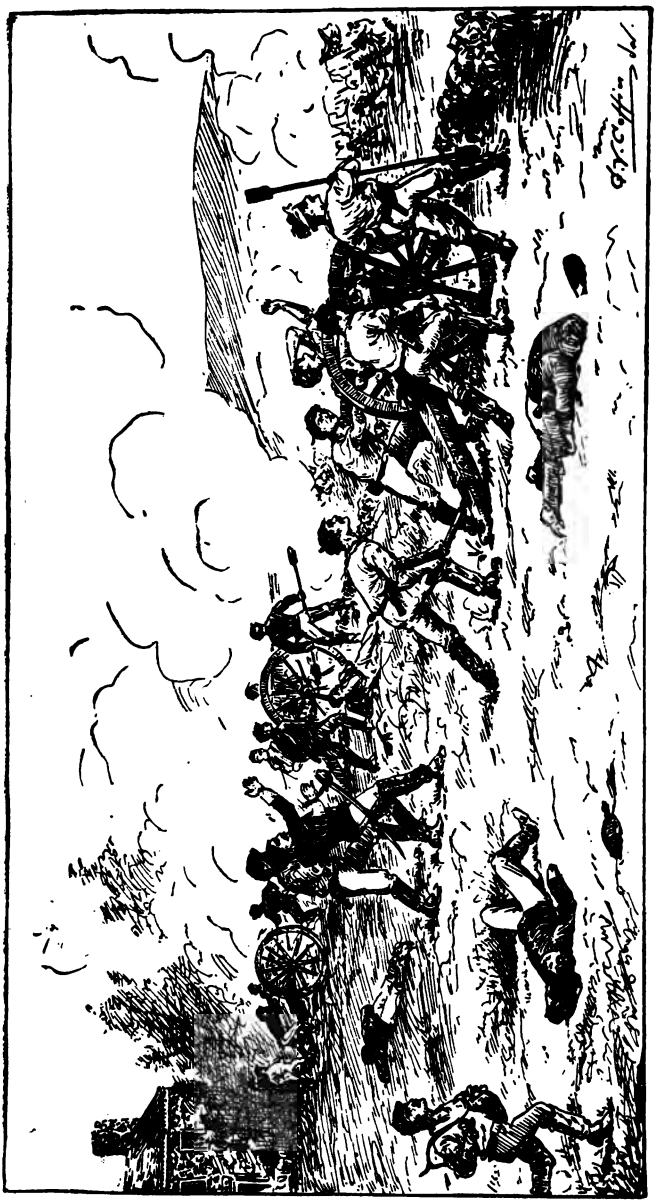

"FEED IT TO 'EM, BOYS!"

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changing men about as one after another was hit and fell, stooping over a wounded man to help him up, or aiding another to stagger to the rear; of the dauntless Davison on foot among the guns, cheering the men, praising this one and that one, and ever and anon profanely exhorting us to "Feed it to 'em, G—— d—— em; feed it to 'em!" The very guns became things of life—not implements, but comrades. Every man was doing the work of two or three. At our gun at the finish there were only the Corporal, No. 1 and No. 3, with two drivers fetching ammunition. The water in Pat's bucket was like ink. His face and hands were smeared all over with burnt powder. The thumbstall of No. 3 was burned to a crisp by the hot vent-field. Between the black of the burnt powder and the crimson streaks from his bloody head, Packard looked like a demon from below! Up and down the line men reeling and falling; splinters flying from wheels and axles where bullets hit; in rear, horses tearing and plunging, mad with wounds or terror; drivers yelling, shells bursting, shot shrieking overhead, howling about our ears or throwing up great clouds of dust where they struck; the musketry crashing on three sides of us; bullets hissing, humming and whistling everywhere; cannon roaring; all crash on crash and peal on peal, smoke, dust, splinters, blood, wreck and carnage indescribable; but the brass guns of Old B still bellowed and not a man or boy flinched or faltered! Every man's shirt soaked with sweat and many of them sopped with blood from wounds not severe enough to make such bulldogs "let go"—bareheaded, sleeves rolled up, faces blackened—oh! if such a picture could be spread on canvas to the life! Out in front of us an undulating field, filled almost as far as the eye could reach with a long, low, gray line creeping toward us, fairly fringed with flame!

On every side the passion, rage and frenzy of fearless men or reckless boys devoted to slaughter or doomed to death! The same sun that a day before had been shining to cure the wheat-sheaves of the harvest of peace, now glared to pierce the gray pall of battle's powder smoke or to bloat the corpses of battle's victims. How strange it is to think of now!

When this desperate work began I had stood close in to the gun in thumbing vent, standing bolt upright according to the letter of the manual, arching my left arm and resting my fingers on the gun. I was wearing my jacket, and had the two top buttons buttoned. About our third load a bullet from the enemy behind the fence on our flank tore through the breast of the jacket, making the cloth fly and carrying away the second button from the top. It hurt like a sharp blow of a whip; but, running my finger along the track of the bullet, I saw that the skin was not broken. Packard, who had his hands on the screw at that moment in the act of "letting her muzzle down" a little, noticed this and called out: "Stretch out your arm, 'Cub,' and get down by the wheel! Get cover of the wheel! Quick! This is hotter 'n h—l!!" The wheel of a 12-pounder Napoleon, with its deep felloes and its huge spokes, affords considerable cover for No. 3 against either a flank fire or fire *en echarpe* from infantry. My breast had a red welt across it, and was sore for several days.

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The question most frequently asked of a soldier who has been in action is: "How do you feel when under fire?" Leaving others to relate their own experiences on this score the writer desires to say simply that he felt like hurting the enemy as much as possible in the shortest time, and wanted above all things to whip the fight. The sensation did not differ materially from that which I had experienced in boyish rough-and-tumble fights about my native village or at school. Doubtless artillerymen, when exposed

to a murderous fusillade at close range, such as that was at the Gettysburg Railroad Cut, are called upon to exhibit a pretty good average of the staying quality, and this requirement is necessarily increased in the case of a battery of established reputation. The men and boys who fought our guns there were all conversant with the history of the Battery, and it is safe to say that not one of them was willing that the laurels of Plattsburg, Buena Vista or Antietam should wither, by so much as one leaf, at Gettysburg. Whatever may be the opportunities of infantrymen to get cover in battle, every one who has ever seen open field fighting will admit that the

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artilleryman, when the supreme moment comes, has to stand up and take his medicine like a little man. For him trees, fences and boulders or improvised rifle-pits mean nothing. There can be no skulking in a gun detachment. If one man on a gun flinches or skulks his cowardice must be instantly perceived by every other man on that gun, because each gun number is like a cog-wheel in a perfect machine, and if he fails to do his work every other human cog-wheel will be "thrown out of gear." For this reason it is very seldom that artillerymen flinch from their guns even in the most fearful butcheries. The history of all wars is replete with instances where Cannoneers and Drivers have staid at their posts to be literally murdered by attacking infantry or hewn down by charging cavalry or mangled by the shot and shell of hostile batteries, while the instances of different behavior are comparatively few. Besides, there is something in the "atmosphere" of a battery in action that holds its men to their work. As a rule, a battery in action will be the central figure of an important operation or the focus of a desperate combat. Its men instantly appreciate the prominence of their station and the fact that their behavior is necessarily subject to general observation. Moreover, the number of individuals engaged in working a battery is small in comparison with other arms of the service, so that each Cannoneer feels that his personal behavior is being specially observed by all the infantrymen or cavalrymen who can see him. The consequence is a sensation of *noblesse oblige*, which often compels artillerymen to stand up and be slaughtered in their tracks when, really, retreat or even flight would be the more sensible thing. There have been instances of Cannoneers refusing to abandon their guns when ordered to do so by their own officers. To sum up, an artilleryman has to fight!

In our Battery—and the same was true of many others—the *esprit du corps* ran so high that the rawest recruit instantly became imbued with it as soon as he joined. Everybody was always setting an example for everybody else. We had before us the calm, placid resolution of Stewart; the grim, stoical pluck of Davison; the enthusiastic gallantry of Mitchell; and in our Sergeants we always saw the sullen indifference to danger which marked "Old Bull" McBride, whose stolid apathy always grew with the battle; the rollicking Irish recklessness of Jimmy Maher; the quiet *sang froid* of Ned Armstrong; the methodical nerve of Henry Moore; the smiling chivalry of the handsome Thorpe, who would take off his cap and "fluff up" his dark curly hair with his fingers in the hottest action! In short, this spirit was universal, each man in his own way, even to our "baby bugler," little Cook, who, though a child of 14 or 15 years, never flinched anywhere or from anything.

On one occasion a lead driver had dismounted without orders while at a halt under shell fire. He remounted at the muzzle of Stewart's revolver! At roll call after the action this man was ordered to step out, and Stewart told him in the presence of the company that he must go back to his volunteer regiment; that he (Stewart) would inform his Colonel that he was not made of the stuff required in that Battery and was not fit to associate

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with its men and boys, and therefore he must send him back and ask his Colonel to give him a man of courage in his place. There was not another man or boy in the Battery who would not rather have been shot than receive such an awful sentence as that. Such were the feelings and impulses of the men and boys of Battery B in the crisis of battle!

For a few moments the whole Rebel line, clear down to the Fairfield Road, seemed to waver, and we thought that maybe we could repulse them, singlehanded as we were. At any rate, about our fifth or sixth round after changing front made their first line south of the pike halt, and many of them sought cover behind trees in the field or ran back to the rail fence parallel to the pike at that point, from which they resumed their musketry. But their second line came steadily on, and as Davison had now succumbed to his wounds Ord. Serg't Mitchell took command and gave the order to limber to the rear, the 6th Wisconsin and the 11th Pennsylvania having begun to fall back down the railroad track toward the town, turning about and firing at will as they retreated. At the same time Stewart began to limber up his half-battery on the north side of the cut, but, as we could swing directly into the pike where we were, while he had to come down through the pasture and across the railroad grading before getting into the smooth road, we got into the town 15 or 20 rods ahead of him.

The Rebels could have captured or destroyed our left half-battery—and perhaps Stewart's, too—if they had made a sharp rush on both sides of the pike as we were limbering up, because as our last gun (the right gun of the left half-battery) moved off their leading men south of the pike were within 50 yards of us! But they contented themselves with file-firing, and did not come on with the cold steel. However, as soon as they saw the limbers coming up the Rebels redoubled their fire both in front and on our left flank, their object apparently being to cripple our teams so we would have to adandon the guns. They hit several horses, three or four of the drivers and two or three more of the remaining Cannoneers while we were limbering up. During all this wreck and carnage Serg't Mitchell was perfectly cool, and all the men, following his example, were steady. The Driver of our swing team being hit as they wheeled the limber to "hook on," Mitchell ordered me to mount his team. Just then the off leader was shot and went down all in a heap. But Mitchell and Thorpe had him cut out of the traces sooner than it can be told, and off we went down the pike toward the town, the nearest houses of which were about a third of a mile off. By the time we had got into the town the other half-battery had come up, and the 6th Wisconsin, which had formed across the street, opened to let us pass. Adj't Brooks, of the 6th, having a musket in his hand, was loading and firing with the troops; in fact, most of the officers were doing the same thing. Col. Rufus Dawes was in command at this point, and he had, besides his own regiment—or the remnant of it—a miscellaneous lot from several other commands whom he had rallied in the edge of the town. As the Battery entered the town Col. Lucius Fairchild, of the 2d Wisconsin, was sitting on the porch of a house close

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to the road. He had been wounded in the battle of the forenoon, and his left arm had just been amputated. But he waved his remaining hand to us and called out: "Stick to 'em, boys! Stay with 'em!! You'll fetch 'em, finally!!" We passed on, and Col. Fairchild was taken prisoner when the enemy occupied the town. He was very well known and popular in the Battery, some of our best men being from his regiment, and his ringing words of cheer under such circumstances did us much good. Mitchell had halted the half-battery just beyond the little house where Col. Fairchild had found hospital, and we "prolonged" "Old Betsey" — the rear gun — in the street and stood by to load. John said he was afraid that the Old Man had been gobbled up, but we would wait there a few minutes so as to be able to help him, if necessary. But in a few minutes Johnny Cook came down the road and said that McBride was coming with all of the right half-battery, and that Stewart would soon be along, as he was only waiting to have some of his caissons destroyed which had been disabled. I was astonished at the caution of the enemy at this time. He seemed to be utterly paralyzed at the punishment he had received from the First Corps, and was literally "feeling every inch of his way" in his advance on our front. Riding the swing team on our gun, I kept looking over my shoulder to see him come on, and wondered why he was so cautious, knowing, as I did, that none of our troops were left in the position that we had just abandoned.

Capt. Jim Hall, of the 2d Maine, had a section of his battery formed at the first cross street we came to, with fixed prolonge, and we heard him open on the advancing enemy as soon as the 6th Wisconsin cleared his front. This retreat into the town, and our subsequent march up the hill to our new position near the Cemetery gate, was perfectly cool and orderly. There was not a sign of confusion, much less panic, in the First Corps. The troops of the Eleventh Corps were swarming into the town from the north at the same time.

Without doubt the Rebels could have got on top of us by a sharp rush while we were limbering up, and we could not comprehend their failure to do so. Everybody expected that we would be taken. But their General (Heth) has told me since the war that they did not understand the situation, not being able to conceive that a battery would hold such a position so long without adequate infantry support, and being convinced that the Railroad Cut behind us must have been full of concealed infantry waiting for them to come on. Besides, Heth's Division had been frightfully punished during its advance from Willoughby's Creek, having lost over 2,500 men, or nearly one-third of its force, while the two brigades of Pender's Division that had come in on our left, south of the pike, had suffered terribly from our enfilading canister, losing several hundred men, including Gens. Pender and Scales — the first mortally and the latter severely wounded — within a few minutes.

Of course no one claims that all this execution was done by our Battery, because there was a section of Reynolds's 1st New York on the rising.

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ground to our left rear toward the Seminary, playing on them with everything it could muster, and Stevens's old 5th Maine was blazing from the brow of the ridge, while the 6th Wisconsin's musketry and that of the 11th Pennsylvania was humming in our ears from the Railroad Cut behind us, and there was a straggling infantry fire from detachments all along the ridge. But, allowing for all these facts, it is true that Battery B was in the wide open jaws of the battle there; that it stood its ground till all the rest were gone, and that Capt. Stewart was the last man to leave the Union position on Seminary Ridge, anywhere west of the Seminary itself.

There was some difficulty about limbering up the last gun of the right half-battery, and it did not start off at its proper distance in column; so, as there was a good deal of smoke and confusion about that time, we thought the gun was lost. We were happily disappointed when this gun joined us as we halted in the main street of Gettysburg village, awaiting orders as to the position we should take up on the Cemetery Ridge. This gun and its crew had a close call. On this occasion the difficulty in limbering up was due to the pintle-hook being broken off, so that the trail had to be fastened up with the prolonge. But after the gun was thus patched up and started off, the indomitable Stewart repeatedly halted and fired rounds of double canister into the pursuing enemy at distances less than 100 yards! It is a pity that Capt. Stewart's official report of the action of the Battery at Gettysburg has not been preserved, and hence cannot appear in the War Records. It would be valuable as a military paper on the art of extricating batteries from almost hopeless positions. Gen. Doubleday, who stationed the Battery at the Railroad Cut, will probably admit that he expected that it would be sacrificed, as he put it there to cover the general retreat. The withdrawal of the left half-battery has already been described, and the following letter from Capt. Stewart to the author details that of the right half. The Captain writes me:

I did not leave the position until notified by an Aid of Gen. John C. Robinson that his division had fallen back, and that there was no infantry left to support me.

When I got my half-battery on the road I ordered Serg't McBride (a better man never wore the uniform of a Sergeant) to move toward Gettysburg. I then rode to where I had placed Lieut. Davison, not knowing that Gen. Wadsworth had already fallen back and taken the half-battery that Davison commanded with him. In riding to the position which Davison had occupied I found it occupied by Heth's troops of A. P. Hill's Corps. I was called upon to surrender, but of course did not see it in that light, not being there for that purpose. I wheeled my horse about, when they sent a volley after me. I made my escape, with two bullet holes through my blouse. I then rode over to the road in which Serg't McBride with the half-battery was leading to Gettysburg. I found that occupied by Rebels. I then had to start in another direction, when I found I was completely surrounded by the enemy, they calling upon me to halt. I headed my horse toward a fence and the horse took the fence splendidly, but just as I was crossing I was hit on the thigh by a piece of shell. At first I thought my leg was broken, but after feeling it I found I was all right, but got so nauseated that, after riding about a hundred yards, and seeing a little water in one of the furrows of the field, I got off my horse, drank a little, bathed my face, and feeling some relief I mounted again. I had gone

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but a short distance when I found one of my caissons with the rear axle broken. One of my men (and to the best of my recollection it was Private Winfield Scott Williams) was there at the caisson taking out round after round of ammunition and destroying the charges of powder, so that the enemy could not use them against us. I waited with him till he had the last round destroyed. I then told him to come with me, and on entering the town I found my Battery together. It was then that I learned Lieut. Davison had been wounded and taken to the hospital. I will state that before I got Serg't McBride upon the road we had to fire upon the enemy with canister, in order to check them. They did not appear to me to be any regular organization, but detached bodies, and all making their best endeavor to cut us off. After firing several rounds to the right, front and left we had no further difficulty in moving off. We lost a good many Drivers and Cannoneers before getting on the road leading to town. When I reached Cemetery Hill I was halted by Gen. Hancock, who asked me where my Battery was. I told him it was coming up the road. He then ordered me to place my guns, or as many as I could work, on the pike in front of the Cemetery gate, and the others at right angles with them, to bear upon the enemy approaching from that direction.

The General ordered me to remain in that position until he relieved me in person, and to take no orders from any one else. I remained in that position from the afternoon of the 1st till the morning of the 5th.

It was said among the boys that the Captain used his revolvers with effect on the enemy's infantry who tried to intercept him at the stone wall, but he always avoided discussion of the matter, and so probably the actual facts will never be known.

While we were retreating down the pike the Rebels closed in on us from their right (south side of the road) and kept up a running fire. Several of our men were hit at this time, among them Dan Ackerman, who fell off his team, and was supposed to be killed. But during the forenoon of July 4, after the enemy had evacuated the town, our invincible Dan was seen limping up the hill toward the Battery, where, of course, he was received with open arms. This is literally true, because Dan was one of the very bravest and most orderly boys in the Battery, and a particular favorite of the Old Man, who had given him up for dead. So, when he came back, "somewhat disfigured but still in the ring," Stewart, whose own leg was so badly hurt that he could hardly stand up, put his arms around Dan's neck and gave him a good hug in the presence of the Battery, or what was left of it! But, after congratulating Dan on his escape, we discovered that his wound was very severe, and even dangerous; so that Stewart ordered him to go over to Dr. Ward, of the Iron Brigade, for examination. The result of this was that our gallant Dan did not rejoin the Battery again until just before the beginning of the Wilderness campaign, which he went through from the Rapidan to the Jerusalem Plank Road. I mention him simply as a specimen of the sort of boys we had. Others did quite as well, but none better.

Comrade Henry G. Klinefelter, who was Cannoneer (No. 1) on the gun that had so much difficulty in getting off (Ned Armstrong's), says that they fired several rounds of triple canister—that is to say, three canisters in each load—before getting into the road, and that the lead driver on their gun, Mate Freeman, had both his horses wounded, but managed

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to hold them to their work until they got into the town. He also says that the behavior of Serg't Ned Armstrong, chief of that piece, was exceedingly gallant.

Gen. R. R. Dawes, then Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 6th Wisconsin, says:

As the 6th Wisconsin and Battery B clung together in the fight, so we stood by each other in the retreat. The skilful extrication of both commands has not been fully appreciated. Neither Stewart nor I had any instructions until Lieut. Clayton Rogers brought us the order to "retreat beyond the city," and it was then every fellow for himself. Gen. A. W. Scales, of North Carolina, and I went over this ground together in 1882. Battery B almost destroyed his brigade!

Gen. Dawes also remarks that "his Adjutant, Lieut. E. P. Brooks, a boy of 20 years, behaved with the most distinguished gallantry in every phase of the battle."

Gen. Doubleday, in his history of Gettysburg, [see Doubleday's "Gettysburg," page 155,] says: "It was said that during the retreat of the artillery one piece of Stewart's Battery did not limber up as soon as the others. A Rebel officer rushed forward, placed his hand upon it, and presenting a revolver at the back of the driver directed him not to drive off with the piece. The latter did so, however, received a bullet in his body, caught up with the Battery, and then fell dead." But Gen. Doubleday also says that he "had no opportunity to verify this."

Gen. Doubleday must have been to some extent misinformed. The "wheel driver" on that gun was certainly shot in the back as they moved off. He was mortally wounded, but stuck to his saddle till the gun got into the town. But no "Rebel officer put his hand on the gun." No Rebel hand was ever laid on any gun of Stewart's Battery in any battle of the war, from Bull Run to Appomattox. This is a matter of no historical importance in the general sense, but in the particular history of the Battery it is all important. It was always our proudest boast that she was a virgin battery! Because, though in battle many times, and in the wide-open jaws of death more than once, not one of her bright guns had ever been defiled by the touch of a Rebel hand!

However, we got off at last, even if it was by the skin of our teeth, and before sundown were in position again on the north brow of Cemetery Hill. The excitement of the fighting had now passed away temporarily, and after hunger had been dispelled by a slice of cold boiled pork and three or four hardtack, washed down with water — for there was no opportunity to make coffee — we began to "take account of stock." Of course, in the tremendous excitement and fierce activity of the final struggle, when every man was straining every nerve, and every gun being fired at will as fast as it could be loaded, there was no opportunity to notice who was hit. It was in these few minutes, and while we were retreating into the town, that the bulk of our losses occurred. And when we had arrived at our new position on Cemetery Hill, out of range,

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and got a chance to draw a long breath, we were appalled at the number who had disappeared from the ranks. Lieut. Davison was gone, having received two severe wounds at the very last of the struggle. Some of the men said he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, but that turned out to be a mistake. Three men had been killed outright that we knew of and 33 wounded, of whom three fell into the hands of the enemy, and were never afterward heard of; while of the rest that got off, three subsequently died of their wounds, about 12 were permanently disabled, and 12 or 13, who were less severely hurt, tied up their own wounds with tent-cloths, or whatever rags they could get, and remained with the guns. The bullet that tore through the breast of my jacket did not break the skin, but it made my breast sore for several days. The guns and caissons, with the teams, had been handled quite as roughly as the men. We had got away with all the guns, but two of them were so disabled by their carriages being hit or pointing-rings being broken, etc., that we could not use them any more in the rest of the battle. One caisson had been hit with a shell and blown up, and just before we got into the town three others had their wheels or axle-trees smashed by shot, so that the drivers abandoned them and came off with the limber-chests alone. Serg't Henry Moore, who had charge of the caissons of the right half-battery, and McDougall, who commanded ours, were complimented on their conduct in the retreat. Of the horses about 12 had been killed outright, and several more were so badly hurt that they had to be shot to "put them out of their misery."

The near horse of the "swing team" on our gun, which Mitchell ordered me to mount when his driver (Smith) was wounded, was one of these. He had been hit in the side with a piece of shell—which could not have missed my leg more than two inches—just as we swung into the Cashtown Road. He flinched under me as the iron struck him, but did not fall, and between my urging and the help of the lead horse we pulled him through until the halt, when he was cut out of the team. As his entrails were protruding from the wound, Packard shot him at once to put him out of his misery, and that left only four horses on our gun. It is worth while to say that when Packard went to shoot this poor horse he had to borrow Johnny Cook's revolver to do it with, as every revolver in our gun detachment had been emptied at the enemy during the retreat, when they kept filing along the fence and shooting at us.

As this loss of 36 men was out of a total of 90-odd present for duty in the morning, with both of the commissioned officers hit, and one of them permanently disabled, while nearly half our horses were hit and one-third of our guns and half our caissons destroyed or disabled, it will be agreed that it was a pretty rugged experience. And it must be borne in mind that all this terrific execution had been done in the last half hour of the fight, and most of it in five or six minutes, when we were exposed to a close and deadly fire of infantry in front and on the left, and an enfilade by three or four batteries at close range on the right.

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It may have been about 5 o'clock when we got fairly into our new position on Cemetery Hill. It was much like the one we had taken up in the morning, in that it was in a certain sense in reserve; that is, it was considerably behind the advance line, as there was both artillery and infantry in some force ahead of us, and we were on about the highest ground the position afforded. We all expected that the enemy would attack our new position at once. It was plainly to be seen from the hill that fresh troops of theirs were coming up all the time, particularly from the north, or along the Carlisle Road. Two hours of daylight remained, and it was but natural to suppose that the Rebels would be flushed with their success in the battle of the forepart of the day on Seminary Ridge. But the day waned apace, the sun went down behind the ridge we had contested so desperately in the morning, and there were no signs of attack. From our elevated position we could see the Rebel troops as they came in from the north deliberately deploying in our front or filing off toward the valley of Rock Creek on our extreme right, so that their intention to go on with the concert was unquestionable; but after the sun went down we flattered ourselves that they wanted a good night's rest, the same as we did, and, if that was the case, we did not care how soon they might wake us up in the morning.

As previously remarked, there was always a great deal of "public opinion" in the Army of the Potomac, together with an adequate ability to express it. So, as soon as the danger of an immediate attack appeared to have passed, the men began to discuss the events of the day and probabilities of the morrow. These discussions and criticisms of the old veterans were always the most interesting part of the experience of soldiering, and every recruit longed for the day when his own status as a "veteran" would be sufficiently established to warrant him in taking part in these debates. It has been stated in descriptions of that battle since the war that "the Army of the Potomac was whipped at the end of the first day," but that is untrue. It is true that the First and the Eleventh Corps had been driven out of their positions in the morning and forced to take up new ones, but the rawest recruit in the ranks could see that the new position was much stronger than the old one, and we all knew that reinforcements had come up amounting to nearly twice the force that had sustained the unsuccessful contest of the morning. The Eleventh Corps had behaved well enough to redeem themselves from their disgrace at Chancellorsville, while the old First had covered itself with glory, and every man in its ranks knew it. They were not whipped or defeated; they did not feel that they had been beaten, because they knew that they had held their ground against superior numbers; that they had punished the enemy terribly, and that they had finally made an orderly and respectable retreat to a much stronger and better position. The reflection that half their number had been left dead or crippled in the meadows and pastures over beyond the other ridge had lost the keen edge of its sadness to such veterans as they were, whom long familiarity with battle and slaughter had taught

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that the proper place for sentimentality in war is at a long distance in the rear. There was not much disposition among the men to criticize the manner in which they had been handled during the day. Some of them thought that the Twelfth Corps ought to have been put into the fight on Seminary Ridge as soon as they arrived on the field, instead of stopping, as they did, on Cemetery Hill and quietly watching the Rebels murder us almost within musket shot. And generally their idea was that a more energetic Commander-in-Chief, having three army corps within six miles of a battle that began almost at sunrise, would have managed to get some of them under fire before dark, particularly on one of the longest days of the year! It was not easy to make the old warriors of the First Corps understand the sort of tactics that made them reach the field from the Marsh Creek Bridge in time to fight eight hours and lose more than half their number, while the Twelfth should come from Two Taverns—not much farther away—only in time to witness their final struggle for existence at a safe distance. And that still remains to be explained. Anyhow, the old First Corps was not whipped, and, barring the frightful gaps in its ranks, its remains were actually in better heart at the end of the first day than at the beginning. At all events, we knew that we had done as desperate work as ever befel an army corps, and were almost as proud of the record as we would have been of a victory.

Such was the "state of public opinion" in the ranks of the old First Corps when at roll call it was announced that Gen. John Newton, of the Sixth Corps, had been placed in command, vice Reynolds, killed. This met the instant disapprobation of the men. Newton was a man they did not know. The corps had already been commanded for several days by Gen. Doubleday, of the Third Division, in consequence of Gen. Reynolds being placed in command of the whole left wing of the army after crossing the Potomac, and he had actually taken command by seniority when Reynolds fell. Gen. Doubleday had the reputation among the men of his division of being an austere man, not calculated to excite much enthusiasm, but in handling the corps that day he displayed skill and courage which the dullest private could not help commending; and he had, moreover, exposed himself all day in plain sight of the troops with a reckless gallantry which never fails to win the affection of soldiers, no matter what may be the other qualities of an officer. Hence the men considered Doubleday entitled to the command of the corps, and they were disgusted when they learned that a stranger had been put over them.

Gen. Doubleday was not a man of "personal magnetism," nor what is called "a dashing officer." He was an earnest and conscientious man and a safe and steady soldier—precise, methodical, and to be depended on in any emergency. He was not "the idol of his troops;" and in fact that phrase, so hackneyed by historians, really never means much of substantial credit in the estimation of a soldier. You will generally notice that the "idol of his troops" is some officer who cultivates the friendship of the newspaper correspondents, has his "headquarters in the saddle"

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or issues general orders largely composed of wind. The average man in the ranks, particularly if he is a veteran, is pretty cynical, and cannot be easily fooled by pretension or gasconade. Doubleday, Griffin, Reynolds, Warren, Ayres, Getty, Ricketts, Joe Bartlett, Robinson and Wadsworth were all of the class of officers who depended for their rank in history on faithful discharge of duty and the argument of results. Hence, while the men of the First Corps had no particular affection or enthusiasm for Doubleday, they all respected him, and believed that he had fairly won the command of it in succession to Reynolds.

We turned out about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July. The roll was called in low tones. In the dim light of the daybreak we could see our infantry in front of us astir, and looking a little farther out into the gloom below us we could see the enemy's gray pickets. The stillness of everything was oppressive. We felt that a few flashes of musketry would be a relief. But the daylight came on, the sun rose and mounted up higher and higher, and yet the enemy, though in plain sight, gave no sign of hostility. Our men looked at each other and asked, "What does it mean?" Off to the north and east — that is to say, in front and to the right — we could see the infantry of the enemy moving, but there was no attack.

From the position of the Battery the trend of Cemetery Ridge shut off the view to the southward, so that we could not see the movements of our own troops in that direction; but we could see the massing of the enemy all along the edge of the woods that fringed Seminary Ridge, hour after hour, and we could not understand why they did not attack. We began to think that they were manuvering to provoke us into an attack upon them. At all events the morning passed away, noon came and the sun began to sink in the west before anything was done on either side, except fitful skirmishing way down near the Round Tops. The suspense was worse than attack would have been. There we were, standing hour after hour, in plain sight of the foe, watching his manuvers and waiting for some demonstration which would indicate his designs.

So the forenoon passed away. It was 4 o'clock before any sign of renewed battle occurred, except, of course, scattering picket shots. Then, away down on our left, and mainly hid from our view by the curve of the hill, began a crackling of skirmish fire. In a few minutes this grew into a solid crash and the cannon began to roar. This was the beginning of the attack on the Third Corps at the Peach Orchard; but beyond increased activity in their marching and counter-marching, the Rebels in our own front made no demonstration. About this time, in obedience to an order, our Battery formed across the road leading up from the town, our guns fronting northwest. This movement brought us out where we got a view of the Peach Orchard, and a grand sight it was. Looking down the Emmittsburg Road the fields west of the Round Tops were alive with moving masses of infantry enveloped in flame and smoke; a dozen batteries in different positions were blazing and roaring; shells were bursting in every

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direction; buildings and haystacks were on fire here and there; pandemonium broken loose generally, and the fight down about the Peach Orchard increased in uproar until its grandeur passed description. All the men strained their eyes in that direction in spite of the frequent commands, "Attention! Eyes front! Stand to posts!" etc. I don't believe there was ever discipline in any army that could make men keep "eyes front" when one of the most desperate struggles of history was going on over their left shoulders a mile and a half away and in plain sight. Moreover, it is terribly demoralizing to stand idle when such fighting is being done on another part of the line, and you are waiting momentarily for a strong force in your own front to begin. The suspense is awful. We knew that if the enemy drove in our troops down there by the Peach Orchard we would be taken by reverse in left and rear. So we actually longed for Ewell's men in our own front to come on.

Thus the whole day of the 2d of July dragged its slow length along. The sun was almost down; the sights and sounds of battle on the left were decreasing. We could see that our troops there had been driven back, but we could also see that the Rebels, too, were weakening, and that their broken lines in the fields west of the Taneytown Road were being drawn in.

They had driven our men back, it was true, but had themselves recoiled from the deadly work that had been required to accomplish it. All this was quite as evident to the men in the ranks as it was to the officers in command, and we began to think there would be no fighting at all on our part of the line that day, when suddenly the musketry began to crash at the foot of the hill, and almost simultaneously a long Rebel line swept across the fields east of the town, bearing straight for the position of the Eleventh Corps in our own front. The sun was just going down. On they came. Two batteries (Weidrich's and Ricketts's, of the Eleventh Corps,) were formed on the lower ground in advance of us, and they opened with canister. The infantry of the Eleventh also opened. It was one solid crash, like a million trees falling at once. Still on the Rebels came, beginning to fire themselves as they drove in the front line of infantry and ran over the advanced batteries. As there was no enemy coming up our road out of the town, we were ordered to change front half right and face them. But we could not open fire immediately without blazing into an indistinguishable mass of friend and foe. However, in a few moments the remnants of Von Gilsa's Brigade had sagged off to the right enough to open a clear road for our canister.

"Fire by piece! Fire at will!" came in ringing tones, and we answered with the hoarse roar of a solid "broadside."

Reynolds, who was about 200 yards to our right, and Stevens, about the same distance to the right of Reynolds, opened also, and for about 10 minutes there was a fine display of fireworks.

Compared with the frightful fighting and the awful losses we had suffered the day before, this little flurry at sundown on the second day seemed a rather trivial affair. Still there was a time for a few minutes when the

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prospect was that we would have all we wanted. This was when Von Gilsa's Brigade broke, leaving Ames's Brigade exposed to a flank attack. But Ames behaved very gallantly, and rallied about half of his men on our left and rear, where they remained available to support us. The enemy came on rapidly in two columns of regimental front, apparently two brigades. The one forming his right came straight at us. Part of it was in an open pasture, and these were soon made to flinch by our canister and that of Stevens and Reynolds, together with the straggling musketry of Ames's men and some other infantry that had just come into action; but their right was covered by a small ravine running obliquely to our front and a stone wall extending over to the road at the west base of the hill. So, while their left was wavering, and, in fact, giving way, the right regiments — which we afterward learned were the far-famed "Louisiana Tigers" — suddenly swarmed up the bank of the little ravine and over the stone wall, and charged with loud yells. Their nearest troops were then within 10 or 15 rods of our guns. If they had fired a volley at us then there is no doubt that the remnant of our poor old Battery would have been wiped out; but for some reason they came on with the cold steel alone. It may be imagined that we gave them the best we had, but artillery fire does not have its best effect upon troops coming straight on, and it is plain that we could not have stopped them with our four guns unaided. But as they pressed up the hill and separated from their comrades they brought their left flank almost on a line with Stevens's guns to our right, and this magnificent battery, making a quick change of front half left *en echelon*, poured into them a fearful blast of canister almost at right angles to the direction of their advance, while we kept a solid sheet of flame in front of our own muzzles, with our direct play on their line. As a matter of course, no troops that ever lived could stand that, particularly when isolated and unsupported on either flank as these were, and so they broke when so near us that if it had not been almost dark we could actually have seen the whites of their eyes. However, they only fell back to the ravine and stone wall, under cover of which they rallied to some extent and began a spattering fire of musketry. This must have been very destructive to us had it continued any time, but just at that moment we heard cheers immediately on our right, and in a few seconds a splendid brigade of our infantry swept past us and charged straight at the ravine and wall, from which they routed the Rebels pell-mell, driving them clear to the bottom of the hill and retaking Weidrich's and Ricketts's guns. This ended the battle of the second day on our part of the line, and it had been ended on the left of the army half an hour before. The fighting over back of Culp's Hill, where the Twelfth Corps was, also ended about the same time it did with us. In fact it was now quite dark; but the enemy shoved his pickets up very close to ours in the edge of the town and to the eastward of it, and there was more or less picket firing until nearly midnight. We were anxious to find out what infantry it was that had charged in so opportunely at the last moment. They had taken up the ground at the foot of the hill,

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and so when we went to the spring for water we got among them. The spring was surrounded with them filling their canteens, and we soon learned that they were Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia troops, forming Gen. Sprigg Carroll's Brigade, of the Second Corps. They told us that the Third Corps had been completely cut to pieces about the Peach Orchard during the afternoon; that Gen. Sickles had been killed (of course an error), and that the day had been saved finally by the Second and Fifth Corps, but that the Rebels had gained a good deal of ground on the left, and were expected to renew the attack early in the morning. They also informed us that the Sixth Corps had been arriving all the afternoon, and was now in position. As this was the first news we had been able to get from the left of our line, it was very interesting. When we returned to the Battery and had finished our frugal supper of pork, hardtack and cold water, we fell in for roll call. We found that only two men had been hit in this encounter — both slightly — by the fire of the enemy after he began to fall back.

In order that the situation after the repulse of Early's charge at sundown on the 2d of July may be clearly understood, it is necessary to explain briefly the lay of the ground. Our Battery was posted in front of the Cemetery Gate, on the north brow of the Hill, to command the Baltimore Pike leading out of Gettysburg town. At that time we had only men enough to man four guns. Our other two guns — which were still disabled by the breaking of their pointing-rings from the first day's fight — were parked with our remaining (four) caissons in the Cemetery, just in our rear. Prior to Early's attack the ground immediately in our front had been held by the Second Division of the Eleventh Corps, which, after Gen. Frank Barlow was wounded and captured the first day, was commanded by Gen. Adelbert Ames. This division consisted of two brigades. The First was Von Gilsa's. The Second was Ames's, which, after Ames succeeded Barlow in command of the division, was commanded by Col. Andrew Harris. These two brigades, together with Bruce Ricketts's Pennsylvania and Weidrich's New York batteries, held a line about 200 yards to our front, reaching from the Baltimore Pike on the left round to a straight post-and-rail fence on our right. From this point to the position of Stevens's 5th Maine Battery, which formed the extreme left of Wadsworth's Division on the west slope of Culp's Hill, was a gap of some length, which was held only by Reynolds's Battery (L, 1st New York,) with, perhaps, a slight infantry support. But I do not know about that. Serg't George Sill, of Reynolds's Battery, has told me that he does not remember seeing any of our infantry near them at the time the attack was made. Our right was then prolonged by Wadsworth's Division and the Twelfth Corps, clear round to the east face of Culp's Hill. About 600 yards in front of our position — or, in other words, right in the south edge of Gettysburg town — a small brook heads and runs nearly due east till it empties into Rock Creek at the base of Culp's Hill. About half way between the main street leading

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up out of the town and Rock Creek a rivulet empties into this little brook, and this rivulet heads in a spring, which was about 600 feet from the right front of our Battery and, prior to the assault, just in rear of the junction of the two brigades of the Eleventh Corps holding the line. About 150 yards in front of our position, looking directly toward the town, the Baltimore Pike and the Emmittsburg Road join. From this junction the Emmittsburg Road runs southwest and the Baltimore Pike southeast. The original formation of Early's troops was in the ravine formed by the brook previously spoken of, and the trend of their line was nearly east and west. When they started on their charge they came at us in a line nearly perpendicular to the smaller ravine of the rivulet referred to. When they struck Von Gilsa their line obliqued in a general direction from northeast to southwest, "doubling up" on the batteries of Weidrich and Ricketts, and in that manner continuing their advance until finally checked almost at the top of the hill.

I have, since writing the original sketch as published serially in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, made a careful survey of the ground, together with an exhaustive study of the official reports, the result of which is that I am satisfied that Ames's (or Harris's) Brigade did not "break," as I then stated, but that it simply changed front to accommodate itself to the retrograde movement of Von Gilsa's Brigade on its right, which was certainly broken, and that the 17th Connecticut, of Ames's Brigade, which held the left of that organization next to the Baltimore Pike, did not retreat at all, and was not affected by the onslaught. I stated in the original sketch that Ames's men broke and many of them came through our Battery and rallied in the Cemetery, etc. But by information from Capt. Stewart and others I am now satisfied that the men who rushed through or past our Battery were only the ordinary concourse of stragglers on such an occasion — no doubt magnified in my boyish mind by the excitement of the situation — and the Captain assures me that the troops in our left front did not break at all; in fact, he says that the weight of Early's attack, as he saw it, fell on Von Gilsa's Brigade, and had been checked by the fire of Stevens, Reynolds and ourselves before it really reached far enough to our left to overwhelm Ames's Brigade, which was next to the Baltimore Pike.

However, there was much excitement and confusion on our part of the line during Early's charge. As soon as Carroll's Brigade had countercharged down the hill and retaken the ground previously occupied by Von Gilsa, our water supply was restored by recapture of the spring in our right front, and I, with others, was sent down there loaded with canteens to procure water for use during the night. As before related, we had to wait our turn at the spring, which was surrounded by Carroll's Hoosiers, Buckeyes and "Kanawhas," filling their own canteens.

On my way up the hill from the spring back to the Battery I kept close to the fence running parallel to the Baltimore Pike, and about 200 yards distant from it, in order to avoid the dropping picket shots which were

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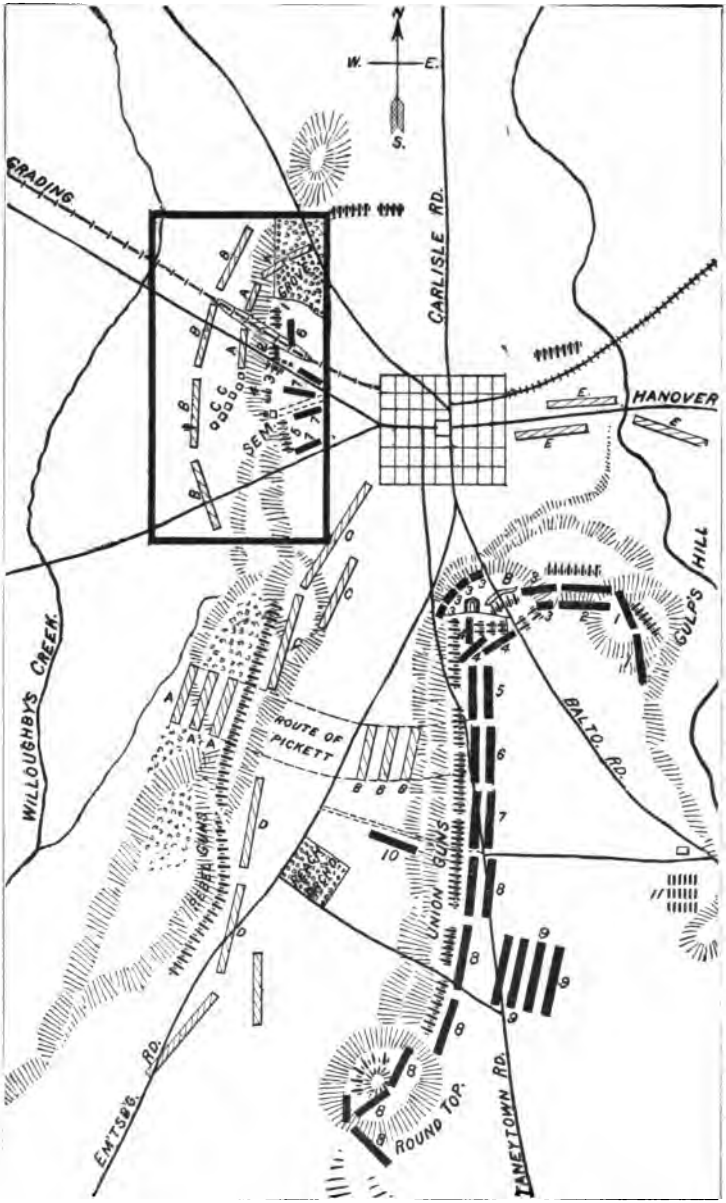

GENERAL DIAGRAM OF GETTYSBURG.

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plentiful just then, when suddenly I heard an animated colloquy just to my right. There was at this point a large, wide-spreading hard-wood tree standing in the corner formed by the stone wall and the rail fence, about a third of the way up the slope between the spring and the Cemetery gate, and there was a group of officers under this tree. It was so dark that I could not distinguish their faces, but one of them was Gen. Carroll, which I know from having heard another officer call him by name. The other I could not identify, but supposed he was a staff officer. They were evidently very much in earnest. I heard one say: "Well, I can hold this line to-night as long as necessary; but why in the name of —— don't he get his men into shape again and get them down here? He's got all night to do it in." The other replied: "Gen. Carroll, our troops are very much demoralized. The General does not feel that he can depend on them."

Then the one who had been addressed as Carroll replied: "—— —— such a speech as that. Don't talk to me that way. Tell him to bring his men back here and align them on this wall. They will then be in support of my brigade line. If he can't inspire them, by ——, I can. Get them back here. Don't let them cower like a flock of sheep up there behind the upper batteries." (Referring to ours and Stevens's and Reynolds's on the brow of the hill.)

The officer addressed replied in a low tone, which I could not make out, to which Carroll replied, as I thought, in great wrath:

DIAGRAM OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

The main diagram shows the positions of the third day. The space inclosed in the heavy black lines shows the positions in the final struggle of the first day.

1. Twelfth Corps on Culp's Hill.
2. Wadsworth's Division, First Corps.
3. Eleventh Corps.
4. Robinson's Division, First Corps.

5 6. Second Corps.

7. Doubleday's Division, First Corps.

8 8. Third and Fifth Corps.

9 9. Sixth Corps in reserve.

10. Vermont brigade (Stannard's) striking flank of Pickett's Division.

11. Reserve ammunition park.

a a. Pickett ready to start out of the grove on Seminary Ridge.

b b. Pickett striking front of Gibbon's Division.

c c. Hill's Corps supporting Pickett's left flank.

d d. Longstreet's Corps supporting Pickett's right flank.

e e. Ewell's Corps in the town and east of it.

B. Position of Battery B second and third days. Cemetery gate just to the left of the Battery. (This position was shifted slightly once or twice, but not for any length of time.)

Explanation of small diagram:

1. Stewart's half-battery north of the Railroad Cut.

2. Davison's half-battery south of the Railroad Cut (first position).

3. Davison's half-battery south of the Railroad Cut (second position slewed to the left to rake Scales's front line).

4. Wilbour's section of Reynolds's Battery (last position).

5. Greenleaf Stevens's battery near the Seminary (last position).

6. 6th Wisconsin and 11th Pennsylvania supporting us.

7 7 7. All the other infantry going off toward the town and Cemetery.

a a a. Rebel front line charging and flanking us.

b b b. Their main line coming on in great shape.

c c. Scales's Brigade broken by our canister and Wilbour's and Stevens's from the brow of the hill.

The little cross marks the spot where Reynolds fell.

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"Hancock sent me over here to restore this line. I have done it. But I can't be responsible for the whole right center of the army, with my little brigade unsupported. —— —— a commander who says he has no confidence in his troops. He had better go and shoot himself. Probably your troops reciprocate your General's lack of confidence. Tell him to either get them back here on this line or relinquish the command."

Then Carroll went on to say that he himself occupied a peculiar position; that Hancock had ordered him over there to restore the line, but had not told him to report to anybody, nor had he given him any authority in that position. So he said his brigade was isolated there. He had no authority to assume command on that part of the line. "If I had such authority," he said, with great vehemence, "I'd resurrect things here quicker than —— could scorch a feather."

There was more of the same sort, but as I knew our gun detachment was waiting for me to come back with their canteens I could not stop for any more of this interesting "eavesdropping."

I respectfully add to this "impromptu interview" that several comrades of the Eleventh Corps have disputed its accuracy, as published in the original sketch in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I am personally authorized by Gen. Carroll to say that the above conversation — barring the alleged picturesque profanity — occurred substantially as stated between himself and Capt. J. M. Brown, Assistant Adjutant-General of Ames's Division, Eleventh Corps, at the place described and under the circumstances detailed. For further information any inquiring comrade may address Maj.-Gen. Sprigg Carroll, 1801 F street, Washington, D. C., or Maj. John M. Brown, Portland, Me. I give this incident so much prominence because it was one of the most dramatic occurrences of Gettysburg, besides having a most important bearing on the fortunes of the battle.

After this a detail was told off to go to the park of the reserve ammunition train to help bring up fresh supplies. We went down the Taneytown Road till we came to the bivouac of the Sixth Corps, and thence to the Baltimore Pike by a cross road, and found the reserve ammunition parked in a field some distance to the rear of Gen. Meade's headquarters that night. It was nearly 6 o'clock at night when we set out, and it was past 2 in the morning when we got back to our position. The route ran along close in the rear of the positions of the Second, Third and Fifth Corps, which had sustained the brunt of the main fight of the second day, and the whole way it was literally a solid field hospital. Our own wounded in the first day's battle had mostly been left in Gettysburg village, so that during the rest of the conflict they were practically in the hands of the enemy, and we could not see them or do anything for them. But this wreckage of the second day was safe in our own rear, and everything possible was being done for them. As we passed slowly along the road we could see on every side in the fields in and around such farm buildings as had escaped the flames, and fairly lining both sides of the road, innumerable groups of wounded in all stages of misery; groaning, crying, swear-

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ing, begging for water or whisky, or for food; entreating the Surgeons and attendants to come to them; some in delirium, calling for their friends at home; some even begging some one to shoot them, to escape from their present pangs; and the whole scene fitfully lighted up by the flaring lanterns of the hospital forces, or the flickering fires of rails and boards here and there; the fields toward the front full of flitting lights from the lanterns of the stretcher parties busy bringing fresh additions to the wretched mass. Meantime the Surgeons were at work as best they could, in the darkness and confusion, dressing wounds, administering stimulants, and all that sort of thing. In the course of this mile or so of road there must have been, according to statistics published since, not less than 8,000 wounded men, of whom, no doubt, 1,000 died during the night. No one ever will see again so much or such awful suffering, wo and despair in an equal space of ground. It was indescribably awful!

At the reserve ammunition park every one wanted canister, and reported themselves entirely out of it. To an artilleryman this fact is the most eloquent possible evidence of the close and deadly fighting that the artillery did at Gettysburg. We made the best of our way back, and arrived at the position about 2 o'clock, when we at once lay down for the hour or two of rest that remained.

Regarding the charge of Carroll's Brigade at such an opportune moment on the north brow of Cemetery Hill, Maj. William Houghton, of the 14th Indiana, writes to the author as follows:

The action of Sprigg Carroll's Brigade that evening, though it lasted but a few moments, was the most important event of the day. The Rebels had driven out the brigade that held the gate of the Cemetery, had captured the guns, and were sweeping forward on the right and rear of our lines. If they had not been driven back our whole line would have been taken in reverse, and a disastrous defeat would have been almost inevitable. During the day we had been in reserve immediately behind the right of the Twelfth Corps line. We had witnessed the fight on the left, but were not ourselves engaged. Night was coming, and it seemed we were not going to get our usual share of hard knocks. Suddenly there was an order to move to the right; we were thrown into line of battle and moved toward the crest of Cemetery Hill. Being in the center of the left wing of the 14th Indiana, I recollect I passed to the left of the Cemetery gate—the most of the brigade passed to the right. We met Ricketts, who was frantically imploring us to save his guns. The musketry was very heavy, and the blaze seemed to be almost in our faces. It was middling hot for a minute, but it couldn't last. We came in good style; a cheer, a volley, a charge, and the hill was ours, the guns retaken and the Rebels whooped across the stone wall below.

I recollect the 21st North Carolina was in our front; our regiment got their flag and one of their field officers. I think the Lieutenant-Colonel was taken prisoner (wounded), while their Major was killed. I don't know the brigade loss in this charge. The 14th Indiana lost 32 in killed and wounded, which was getting off easy compared to our losses at Antietam and Fredericksburg. But we saved the center and held the position taken that night to the end of the fight, and, although we were not again attacked, I assert that the batteries on the hill behind us could have slept in security while Carroll's Brigade were pointing their guns over the stone wall at the base; they would never have driven us from that stone wall. Carroll's Brigade had one West

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Virginia regiment (the 7th), which, with the 14th Indiana, 4th and 8th Ohio, constituted the brigade.

There was a story to the effect that when Carroll had restored the line the Captain of one of the recaptured batteries asked him if he desired any change in the position of the guns. Carroll said, "No; the position is well enough, but (pointing to one of his regiments in line behind the fence) you had better get your guns away when those Hoosiers quit!"

Comrade J. R. McClure, 14th Indiana, says:

I am glad Gen. Carroll gets credit for what he did. I think Carroll was the most abused man in the army. But when there was any quick and bloody work Carroll and the 14th Indiana, 8th and 4th Ohio and 7th West Virginia were called on to do it. He was called on at Chancellorsville after the Eleventh Corps broke; also, at Gettysburg. At the Wilderness, when the Rebels broke our center, and at the Bloody Angle Carroll took the lead. The boys used to call him "Old Bricktop," on account of his red head, and, finally, from this circumstance, the whole command was nicknamed "the Bricktop Brigade."

The battle of the third day began over on the farther side of Culp's Hill as soon as it was light enough to see, or a little before sunrise. The first we heard of it was the batteries of the Twelfth Corps opening in salvos. This was the extreme right of the army, and as the line bent round like a hook at the north end this fighting was almost in our rear. We were facing to the northwest. There was no movement of the enemy in our immediate front at that moment, though soon after about 16 guns of theirs opened on our position from a rise of ground east of the village, called Benner's Hill. Stevens's, Reynolds's and ours replied to them with shell and spherical case. The range was pretty long, and no one was hurt with us, but one of Stevens's or Reynolds's caissons was blown up. At all events, this "long-taw" business did not last a great while; perhaps on our part 10 rounds were fired. But there was no demonstration of infantry in our front, except that our own lines were drawn in from the position occupied along the base of the hill during the night, and took up a new line on our position, or a little in front of it, Sprigg Carroll's Brigade occupying the line of the stone wall in our immediate front and right, and Ames's Brigade lying down on our left and rear, holding the ground in front of the Cemetery.

But the battle over beyond Culp's Hill grew in volume, and as it had extended so far around to the right and directly in our rear, whereas the big battle of the second day had been away off to the left, we got the unpleasant impression that we were surrounded. Of course it will be understood that this is written in the light of the knowledge we had, or the impressions we formed then, and not in view of the subsequent revelations of history. The object is to present a picture of the battle taken on the spot, as it appeared to the men who were fighting it then and there; not a picture retouched by study of later history. So we got the disagreeable idea that we were surrounded, and that the Rebel army was much bigger than we had supposed. As the fighting was on the opposite side of Culp's Hill from us we could see nothing of the infantry manuvers. All we could see was that the batteries of the Twelfth Corps, positioned on top

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of the crest, were blazing at something down below them on the farther side, and we could not see whether they were accomplishing anything or not. But we noticed that the enemy there was not using artillery in reply to them. Some of our fellows said this was because the Twelfth Corps batteries kept those of the enemy silenced. Others surmised that the enemy was taking his batteries around some circuitous route with a view to getting on the flank of the Twelfth and enfilading its line, as Longstreet did Fitz-John Porter's line at the second Bull Run. We also noticed that no attempt was made to reinforce our troops who were fighting at Culp's Hill, which further convinced us that we were surrounded, and that Meade did not dare to weaken his lines at any other point by taking away troops to reinforce Slocum and Wadsworth at the extreme right. And this ugly impression was not abated when we saw, looking to the front and left, glimpses of columns of infantry moving about on Seminary Ridge, and a palpable concentration of their artillery near the Seminary and to the southward of it. It is safe to say that at no time since the beginning of the struggle had things looked more "skittish" to the average man in the ranks than they did in the forenoon of the third day.

Meantime we stood idle in our old position. The fighting beyond Culp's Hill continued stubborn, though fitful, with frequent lulls in both musketry and artillery fire. Finally, when it was almost noon, the fire slackened, and then ceased altogether; and shortly afterward we saw the Rebel infantry moving around through the fields to the north of Culp's Hill, evidently retreating from that position and making for the main line of the enemy on Seminary Ridge.

During all the afternoon of the second day and forenoon of the third there had been a good deal of sharpshooting by the Rebels from the houses and fences in the south edge of the town. We had one man — Blakeley — slightly hit by this fire, and in Stevens's Battery Capt. Stevens himself was severely, and one of his men mortally, wounded. In our immediate front the most annoying of this sharpshooting came from a small brick house which stood a short distance south of the place on the Baltimore Pike, where the watering-trough was, and about 600 yards from our muzzles. The gable end of the house fronted us. It had two windows in each story. When Blakeley was hit or "scratched" by a bullet from this house, Mitchell ordered the gun in the road to be loaded with a case shot, cut for 600 yards. This was one of the new guns issued in front of Fredericksburg in June to replace one of the old pattern, condemned on account of excessive "scoring" of the bore. Never having been used except in the first day's battle, its bore was perfect, and hence it was as accurate as a smooth-bore could be. Mitchell sighted this gun himself, and also had Jimmy Maher sight her. When they got her right they pulled lanyard, and the case shot went right through the brick wall between the two windows in the second story, exploding beautifully in the house. The Rebel sharpshooters evidently did not consider it a desirable residence after that. Upon occupying the town on the 4th we learned

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that this case shot killed one and wounded another of the sharpshooters. It was one of the best shots I ever saw from a smooth-bore gun.

About noon everything on our extreme right was quiet, and we began to look anxiously to Seminary Ridge again to see what the massing of artillery and infantry there would bring forth. We could see over across the valley a line of Rebel guns reaching from near the Seminary on the north clear down to a point nearly opposite to the Peach Orchard on the south, lining that ridge for over a mile in length with what was almost one unbroken battery, over 100 guns strong! I venture to say that no man now living in this country will ever see another artillery line like it, at least not on our own soil. Looking to the southward along Cemetery Ridge on our own side, so far as we could see, what appeared to be the whole artillery of the Army of the Potomac was in similar formation, though we could not see it all from our position.

It was now past noon, very hot, and the air, surcharged with the smoke and vapor of two days of battle, held a sort of murky haze, which was almost sedative in its effect on the senses. What little breeze there was blew from the south, but it was not much. No sounds were heard except the clank of harness, the sharp tones of orders here and there, and the stamp of the impatient horses' hoofs as Orderlies and staff officers flew up and down the line. One could distinctly hear the hum of the honey-bees working. That sound took me back to the little garden behind our old farm homestead away up North, where the beehives stood in rows on long planks, and where I had often gone in the hot Summer days past to lie down in the shade of the pear trees and read a book to the music of the humming bees! But this thought was instantly dismissed as mere maudlin sentiment, wholly incompatible with my dignity as a "veteran." Therefore I braced up, shoved the thumb-stall further up on my thumb, brought my eyes front and scowled at the enemy over across.

"DON'T PUT US OUT OF ACTION."

During this time Gen. Hunt came along our line, inspecting the guns and inquiring of the officers about their ammunition, etc. When he came to us and saw that we had but four guns and had lost four caissons, with hardly half enough horses even for what we had left, and that our force present for duty was only about 50 men, driv-

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ers and all, he stopped, and said: "If I had known that you were in this condition I would have relieved you this morning with a battery from the reserve. I had no idea you were so much cut up."

"We have suffered some, sir," replied Ord. Serg't Mitchell, who was for the moment in command (Stewart having gone to a Surgeon to get his wounds dressed), "but we do not want to be put out of action!" whereat we all cheered. The General smiled, nodded his head and rode off.

He had not been gone a great while when a puff of white smoke came from a gun about the center of the Rebel line, and then, almost before the sound of the report had time to reach us, they opened fire on their extreme right, about opposite the Peach Orchard. This opening fire ran swiftly along their line, gun after gun and battery after battery taking it up in succession. It reminded me of the "powder snakes" we boys used to touch off on the 4th of July, where you lay a long, sinuous train of powder on the ground or sidewalk and ignite it at one end. But it was on a thousand times grander scale, and though within one day of the 4th it was not being done for fun. The explosion of their shells showed instantly that they were concentrating their fire on our center, some distance from us, so but few of their projectiles came our way. Besides, we were so far around to our own right that the range was too long for our light twelves, except as to the enemy's guns nearest the town, and that was very long range. With solid shot the maximum range of a light 12-pounder, at five or six degrees elevation, is about 1,700 yards, or a mile in round terms, whereas the nearest of the enemy's guns was more than a mile from us; so we stood to our posts for the time being and watched the performance. Meantime eight guns that they had posted on the elevation north of the town, commanding the Carlisle and Mummasburg Roads, fired a few rounds at us, but as the shells all fell short or exploded in the air before they reached us, these guns soon ceased. We did not reply to them. The enemy served his guns very slowly, and also, judging from the frequent explosions of the caissons of our batteries to the left of us, with great precision. Then, for the first time, we envied the batteries that had the rifled pieces, Parrotts or the three-inch Rodmans. If ours had been rifled guns we could have "joined in." However, our lack of employment afforded us all the better opportunity to witness the scene. In the light of these times it is a great thing to have witnessed the battle of the third day, and the great duel between the concentrated artillery of Meade's and Lee's armies!

Our shells did not appear to blow up as many of the enemy's caissons as his did of ours. This was because his caissons were mostly under cover of the woods in the rear of his guns, or were out of sight behind the crest, while ours were in the open fields east of the Taneytown Road, in plain sight and with no cover of any kind; in fact, their stray shells came clear over into the east side of the graveyard, where our caissons were, and one of the latter was blown up, wounding two more of our men, one severely. Our Battery formed a pretty picture while this was going on. An oil

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painting of it that would embody recognizable portraits of the men, if one were possible, could entice a good many shekels from my pocket at this time. Stewart stood most of the time near the Cemetery gate, with one arm thrown over the neck of his horse and a field-glass in the other hand, sweeping the scene from end to end. The men stood at ease at their guns, some leaning against the wheels, others standing up on the "cheeks" or axles, all eyes bent on the stupendous drama before them, the like of which no one ever saw before, and in all probability no one will ever see again, commenting to one another on the incidents of the practice; comparing and criticizing the performance of the respective Rebel batteries, and all the time regretting that the range was too great for our own little brass twelves.

"Oh, well, boys, be patient," said Mitchell. "All this is to hammer our folks down to the left and pave the way for their infantry. There's going to be a —— of a charge pretty soon, along the whole line, and then we'll come in for our share. Keep your shirts on, boys!"

The thing that we regretted most was that, owing to the convex curve of Cemetery Ridge, and our position being a little too far to the right, we could not see the guns of our own batteries that were in action, except those immediately to our left, in the road below the Cemetery gate. But excepting now and then a stray shell that struck below the road, or more rarely went over the road and burst among the tombstones, the Rebels paid but little attention to the right of our line, although these two rifle batteries in the road must have been doing effective work against the Rebel left. All this lasted about an hour and a half, during which time the Rebels must have fired 60 or 70 rounds per gun, and our folks perhaps more. The men in the rifle batteries to our immediate left told us that night that they had used up all their shell and shrapnel.

By 3 o'clock the fire on both sides slackened visibly. This was because the guns were getting hot and the Cannoneers tired and hot, too, for the afternoon was sultry. About half-past three our guns ceased firing altogether along the whole line.

While this grand artillery duel had been going on to our left, a slow, desultory exchange of shots had occurred on the right between some Rebel guns posted in the fields northeast of Gettysburg village and the batteries that were in line with the Eleventh Corps. But this had been at very long range, and was unimportant when compared with the grand chorus from Seminary Ridge.

After the artillery fire had ceased there was a lull of 20 minutes or half an hour, and then the grandest of all spectacles recorded in history burst upon our view. We were where we could see Pickett's column first come out of their cover; where we could watch every step of their progress for half a mile across the fields, and observe the effect of the renewed fire of our batteries to the left of us on his men. It is true that, owing to the trend of Cemetery Ridge, the final collision between his men and those of Gibbon's Division, of the Second Corps, and Doubleday's, of the First, was

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shut out from us, but we saw them recoil and witnessed their flight back to their own lines. Our view was infinitely clearer and less obstructed than was that of the troops against whom the onset was made, because the smoke drifted constantly away from us, and, with the exception of a brief cannonade of spherical case against the Rebel batteries near the town, we did nothing but look on. Moreover, as this cannonade occurred during the interval when Pickett's column was in collision with Gibbon's Division, and shut out from us by the curve of the ridge, we did not really lose any part of the scene by reason of it. It was some minutes after the artillery ceased firing before the Rebel infantry came out of the woods behind their guns and started on the great charge. They had to traverse about a mile. At first there was a gentle slope down the east side of Seminary Ridge for a third of a mile, then, say, a quarter of a mile of level or slightly undulating ground, and then another 80 rods or so of a considerable "up grade," forming the west slope of Cemetery Ridge, the place at which they struck our line being the lowest point in that ridge between Cemetery Hill proper and the Round Tops. As they came out of the woods they appeared in line of battle about one brigade front extended. The first line had gotten, say, 30 rods from the woods when a second line emerged of about the same strength as the first, and this was, in turn, followed by a third at a similar distance. They moved down the slope and across the level ground very rapidly, but not at double quick. Stewart, watching them, remarked to Mitchell: "They mean business. You notice how few of their officers are mounted. They are going to try to break our center. I think it is their last effort."

When these three lines had got down onto the level ground another long line moved out from behind the ridge near the village and began to advance slowly toward our position, keeping on the left flank and a little in the rear of the force that was making the main charge. We at once prepared to give them a hot reception. Some of our infantry that had been lying down behind the road now got up and deployed down the hill in skirmish line, while the others stood up and formed line of battle in the road to our left.

At this instant the scene down to the left where the main line was charging reached its climax. Every gun in our lines that could reach them was going, and owing to the openness of the level ground they had to cross frightful execution was being done at every step. As we could not fire at them after they got within the range of our guns without firing along the front of our own line, and as the force in our front was not yet within easy range, we had nothing to do but look on. Noticing expressions of anxiety on our faces Mitchell said, "Steady boys. They can't break the line down there. I only hope that those fellows (pointing to the force in our own front) will come on, too." Then mounting his horse he rode round past the Cemetery gate and down into the field below, where he could see better. In a moment he came back and said: "They are going to strike the Second Corps and Doubleday's Division, of ours. They couldn't fall into better

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hands. It's all right." Meantime the advance line of the charging force had got across the level ground and had begun to climb the slope of Cemetery Ridge. This brought them into contact with our advanced skirmishers, who lined every stone wall, clump of bushes and bowlder in the fields along the Emmittsburg Road, and who opened a deadly fusillade. Then, for the first time, the charging troops began to use their muskets. It was now about 4 o'clock, and though the sinking sun was shining bright and hot the enormous amount of smoke that had drifted over to the westward made the air seem like one of those soft, hazy effects that you see in Indian Summer. But the peacefulness of nature found no response. On the contrary, the whole expanse between the two ridges was a pandemonium of yelling soldiers, flashing muskets, shells bursting in air and on the ground, riderless horses tearing about, barns, houses and haystacks on fire—everywhere flame, smoke and every other evidence of destruction; while above all was the stupendous uproar of a hundred cannon, 30,000 muskets and myriads of bursting shells—the whole making one ceaseless crash, as if the world was breaking up!

Our position was just at the north bend of Cemetery Ridge, near the point where the Emmittsburg and Baltimore Roads meet, just before entering the village. And if you will lay a ruler on the map, allowing for the trend of the ridge, you will see that our line of observation was about coincident with the line of the Emmittsburg Road, so that when the enemy crossed it at the point he was charging on he passed out of our view, and we could not observe the further proceedings until he got back to the same point in his retreat. We regretted this, because, according to all the accounts, by far the most interesting struggle of the whole battle, and one of the most thrilling in history, occurred in the final collision between the enemy and Gibbon's men, who were holding the position that they struck; so a description of this culminating scene cannot be attempted here.

But at this moment we had some business of our own to attend to. As Pickett's lines crossed the Emmittsburg Road and pressed up the slope the Rebel infantry in our own front began to advance again, this time more rapidly than at first, and soon got within our range, their left flank reaching to the southern edge of the town; in fact, their extreme left was entering the streets. We now got orders to open on them with spherical case, to bear on their left as far as we could without shelling the town itself. We fired slowly several rounds, but as the enemy halted again we ceased. Our practice was very good; every one of our case shot struck and exploded right in his ranks, and, supposing that the main object was to hammer the enemy as much as possible, we could not see why we were not permitted to go ahead.

We had hardly ceased firing when we began to notice scattered groups of Rebels running as fast as they could back across the Emmittsburg Road, and making tracks for their own lines. As soon as Stewart saw them he exclaimed: "By G—, boys, we've got 'em now! They've broke all to ——!"

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As the Captain was near our gun when he said this, the writer asked: "Are they whipped now, sir?"

He looked somewhat amused at my earnestness, and replied: "Yes, yes, my son, they are whipped now, for good. They can't recover from this. It is the last of them!"

During their flight our guns down to the left kept pouring case shot into their disordered masses, but there was no sign of our infantry following them. I asked Mitchell why our infantry was not at their heels, and he replied: "Our infantry has probably got all it can do to stay where it is!" which raised the laugh on me. The fact was that our infantry did want to follow them, and one division (Crawford's) advanced so far that we could see them from our position; but they halted this side of the Peach Orchard. The troops in our own front (Pender's) also began to fall back rapidly, and were soon back on the top of Seminary Ridge. The flight of Pickett's men lasted some 20 or 30 minutes, by which time the level ground between the ridges was cleared of the enemy, except stragglers here and there. Some of their guns down opposite the Peach Orchard now began to fire, but did not keep it up long. I suppose that was done to show that they were ready for us, if we wanted to make a counter attack.

From this time till dark nothing was done. Our lines were reformed all along Cemetery Ridge, additional guns were brought up from the reserve artillery and strong picket lines thrown out. But soon after dark we heard sounds to the north of our position, which indicated a retreat of the enemy from his position on that side. At roll call Stewart said that "the enemy would doubtless be gone in the morning; that he felt assured in saying that we had won a great victory, and that the battle of Gettysburg would be forever one of the most famous in history." He made quite a little speech on this occasion, as was his custom after a battle. Among other things he said that just at this time and under these circumstances he could not trust his feelings in the attempt to say how much he appreciated the way the boys had stood by him. Where all, from the oldest Regular to the youngest recruit, had done so well and served so faithfully, it would be invidious to mention individuals. But he must say that whatever might be the future of the old Battery, its past at least was secure in the glory of duty well done and great deeds accomplished.

Just before dark, or at dark, an interesting incident occurred. The enemy was preparing to withdraw from the town, and about dark one of their pickets made a break for our lines. His comrades evidently saw what he was up to, and they sent two or three bullets after him, but with no effect. Our own infantry pickets halted him at the stone wall and disarmed him, but soon let him pass, and he came into the Battery, where we received him cordially. He said he belonged in Pittsburg, but was in New Orleans when the war broke out in 1861, being a steamboat hand on the river. In a drunken frolic he and several more "shipped" in Beverly Kennon's "Louisiana Navy," and served in it up to the catpure of New

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Orleans, when they were drafted off into the Confederate army, he getting into the 5th Louisiana, which was one of the so-called "Tiger" regiments. He told us that his regiment belonged to Hays's Brigade, of Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, and said it was his brigade that had got so near to us in the charge at dusk on the second day. He said that he himself got on our side of the stone wall, and would have staid there under pretense of being wounded and crawled into our lines, but was borne back with his comrades in the rush when they broke. We gave him pork, hardtack and coffee, which we got then for the first time since the morning of the 2d. He gave us in return a great deal of news. He said the Rebels were much disheartened at their repeated failures to force our lines. All their troops believed after the success of the first day that the Army of the Potomac would retreat toward Washington, leaving them to forage at will through the rich country they were in. He said that when the Rebel troops approached Gettysburg, after the few brushes they had had with the militia, they fully believed that they could clean up the Army of the Potomac in about four hours and put an end to the war. "And to tell you the truth, boys," he added, "I began to think so myself after Chancellorsville." He had been in Jackson's celebrated attack on the Eleventh Corps there.

But he told us that the Rebel Generals could not get their men to attack our strong positions on Cemetery Hill any more. He said that it had been reported in Hays's Brigade during that afternoon that Gen. Ewell had tried to get Gordon's Brigade to lead another assault on the north front of the hill, where the "Tigers" had charged the night before, but the men would not try it. [This was doubtless a "camp canard," as no mention of it can be found in any history.] But he also declared that if Stonewall Jackson had been alive and in command, instead of Ewell, that corps would have stormed the hill at the end of the first day, before we could have recovered from our reverses in the battle west of the town. It is worth while to consider that this is possibly true. It is certain that Jackson could make his men do more than any other commander ever could; and so, if he had been alive and there, he might have made them storm the hill. But he wasn't there. And they never "stormed the hill."

The night of the 3d was passed in the old position, where nothing occurred to disturb our rest, though the camp guard said that there had been some picket firing away down on the left all night.

At dawn on the 4th of July we stood to posts again, as usual, and though the enemy was still plainly visible in his old lines on Seminary Ridge, his movements very early in the day convinced us that he was getting ready to move off.

The roll call of that Sunday morning was an affecting scene. The battle was over and it was time to "render the butcher's bill" of the old Battery. Mitchell called the roll with faltering voice, and Stewart deliberately turned on his heel and limped over into the Cemetery, where our remaining caissons were. It took quite a while to call that roll. One reason was because we had been forced out of the position in which most

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of the victims had fallen (the Railroad Cut the first day) and could not take care of our wounded, so there was much doubt as to how they had fared or what had become of them. Those absolutely known to have been killed were John Sheehan, one of the old Regulars; Charley Sprague, 6th Wisconsin; Dave Maffitt, 7th Wisconsin (serving temporarily); Uri Palmer, 6th Wisconsin, and Richard Allen, an infantryman from one of the regiments of the Iron Brigade, who, being separated from his command in the final wreck, and having lost his musket, heroically fell in to help carry canister for McDougall's gun in the very vortex of the almost hand-to-hand struggle between the left half-battery and Scales's Brigade. John Sheehan was, as his name indicates, an Irishman. He had got a slight wound in the left arm early in the action, but, with the traditional pluck of his warrior race, refused to go to the rear, though ordered to do so by Mitchell. His death wound was a rifle bullet through the heart, which he received from a sharpshooter while sticking to his post despite his previous wound. He was a noble soldier, and deserves the gratitude of his adopted country. Charley Sprague was a smooth-faced boy hardly 20 years of age—a Wisconsin volunteer detached in the Battery, and a dear friend of the writer. He fell comparatively early in the action, shot through the head while in the act of serving a round of canister on his piece. Capt. Stewart, in apprising Charley's relatives of his sad fate, described him as "one of the very best and bravest of my soldier boys, and one whose loss is mourned by every one in the Battery." Maffitt was from the 7th Wisconsin, and had been in the Battery but a few days. He was never mustered on its strength and his name does not appear on its rolls. Uri Palmer, from the 6th Wisconsin, was No. 1 on Henry Moore's gun. He was shot through the throat in the act of loading, and Henry had to take the rammer from his dying hands and finish sending home the charge!

The wounded were Capt. Stewart (painfully but not disabled), Lieut. Davison (ankle shattered and bullet wound in right breast, totally disabled), Serg't McBride (slight), Serg't Moore (injured by fall of horse shot under him), Lance Serg't McDougall (slight), Corp'l Greene, Corp'l Jerry Murphy (severe), Corp'l Packard (slight, scalp wound), Corp'l Childs (severe), and Privates Ackerman, Blaine, Barrett, Bache, Blakeley, Burdick, Compton, Collins, Ebert, Gardner, Holland, Happey, Johnson, Jessee, Kennedy, Kingfield, Kocher, McDermott, Monahan, John Moore, Orth, Patten, Rowe, Shemmell, George Smith, Sheppard and Thurston. There were several others slightly hit, but not enough to be reported in the returns. Of those reported wounded, two—Burdick and Thurston—afterward died. The total was seven killed or mortally wounded and 36 wounded, though three of the latter did not quit, and hence were not reported in the returns of casualties. By days the loss was as follows: July 1, seven killed or died of wounds and 29 wounded; July 2, two wounded; July 3, two wounded. Several of those above named were not reported in Stewart's official casualty list, as they did not go to hospital.

The Battery and the whole service suffered a great loss in Lieut. James

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Davison, who was permanently disabled, so that he had to retire from active service sometime afterward. At the time Davison was disabled he had been in the Regular Army, in all grades from private to Lieutenant, about 10 years. He had been promoted from Sergeant-Major of the Artillery Reserve, at the personal request of Gen. Henry J. Hunt, just about a year before Gettysburg, so that he was only at the beginning of a career which could not have failed to be one of the most brilliant in the history of the war. He had been mentioned in general reports for distinguished gallantry in every battle up to Gettysburg. At the time of Gettysburg he was not more than 28 or 30 years old, so that he was right in his young prime when stricken down. His disposition was generous, and in dealing with the boys he did not put on the least style or airs, but invariably treated them as fellow-soldiers and gentlemen; at least so long as their conduct justified it, which was nearly always the case with the men of that Battery. Davison was the one we always went to for passes and all that sort of thing, and he would never refuse a request from a man who did his duty like a soldier. As a fighter he was superb! It is true that, among ourselves, we used to call him "Jimmy," but that was by no means a title of disrespect. On the contrary, it was an expression of the utmost affection, and indicated that we regarded him as one of ourselves — a regard, by the way, which the history of the left-half battery at the Railroad Cut the first day of Gettysburg sufficiently testifies. Every survivor of the old Battery, wherever he may be, will bear me out in the statement that no officer crippled in action was ever more sincerely mourned by his men and comrades than "Jimmy" Davison was by the survivors of that devoted little band of Cannoneers and Drivers who "stood by him" that awful July afternoon in front of Mrs. Thompson's House the first day of Gettysburg! For he was literally "the bravest of the brave" and "the truest of the true!" In my humble opinion there is not in the annals of human heroism a finer study for the painter or sculptor than Jimmy Davison amid the wreck of his half-battery at Gettysburg, faint and bloody from many wounds, his eagle face lit with the battle flames, his arm outstretched, and his strong voice still ringing out above the crash, bidding the remnant of his boys to be of good cheer and hurl defiance at their foes!

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CHAPTER V.

REVIEW OF GETTYSBURG—STRENGTH AND LOSSES OF THE ARMIES—PURSUIT OF LEE—PROSPECT OF A SECOND ANTIETAM—SAVAGE TEMPER OF THE TROOPS—PROMOTION OF MITCHELL—SEVERAL WEEKS OF INACTION—LIVELY TIMES IN CAMP—RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COMRADES.

OWING to the frequent and constant changes in the personnel of a Regular battery, manned chiefly by detatched volunteers, it is difficult to give the exact present-for-duty roll in any particular battle. Therefore, for fear of doing injustice by omission to some worthy comrade, the author will not attempt to give the roll of those present at Gettysburg, the names of all who fought there having been previously mentioned.

The artillery certainly had its full share of the trials and glories of Gettysburg. In no other battle of the civil war—and hardly in any battle known to history—was that arm of the service worked as it was there. The total number of batteries with the army was 65. Of these 37 were attached to the different corps, 19 were in the reserve artillery and nine were with the cavalry. The following was the organization of the Union artillery at Gettysburg, together with a statement of its sufferings in the battle, in detail of batteries:

FIRST CORPS BRIGADE.

Col. Charles S. Wainwright.

	Loss.
2d Maine Battery, Capt. James A. Hall	18
5th Maine Battery, Capt. Greenleaf T. Stevens	27
Battery L, 1st New York, Capt. Gilbert H. Reynolds	17
Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania, Capt. James H. Cooper	12
Battery B, 4th Regulars, Capt. James Stewart	40
	114

SECOND CORPS BRIGADE.

Capt. John G. Hazard.

Battery B, 1st New York, Capt. James M. Rorty and Lieuts. Albert Sheldon and Robert E. Rogers	26
Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, Capt. William A. Arnold	32
Battery B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieuts. Fred Brown and Walter Perrin	28
Battery I, 1st Regulars, Lieuts. George Woodruff and Tully McCrea	28
Battery A, 4th Regulars, Lieut. Alonzo Cushing and Serg't Fred Fuger	43
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THIRD CORPS BRIGADE.
Capt. George E. Randolph.

	Loss.
2d Jersey Battery, Capt. Judson Clark and Lieut. Robert Sims	20
Battery D, 1st New York, Capt. George Winslow	18
4th New York Battery, Capt. James E. Smith	13
Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, Lieut. John Bucklyn	32
Battery K, 4th Regulars, Lieuts. Frank W. Seeley and Robert James	25
	108

FIFTH CORPS BRIGADE.
Capt. Augustus P. Martin.

3d Massachusetts Battery, Lieut. A. F. Walcott	6
Battery C, 1st New York, Capt. Almont Barnes	0
Battery L, 1st Ohio, Capt. Frank Gibbs	2
Battery D, 5th Regulars, Lieuts. Charles E. Hazlett and B. F. Rittenhouse	13
Battery I, 5th Regulars, Lieuts. M. F. Watson and C. C. McConnell	22
	43

SIXTH CORPS BRIGADE.
Col. Charles H. Tompkins.

1st Massachusetts Battery, Capt. W. H. McCartney	0
1st New York Battery, Capt. Andrew Cowan	12
3d New York Battery, Capt. William A. Harn	0
Battery C, 1st Rhode Island, Capt. R. Waterman	0
Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, Capt. G. W. Adams	0
Battery D, 2d Regulars, Lieut. E. B. Williston	0
Battery G, 2d Regulars, Lieut. J. H. Butler	0
Battery F, 5th Regulars, Lieut. Leonard Martin	0
	12

ELEVENTH CORPS BRIGADE.
Maj. Thomas W. Osborne.

Battery I, 1st New York, Capt. Michael Weidrich	13
13th New York Battery, Capt. William Wheeler	11
Battery I, 1st Ohio, Capt. Hubert Dilger	13
Battery K, 1st Ohio, Capt. Lewis Heckman	15
Battery G, 4th Regulars, Lieuts. Bayard Wilkeson and Eugene Bancroft	17
	69

TWELFTH CORPS BRIGADE.
Capt. E. A. Muhlenburg.

Battery M, 1st New York, Capt. C. E. Winegar	0
Battery E, Pennsylvania, Lieut. C. A. Atwell	3
Battery F, 4th Regulars, Lieut. S. T. Rugg	1
Battery K, 5th Regulars, Lieut. D. H. Kinzie	5
	9

RESERVE ARTILLERY.
Gen. Robert O. Tyler.

Battery H, 1st Regulars, Capt. "Chan." Eakin	10
Battery F, 3d Regulars, Lieut. John Turnbull	24
Battery C, 4th Regulars, Lieut. Evan Thomas	18
Battery C, 5th Regulars, Lieut. G. C. Weir	16
5th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Charles Phillips	26
9th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. John Bigelow	28
15th New York Battery, Capt. Paddy Hart	16
Battery C and F, Pennsylvania, Capt. James Thompson	28
2d Connecticut Battery, Capt. John Sterling	5
5th New York Battery, Capt. Elijah Taft	3
1st New Hampshire Battery, Capt. F. M. Edgell	3
Battery H, 1st Ohio, Lieut. G. W. Norton	7

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	Loss.
Battery F and G, 1st Pennsylvania, Capt. Bruce Ricketts	23
Battery C, West Virginia, Capt. Wallace Hill	4
6th Maine Battery, Lieut. Edwin Dow	13
Battery A, Maryland, Capt. James Rigby	0
1st Jersey Battery, Lieut. A. N. Parsons	9
Battery G, 1st New York, Capt. Nelson Ames	7
Battery K, 1st New York, Capt. R. H. Fitzhugh	7
	247

HORSE-ARTILLERY.

Capts. James M. Robertson and John C. Tidball,

9th Michigan Battery, Capt. J. J. Daniels	5
6th New York Battery, Capt. J. W. Martin	1
Battery B and L, 2d Regulars, Lieut. E. Heaton	0
Battery M, 2d Regulars, Lieut. A. M. Pennington	1
Battery E, 4th Regulars, Lieut. Sam Elder	1
Battery E and G, 1st Regulars, Capt. A. M. Randol and Lieut. James Chester	0
Battery K, 1st Regulars, Capt. William M. Graham	3
Battery A, 2d Regulars, Lieut. John Calef	12
Battery C, 3d Regulars, Lieut. W. D. Fuller	0
	23

It thus appears that of the 37 batteries attached to army corps 29 were heavily engaged during one or more days of the battle, and suffered losses hitherto unheard of in that arm of the service. The batteries of the Corps Artillery not suffering loss were Almont Barnes's (C), of the 1st New York, belonging to the Fifth Corps Brigade, and seven of the Sixth Corps batteries, which remained in reserve with that corps, only one of its batteries—Andrew Cowan's 1st New York—getting seriously into action. Barnes's battery was in position during the cannonade of the third day but did not fire. Cowan's battery was detached from the Sixth Corps Brigade on the third day and fought on the line of Doubleday's Division of the First Corps, performing magnificent service and losing heavily. Comrade W. E. Webster, of Cowan's battery, relates the following anecdote:

> The 1st New York Independent Battery (Cowan's) was ordered to report to Gen. Doubleday on the third day, and moved into position under fire of the great cannonade. Each piece opened fire as they unlimbered. We noticed a battery that joined us on the left with brass guns. They did not return the fire of the Rebels. Our Captain called Gen. Hunt's attention to this fact, and the General rode over to the battery and said: "Why are you not returning this fire?" An officer jumped from the ground, saluted the General, and replied: "Our guns are short range; we cannot reach them." It was singular, as the Johnnies were using brass guns on us with a vengeance.

Of the 19 batteries of the reserve artillery every one was in action either on the second or third day, or both, and all suffered loss except Rigby's 1st Maryland Battery, which was in line with the Twelfth Corps, and, though sharply engaged the third day, happily escaped casualty. Of the nine horse-batteries only one was in action with the infantry. This was Calef's (A), of the 2d Regulars, which was the first battery to get into action, and performed excellent service in line with Wadsworth's Division at the opening of the battle near Willoughby's Creek the first day. When

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the use of artillery was so general, and where all the batteries in action did so well, it would be almost absurd to single out any for especial commendation. If any battery fairly won pre-eminence it was doubtless Alonzo Cushing's (A), of the 4th Regulars. This battery was stationed with Webb's Brigade, of the Second Corps, at the point where Pickett's charge culminated, and was involved in the very vortex of that immortal action. The enemy's infantry, led by Gen. Armistead in person, got among the guns, but the devoted Cannoneers stood their ground, fighting hand to hand with pistols, rammer-staves and handspikes, until the enemy were driven out of the battery by the 72d Pennsylvania and Pickett's column collapsed. The Rebel leader—Gen. Armistead—fell mortally wounded among the guns of Battery A. The noble Cushing and 40-odd of his men were killed or wounded, some of them by the cold steel, and the battery was left in command of Ord. Serg't Fred. Fuger, who was promoted on the spot for his gallantry.

Griffin's Battery (D), of the 5th Regulars, was also closely and desperately engaged on Little Round Top the second day, repulsing several heroic charges of the famous Texas Brigade, and losing its commander, Lieut. Charles E. Hazlett, an officer beloved by his men and respected by all who knew him. Ord. Serg't Tom Broderick, of that battery, who maintained his post to the end of the fight, notwithstanding a severe wound, was also specially mentioned for distinguished conduct. Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery, which had never been seriously in action before, was run over by the enemy in Trostle's field, and its Cannoneers defended their pieces, rough and tumble fashion, against the 21st Mississippi in a manner worthy of the oldest Regulars. But lack of space forbids indulgence in the pleasant task of specially mentioning the behavior of the Union Batteries at Gettysburg. Suffice to say that, so long as history endures, the record of our artillery in that struggle can never grow dim.

I have devoted much space to Gettysburg, because, as a matter of history, that battle will always form the "center-piece" of our great civil war. Students of history have noted the tendency of the mind to crystallize events. In war annals this tendency operates to select one great battle as the center or focus of any war and to group all others in subordinate places about it. Gettysburg has already taken that rank among our battles. Many other great and desperate engagements were fought to save the Union, and in all of them Americans did miracles of valor. But away yonder in the future, when all of us shall have passed away, and our descendants shall pride themselves on our deeds as we now pride ourselves on the deeds of our Revolutionary grandsires, the proudest of all boasts will be, "My grandfather was a soldier at Gettysburg!" Hence, in view of the peculiar interest which must eternally abide by the records of that battle, I have gone somewhat outside the natural scope of this work in dealing with them. I therefore offer the following survey of the forces engaged, their organization, strength and losses. On May 30 Gen. Lee issued an order reorganizing his army. At that time it was in two army

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corps, each of four divisions, of strength as follows, according to the field return of May 31, 1863 :

FIRST CORPS — LONGSTREET.

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Anderson's Division	643	6,797	7,440
McLaws's Division	627	6,684	7,311
Hood's Division	690	7,030	7,720
Pickett's Division	615	6,072	6,687
Artillery Brigade	82	1,492	1,574
Totals	2,657	28,075	30,732

SECOND CORPS — HILL (EWELL).

Hill's Division	738	8,501	9,299
Rodes's Division	648	7,806	8,454
Early's Division	575	6,368	6,943
Johnson's Division	475	5,089	5,564
Artillery Brigade	113	2,215	2,328
Totals	2,549	29,979	32,588

This is a force of 63,320 of infantry and artillery.

By the same return Stuart's Cavalry Corps is given at a strength of 10,292. In a special return, dated May 25, Stuart describes 2,261 of his men as "non-effective" and 6,216 as "effective." But as Stuart's cavalry cut little or no figure in the main battle of Gettysburg, its force is not material to the purposes of this paper. The reorganization of Lee's army was made by creating three army corps of three divisions each out of the two corps of four divisions each then existing. The additional division necessary to make this arrangement was organized by taking Heth's and Archer's Brigades from Hill's Division, and adding to them the new brigades of Pettigrew and Cooke, and shortly afterward Field's Brigade, then under Brokenborough, was assigned to this division, which was placed under command of Gen. Henry Heth. The rest of Hill's Division, consisting of the brigades of Pender (Perrin), Lane, Thomas and McGowan (Scales), was placed under command of Gen. Pender. The division of Gen. Anderson was then detached from the First Corps, and with the two newly-organized divisions of Heth and Pender above described formed the Third Corps, under command of A. P. Hill. The First Corps then consisted of the divisions of McLaws, Hood and Pickett, and the Second of those of Rodes, Early and Edward Johnson.

We have seen that the force on May 31 was 63,320 of infantry and artillery. Three brigades were subsequently added, but as Corse's Brigade of Pickett's and Cooke's of Heth's Divisions remained behind and did not take part in the Pennsylvania campaign, it is fair to reckon only Pettigrew's as actually added to the force operating. This brigade is described in one of the Confederate regimental reports as "entering the battle (Gettysburg) over 2,000 strong." From this it is proper to say that Lee's army, upon its reorganization, was 65,000 strong, infantry and artillery. It is well known that nearly all the Confederate commands gained men during the northward movement by the return of convalescents, amnestied deserters, etc., but there are no definite data of the numbers so gained.

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But one Confederate division commander makes an official return of his strength on June 30. This is Rodes, who, in a field return dated Carlisle, Pa., gives his strength as follows:

Daniel's Brigade	2,294
Doles's Brigade	1,404
Iverson's Brigade	1,470
Ramseur's Brigade	1,080
Rodes's (O'Neall's) Brigade	1,794
Total	8,042

The commanding officer of the 26th North Carolina, in Heth's Division, states in his report that that division "went into the battle about 8,000 strong," but gives no details.

The above data are given just as they occur in the official reports. It appears that Rodes's was the largest division in the Confederate army after Hill's was cut in two by the reorganization, while Edward Johnson's appears to have been the smallest. Johnson speaks in one place of having "6,200 men, of whom one-third are barefooted." [Winchester, June 14.] This would indicate that his division had gained about 600 since leaving Fredericksburg, or since May 31. On the other hand, Rodes's reported strength of 8,042 at Carlisle, June 30, is about 400 less than his strength May 31. It is to be regretted, for the sake of historical accuracy, that Rodes's example was not followed by the other Confederate division commanders on June 30; because, if it had been, all comparison and computation would have been unnecessary. However, if we take Rodes's as the largest and Edward Johnson's as the smallest of the Confederate divisions, we observe that they average 7,000 each, and that average multiplied by nine gives a total strength of 63,000, besides the corps artillery. This is probably as near as can ever be definitely ascertained.

This force was brigaded as follows:

	Brigades.
Pickett's Division	4
Hood's Division	4
McLaws's Division	4
Early's Division	4
Johnson's Division	4
Rodes's Division	5
Anderson's Division	5
Heth's Division	5
Pender's Division	4
Total infantry brigades	39
Cavalry brigades (exclusive of Imboden's command)	6

If to this force of 63,000 infantry we add the 6,212 "effective cavalry" in Stuart's return of May 25 and the Corps Artillery, the effective total will be about 71,000 of all arms "effective present" of Lee's army at Gettysburg, after making all reasonable deductions and accepting the Confederate figures throughout.

Maj. E. C. Dawes, late 53d Ohio, who has given much time and ability to the statistics of the war, has evolved the following estimates of

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the Confederate strength at Gettysburg, which he has courteously sent to the author of this sketch:

The Army of Northern Virginia by its return of May 31, 1863, numbered present for duty, officers and men—

Gen. Lee and staff	17
Infantry	59,467
Cavalry	10,282
Artillery, 206 pieces	4,702
	74,478

Alexander's and Garnett's Battalions of artillery are not included in this return. Alexander's Battalion had 26 guns, Garnett's 15. Estimating them at the same number of men per gun as in the battalions reporting, gives 935 to add to the total, making the line-of-battle strength of the army, 31st of May, 75,413, with 247 pieces of artillery.

Early in June the army was reinforced by the infantry brigade of Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, from the Department of Richmond, with 3,685 officers and men for duty, and the brigade of Gen. Joseph R. Davis, from the Department of North Carolina, with 2,577 for duty. The strength of these brigades is taken from the return of the Department of Richmond and of North Carolina for May 31, 1863. Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, and one of Pettigrew's regiments, about 2,200 in all, were left at Hanover Junction. Three of Gen. Early's regiments, numbering, according to an article by that officer in Volume V of the Southern Historical Society Papers, 919 for duty, were detached at Winchester to guard prisoners and garrison that place. The 25th Virginia, of Johnson's Division, and the 31st Virginia, of Early's Division, which had been on detached service since April 20, rejoined their commands near Winchester with 700 men for duty, and at the same place the 2d Maryland Battalion was added to Johnson's Division. Maj. Goldsborough, in his history of the "Maryland Line," says it took 500 men into action at Gettysburg. The Confederate infantry that crossed the Potomac, assuming that the gain by recruits, conscripts, and return of convalescent, furloughed and detached men was offset by the small loss at Winchester and by sickness and desertion, was 64,000.

The cavalry was reinforced at Winchester by the 1st Maryland Battalion, 300 strong, and by the brigade of Gen. A. G. Jenkins, 1,800 for duty. Gen. Imboden, with a force which, in an article in *The Galaxy* for April, 1871, he states as "about 2,100 effective mounted men and a six-gun battery," joined the army at Chambersburg. The commands of Mosby and Gilmore were also attached to the cavalry.

Two batteries of six guns each were added to the artillery—one, the Baltimore Light Artillery, at Winchester; one came with Imboden.

The Confederate army in the Gettysburg campaign had for duty, in round numbers, at least—

Infantry	64,000
Cavalry	14,500
Artillery, 259 pieces	5,900
	84,400

—And on the field of Gettysburg 80,000 men.

It will be noticed that there is a considerable discrepancy between Maj. Dawes's figures and mine. The gallant Major, in my judgment, overestimates the Confederate cavalry force actually present. He adds Davis's Brigade, which I include in the original estimate. No doubt he is right in that and I wrong. He gives Pettigrew's strength, as per the return of the Department of Richmond, April 20, "3,685" of all ranks, while I give it as "over 2,000 strong," etc. However, we will leave the two accounts for other students of history to examine.

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The Army of the Potomac confronted them with the following strength, as shown by the "Present for Duty Equipped" return of June 30:

	Infantry.		Artillery.	
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.
First Corps	687	8,716	21	598
Second Corps	927	11,436	14	597
Third Corps	796	10,451	19	658
Fifth Corps	797	11,157	8	547
Sixth Corps	986	13,530	33	1,006
Eleventh Corps	549	8,648	15	629
Twelfth Corps	521	7,672	12	384
Reserve Artillery	23	312	72	2,139
	5,286	71,922	194	6,498

Total infantry	77,208
Total artillery	6,692
Total infantry and artillery	83,900
Cavalry	10,800
Grand total	94,700

But from the 94,700 reported as "Present for Duty Equipped" must be deducted the 14,516 infantry and the 1,039 artillery of the Sixth Corps, who, with the exception of Cowan's 1st New York Battery, were not seriously engaged in the battle, as will be sufficiently evident from the following facts:

The losses of the Sixth Corps at Gettysburg were as follows:

First Division	18
Second Division	16
Third Division	196
1st New York Battery	12
Total	242

This loss was out of a total "Effective Present" of 15,555, or less than 1½ per cent. By way of comparison let us take the First Corps, which had 9,403 infantry and 619 artillery. Its losses were 6,059, or a fraction over 65 per cent. for the total number engaged.

Of course the presence of the Sixth Corps on the field late in the engagement had a moral effect, but when we come to consider the actual fighting force of the army, it is evident that the strength of the Sixth Corps must be deducted.

Again, the Cavalry Corps at Gettysburg numbered 10,800 men, and they lost 852, of whom 418, or nearly half, were from Buford's Division, in the first day's fight, Gregg's whole division losing only 56; while of Kilpatrick's Division, Custer's Michigan Brigade suffered a loss of 257 out of 355 in the entire division. It is not my purpose to belittle the services of the cavalry or the Sixth Corps; but we find that the cavalry and the Sixth Corps together had the following strength in that battle:

	Strength.	Losses.
Sixth Corps	15,555	242
Cavalry	10,800	852
Totals	26,355	1,094

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We then observe that the losses of the rest of the army were as follows:

First Corps	6,059
Second Corps	4,369
Third Corps	4,211
Fifth Corps	2,187
Eleventh Corps	3,801
Twelfth Corps	1,082
Total	21,709

Thus we see that while the 26,355 troops of the cavalry and the Sixth Corps at Gettysburg lost 1,094 men, the 68,345 troops of the other corps lost 21,709 men. In one case the total percentage of loss was a little over 4 per cent. as for the Sixth Corps and the cavalry, while for the rest of the army the percentage of loss was over 33 per cent. in the aggregate, varying from 65 per cent. in the First Corps to 12½ per cent. in the Twelfth Corps — the two extremes of the actual fighting force.

Recurring to the relative strength of the combatants in the battle the first day, of which the first shot was fired by Corp'l Alphonse Hodges, of the 9th New York Cavalry, of Buford's Division, the following-named organizations of troops were engaged:

	Strength.	Loss.
UNION.		
Buford's Cavalry Division	3,044	418
First Corps	10,002	6,059
Eleventh Corps	9,841	3,801
Totals	22,887	10,278
CONFEDERATE.		
Heth's Division	7,040	
Pender's Division	6,280	
Rodes's Division	8,042	
Early's Division	6,446	
Totals	27,808	8,000 (about)

No one now disputes that the Confederate forces engaged July 1 at Gettysburg outnumbered the Union troops who could by any possibility have been considered "under fire." All the authorities, of which the published War Records are beyond doubt the most reliable, agree on this point. The losses of the First and Eleventh Corps were comparatively small during the second and third days. The First Corps could not have lost to exceed 400 men after the first day, nearly all of whom (351) were from Stannard's Vermont Brigade, which did not get into the first day's battle, but was counted in the original strength. The Eleventh Corps suffered somewhat in the attack on Cemetery Hill the night of July 2, but not to compare with their losses the afternoon of the first day north of the town. It is, therefore, fair to say that the battle of the first day was fought between about 23,000 Union troops and 28,000 Confederates — assuming that the part of Early's Division not actively engaged was a fair offset to Steinwehr's Division, of the Eleventh Corps, which remained on Cemetery Hill — or at least the larger part of it.

The battle of the second day was fought between the Third and parts of the Fifth and Second Corps on our side, and the divisions of Hood,

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McLaws, Anderson and parts of Pender's and Heth's on the Confederate side, without reference to the desultory attack by Early's Division on Cemetery Hill at nightfall. The whole of the Third Corps was engaged (11,924 strong). Reference to the "Present for Duty Equipped" account of brigades on June 30 shows that about 7,200 out of 12,507 in the Fifth Corps, and about 8,000 out of 12,914 in the Second, were closely and heavily engaged the second day, together with certain batteries from the Artillery Reserve, which would not appreciably swell the total; that is to say, we had about 27,000 men heavily engaged in the left center and left of our line the second day.

Opposed to these the Confederate force was as follows, as nearly as can be ascertained from the returns:

Hood's Division	7,720
McLaws's Division	7,311
Anderson's Division	7,440
Pender's Division (two brigades)	2,800
Heth's Division (one brigade)	1,200
	26,471

Thus it appears that the heaviest part of the second day's battle was fought between our left and left center and the Confederate right and right center, with about 27,000 men on our side and 26,000 on theirs, or practically equal forces. Up to this time the Sixth Corps of our army and Pickett's Division of Lee's army had been absent from the field, so that in estimating the total infantry force of each army actually present we must subtract the 6,330 of Pickett's from the 60,095 total, leaving 53,765; and the 15,556 of the Sixth Corps from our 77,208 total, leaving 61,652. Therefore, so far as infantry was concerned, 53,765 Confederate and 61,652 Union troops had been in conflict during the two days. Of these, again, up to sundown on the second day, neither the Twelfth Corps of our army nor Johnson's Division of Lee's army had been seriously engaged, though they were in position about Culp's Hill. Thus, if we again subtract Johnson's Division, 6,038, from the Confederate 53,765, and the Twelfth Corps, 8,193, from our 62,632, we shall see that, with unimportant exceptions, only 47,727 Confederate and 54,475 Union infantry had been closely engaged in the first and second days' battles of Gettysburg taken together — or, say, 48,000 and 54,000 in round numbers.

In this day's fighting the losses — which cannot be more than approximately separated or divided between the respective days — were about 10,000 out of 27,000 engaged on our side, and about 8,500 to 9,000 out of 26,000 or 27,000 engaged on the Confederate side.

The third day must be divided into three parts:

First, the battle of the forenoon, between the Twelfth Corps and Edward Johnson's Division, with parts of Early's and Rodes's Divisions, on the slopes of Culp's Hill.

Second, the grand cannonade between 1 and 3:30 in the afternoon.

Third, the assault by Pickett's Division on the line held by the Second Corps and Doubleday's Division of our (First) corps after 4 p. m.

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The force of the Twelfth Corps was 8,589, including its artillery. It was assailed by Johnson's Division, about 6,000 strong, reinforced by two brigades (O'Neill's and Daniel's) from Rodes's Division, about 2,500 strong after their losses of the first day, and Gordon's, from Early's Division, 2,000 strong.

The Twelfth Corps was to some extent aided by Shaler's Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps, but as this command lost only 75 men in the whole battle they could not have been very closely engaged. However, if we add Shaler's 1,860 men to the 8,589 of the Twelfth Corps, we shall have 10,449 Union troops against about 10,500 Confederates in the almost separate battle of Culp's Hill during the forenoon of July 3. The losses are stated as follows:

Twelfth Corps	1,082
Shaler's Brigade (Sixth Corps)	75
	1,157
Johnson's Division, etc.	1,872
Gordon's Brigade	380
	2,252

There is no means of determining the losses of O'Neill's and Daniel's Brigades, of Rodes's Division, in this fight, as their losses appear in bulk, including both the first and third days, they not having been engaged at all the second day.

The artillery duel of the third day of Gettysburg is chiefly remarkable as the only really great exhibition of strength in that arm of the service ever made by the Army of Northern Virginia. On no other field during the entire war did Gen. Lee develop a force of over 100 guns in line, or maintain a grand cannonade for more than an hour. As a demonstration, or rather as a spectacle, it was superb; but as a military operation it was not effective, as the sequel showed.

It is not possible to consider this cannonade as having had any effect on the fortunes of the battle, because its destructiveness was not such as to impair the power of our infantry to resist and repulse the great charge for which it was designed to pave the way, nor did it cripple our own artillery to an extent commensurate with the expenditure of ammunition on the part of the enemy, which then and there was irreplaceable. Hence I think it proper to say that the great cannonade of July 3 was an error on the part of the Confederate commander, because it was the means of expending stores which he could not and never did replace, while its effects were not only not decisive, but did not even serve to mitigate the consequences of the total collapse of the assault when attempted.

In this grand artillery duel the Rebels had the advantage in number of guns actually engaged at any one time, but we were superior in equipment and in reserves wherewith to replace our batteries as they might be crippled or exhausted. They also had the advantage of position in that the lay of the ground on their side was such as to afford good cover for

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most of their limbers, caissons, drivers and teams in woods or behind crests in their rear, whereas ours were necessarily exposed in open fields and subject to the effects of overshots and ricochets for long distances in rear of our lines of guns. Still, with all these advantages of position, which affected our supporting infantry quite as much as they did our artillery line, Gen. Lee's guns ceased firing, with little or nothing to show for their efforts except hot muzzles and empty caissons, whereas our guns were still able to play destructively on his infantry column of attack as soon as it showed its formation within range. Hence, all things considered, it seems safe to say that the result of the second epoch of the third day's battle of Gettysburg — the artillery duel — was a Confederate failure, quite equal in magnitude to the collapse of Edward Johnson's attack in the early morning on the Twelfth Corps at Culp's Hill, and only prophetic of the culminating reverse of Pickett's charge, which formed the third epoch of that fateful day!

Pickett's Division is stated by the Confederate returns of June 20 to have had 6,114 present for duty equipped. It is, doubtless, fair to say that it started on its immortal "charge" with at least 5,800 rank and file. What its supports and flankers were it is not necessary to inquire, because they did nothing to help it while advancing and little to succor it while recoiling. So far as active attack was concerned, it is perfectly fair to say that Pickett's Division charged the Army of the Potomac. Other Rebel commands made simultaneous threats and demonstrations, but this was the only column of any weight that struck our line. The question, "What did Lee hope to accomplish by Pickett's charge?" will always be one of the most interesting in the study of great battles. My own impression has always been, and it has grown upon me with increasing study and reflection, that Gen. Lee could not have put Pickett in as he did for any other purpose than to gain time. Lee was a great General — one of the greatest that the world has seen. From this point of view he must have seen before 3 o'clock p. m. July 3 that he had lost the battle, and that all he could hope to do would be to secure the retreat of his army. He had been repulsed at every point of hopeful attack. His force had been depleted by losses the like of which he had never known before. His ammunition was nearly exhausted. He was far from his base of supplies. But one line of retreat was open to him, and to make that available he must have leisure to withdraw from his positions of battle. To insure this he must make an heroic effort somewhere so brilliant, no matter if abortive, as to strike temporary terror to his antagonist. This was certainly the immediate result of Pickett's charge. If Gen. Lee intended it for that purpose alone it was the act of a great General. If he hoped that it might succeed it was the hope of a madman. Thus it seems clear that Pickett's charge was Lee's last resort to "brave a lost battle out," and the desperate expedient of a great General, beaten by circumstances, to make good his escape from what might otherwise have easily resulted in the total wreck of his defeated army.

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The losses of the Union army were as follows, in the aggregate for the three days, stated by brigades:

	Loss.
FIRST CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	1,153
First Division, Second Brigade	1,002
Second Division, First Brigade	1,041
Second Division, Second Brigade	648
Third Division, First Brigade	898
Third Division, Second Brigade	853
Third Division, Third Brigade	351
Light Artillery Brigade	106
Total	6,052
SECOND CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	330
First Division, Second Brigade	198
First Division, Third Brigade	358
First Division, Fourth Brigade	389
Second Division, First Brigade	768
Second Division, Second Brigade	491
Second Division, Third Brigade	377
Third Division, First Brigade	211
Third Division, Second Brigade	366
Third Division, Third Brigade	714
Light Artillery Brigade	149
Total	4,351
THIRD CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	740
First Division, Second Brigade	781
First Division, Third Brigade	490
Second Division, First Brigade	790
Second Division, Second Brigade	778
Second Division, Third Brigade	513
Light Artillery Brigade	106
Total	4,198
FIFTH CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	125
First Division, Second Brigade	427
First Division, Third Brigade	352
Second Division, First Brigade	382
Second Division, Second Brigade	447
Second Division, Third Brigade	200
Third Division, First Brigade	155
Third Division, Second Brigade	55
Light Artillery Brigade	43
Total	2,186
SIXTH CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	11
First Division, Second Brigade	5
First Division, Third Brigade	2
Second Division, First Brigade	0
Second Division, Second Brigade	1
Second Division, Third Brigade	15
Third Division, First Brigade	74
Third Division, Second Brigade	69

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	Loss.
Third Division, Third Brigade	53
Light Artillery Brigade	12
Total	242
ELEVENTH CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	527
First Division, Second Brigade	778
Second Division, First Brigade	597
Second Division, Second Brigade	348
Third Division, First Brigade	807
Third Division, Second Brigade	669
Light Artillery Brigade	69
Total	3,795
TWELFTH CORPS.	
First Division, First Brigade	80
First Division, Second Brigade	174
First Division, Third Brigade	279
Second Division, First Brigade	139
Second Division, Second Brigade	98
Second Division, Third Brigade	303
Light Artillery Brigade	9
Total	1,082
ARTILLERY RESERVE.	
First Regular Brigade	68
First Volunteer Brigade	93
Second Volunteer Brigade	8
Third Volunteer Brigade	37
Fourth Volunteer Brigade	36
Total	242

From the above it appears that one brigade in the Union army escaped loss as a whole—the First Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. The following regiments escaped loss: The 12th and 15th Vermont, of Stannard's Brigade, Third Division, First Corps. (They were detached, guarding the ammunition train.) First New Jersey, 5th and 6th Maine, 49th and 102d Pennsylvania, 43d and 77th New York, 5th Wisconsin, and 2d, 3d, 5th and 6th Vermont, all of the Sixth Corps. (The 102d Pennsylvania was left as corps baggage guard at Westminster, Md.)

The heaviest loss suffered by any brigade was that of the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps (the Iron Brigade), 1,153, and the heaviest loss of any regiment was that of the 24th Michigan, of that brigade, 363. The largest loss of any brigade by percentage of numbers engaged was also that of the Iron Brigade, but of regiments it was that of the 1st Minnesota, 86 per cent, as against 81 for the 24th Michigan.

Other extraordinary regimental losses were the 151st Pennsylvania, 337; the 149th Pennsylvania, 336, and the 157th New York, 307, in each case over 70 per cent. of those engaged.

Excessive losses of light batteries were the following:

	Loss.	
Cushing's (A) 4th Regulars	39	(43)
Stewart's (B) 4th Regulars	36	(40)
Arnold's (A) 1st Rhode Island	32	(36)
Sheldon's (B) 1st New York	26	

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	Loss.	
Brown's (B) 1st Rhode Island	28	
Freeborn's (E) 1st Rhode Island	30	(33)
Thompson's (C) Pennsylvania light	28	
Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts	28	(31)

The figures given in parentheses represent statements of loss other than those of the "revised returns," which include only losses of men borne on the battery rolls.

The Confederate loss by brigades was as follows:

FIRST (LONGSTREET'S) CORPS.

M'LAWS'S DIVISION.	Loss.	
Kershaw's Brigade	630	
Semmes's Brigade	430	
Barksdale's Brigade	747	
Wofford's Brigade	334	
		2,141
PICKETT'S DIVISION.		
Garnett's Brigade	941	
Armistead's Brigade	1,191	
Kemper's Brigade	731	
Corse's Brigade	....	
		2,863
HOOD'S DIVISION.		
Law's Brigade	496	
Anderson's Brigade	671	
Robertson's Brigade	597	
Benning's Brigade	497	
Artillery Brigade	89	
		2,350
Total		7,354

SECOND (EWELL'S) CORPS.

EARLY'S DIVISION.		
Hays's Brigade	313	
Hoke's Brigade	345	
Smith's Brigade	142	
Gordon's Brigade	380	
		1,180
JOHNSON'S DIVISION.		
Steuart's Brigade	682	
Nicholl's Brigade	388	
Walker's Brigade	330	
Jones's Brigade	421	
		1,821
RODES'S DIVISION.		
Daniel's Brigade	916	
Iverson's Brigade	820	
Doles's Brigade	179	
Ramseur's Brigade	177	
O'Neal's Brigade	696	
Artillery Brigade	123	
		2,911
Total		6,912

THIRD (HILL'S) CORPS.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.		
Wilcox's Brigade	777	
Wright's Brigade	668	
Perry's Brigade	455	
Mahone's Brigade	102	
Posey's Brigade	83	
		2,085

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	Loss.	
HETH'S DIVISION.		
Pettigrew's Brigade	1,105	
Archer's Brigade	677	
Davis's Brigade	897	
Brockenborough's Brigade	148	
Cooke's Brigade	0	
		2,827
PENDER'S DIVISION.		
Perrin's Brigade	577	
Scales's Brigade	535	
Lane's Brigade	389	
Thomas's Brigade	152	
Artillery Brigade	84	
		1,737
Total		6,649
Reserve Artillery, A. N. V		80

The heaviest losses by brigades were those of Armistead's, 1,191 (also the largest by percentage), and of Pettigrew's, 1,105. The heaviest regimental loss was that of the 26th North Carolina, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, 588, all killed or wounded, none being captured. This was the greatest loss suffered by any regiment of either army at Gettysburg in numbers, though the percentage was 83, or less than that of the 1st Minnesota. One company of the 26th North Carolina was totally wiped out on the field of battle, not one man in it afterward reporting for duty!

The Union army had 52 infantry brigades, of which 48 were more or less engaged, whose average strength was 1,420 men and their average loss 420. The Confederate army had 39 brigades, whose average strength was 1,540 and their average loss 518.

It has already been shown that one whole brigade and 14 regiments of the Union army escaped loss. No brigade or regiment of the Confederate army escaped wholly. The smallest regimental loss was that of the 12th Mississippi, of Posey's Brigade, seven wounded. The heaviest loss of any Confederate battery was Carpenter's (Alleghany) Battery, 28.

The official grand total of losses at Gettysburg is as follows:

	Loss.	
UNION.		
Killed	3,155	
Wounded	14,529	
Captured and missing	5,365	
Total	23,049	
CONFEDERATE.		
Killed	2,592	
Wounded	12,700	
Captured and missing	5,150	
Total	20,442	(21,247)

The figures in parenthesis refer to statements on other authority than that of the "revised returns." In almost every case the returns of the Confederate brigade commanders differ slightly from those of their Medical Department.

There has been much comment and controversy about what is usually termed "Meade's failure to make a vigorous counter attack after repulsing Pickett." But there was no such discussion among the hungry,

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exhausted, battered and mangled men whose strong arms and stout hearts had won the fight. Any person who says that they were not for the time being perfectly satisfied with the victory as it stood at sundown on July 3 is either ignorant of their state of mind or intent on misrepresenting them for purposes of his own.

There was no disposition on the part of the enlisted men of the Army of the Potomac to force things after Pickett's repulse. This was not because of any lack of nerve, but simply because of that most imperative of all reasons for inaction — utter physical exhaustion. Critics, writing at great distances from the scene of battle or a long time after it, are apt to forget that soldiers have legs that get tired, backs that ache, stomachs that get famished and heads that get sleepy, the same as other men, and that the capacity of an army is limited by the average physical endurance of the individual soldiers composing it.

After Pickett's Division recoiled not more than three hours of clear daylight remained. The troops immediately available for a counter attack were those of the Sixth Corps. They had not fought much in the battles of the second or third days, and they had had one night of rest — such as it was — after their terrific forced march of nearly 40 miles to reach the field. They were as good troops as the world ever saw, but were exhausted, and besides, they formed the last reserve of the army.

As for the other corps, ours (the First) had been utterly stove to pieces the first day, and could not at that time muster much more than 4,000 muskets, though what was left was in good heart as far as "being willing" was concerned, but completely worn out physically. The Third and Fifth Corps were in similar condition from the second day's battle. The Second and Twelfth had borne the brunt of the third day, the latter in defending Culp's Hill during the forenoon, and the former in repulsing Pickett in the afternoon; so that there was not much left of them — at least they were not in condition for a vigorous offensive movement. The Eleventh Corps had been badly hammered on the first and second days.

The strength of the army on July 4 and 5 after the close of the battle was as follows, as nearly as can be ascertained:

First Corps	4,300 muskets.
Second Corps	7,600 muskets.
Third Corps	6,700 muskets.
Fifth Corps	7,500 muskets.
Sixth Corps	14,000 muskets.
Eleventh Corps	5,400 muskets.
Twelfth Corps	7,500 muskets.
Reserve Artillery	2,000 men.
Total	55,000

That is to say, 55,000 effective, besides the cavalry.

The Rebel army had, according to the most reliable statistics, not less than 48,000 muskets effective on July 4.

Assuming that the cavalry commands offset each other, it will be seen that the effective of infantry and artillery of the two armies was much

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nearer equal after the battle than before, in consequence partly of our greater losses and partly because we had to leave men behind to take care of both our own wounded and the Rebel wounded left in our hands, while the enemy suffered no corresponding diminution of force on this account.

In short, all the troops of the different corps were either butchered up like the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth, or exhausted by three days and two nights of constant fighting, or completely tired out by a forced march like the Sixth. The statistics show that over 3,000 had been killed and nearly 20,000 wounded during the three days. The Sixth Corps had lost at least 2,000 men from total exhaustion in their frightful forced march from Westminster. There never was an army on earth in which the losses in such a battle from sickness, straggling or necessary details to take care of the wounded would not be equal to one-fourth of the gun-shot casualties; so, in the absence of accurate statistics, it will be within the mark to say that Meade could not possibly have brought more than 45,000 actual muskets to bear in a grand charge on Lee's lines at any time between 5 o'clock p. m. July 3 and dark July 4, and most of these would have been in the hands of tired, hungry, lame and footsore men who, however brave they may have been, had had all the dash and aggressiveness taken out of them by 60 hours of solid battle or by 40 miles of forced march! It stands to reason that a "grand assault" by men in that condition must have lacked the physical momentum necessary for success in such operations. As for our artillery, it had also been pretty badly smashed up, but as a whole it was in better shape than the infantry. It could not cut much figure in an attack on Lee's line on Seminary Ridge, because, in order to fire over the heads of our infantry moving to the attack, we must have remained on the highest part of Cemetery Ridge, and this would have been out of range of all the 12-pound Napoleons and very long range for the three-inch and Parrott rifles. Besides, we were all nearly out of ammunition, particularly the rifle batteries, as they had been chiefly concerned in the grand cannonade of the third day.

Another thing to be considered is that the best troops in the army had been the worst cut up, while those least hurt were the poorest, excepting, of course, the Sixth Corps, which had not been engaged to speak of. If we take the Iron Brigade as a sample of the "best troops," it had certainly been the worst mauled, because of its regiments the 2d Wisconsin could not muster more than 140 men, the 6th not more than 125 or 130, the 7th less than 200, the 19th Indiana hardly 100, while the 24th Michigan had pretty much ceased to exist. At all events, the brigade could not have put 600 muskets in line during the evening of July 3.

So it is perfectly safe to say, without reference to any of the controversies that have taken place since, and speaking from the standpoint of an enlisted man, that Meade could not have counted on anything but the Sixth Corps for an immediate counter attack or pursuit of Pickett's routed division. The Sixth Corps could probably have mustered 13,500 muskets that moment. They were as good troops as there was in the world, but in

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the then condition of the Second, Third and Fifth Corps troops, who were nearest them, they could hope for little support, and if they had been repulsed severely the last reserve of the army would have been destroyed. It was certain that Lee had at least five divisions on Seminary Ridge within assembling distance of any point that the Sixth Corps could have attacked in following Pickett. He would have had Hood and McLaws on his right, and Hill's three divisions between that point and the town; while Rodes, Early and Edward Johnson would have prevented any movement of our troops on the north brow of Cemetery Hill to assist in attack.

On our part of the line in front of the town we all expected that Pickett's attack would be followed by a general assault on the positions at and about the Cemetery by Ewell's entire corps, which was in the town and in the fields east of it, and we could not understand why they did not assault in conjunction with Pickett's attack. So strong was the conviction that they would assault our position that our batteries on that front — our s, Reynolds's and Stevens's — had got out several rounds of canister and laid them on the ground, convenient for our Nos. 2, as was usual in cases of expected attack by infantry. So, under all the circumstances, it is proper to say that the men who are least dissatisfied with Meade's failure to make a counter attack on the third day are those who had done the most fighting. And vice versa.

About 10 in the morning of the 4th of July a squad was told off to go with a detail to draw rations of food and forage. This gave us another opportunity to witness the scenes in the rear of the army, but, although they were still very horrible, they were nothing to compare with that dreadful night of the second day, when we went after the ammunition. We particularly noticed on this trip large numbers of the Rebel wounded, who had been brought in during the morning and were still coming in from the ground over which Pickett's Division had charged, and which was literally covered with them, particularly after they began to ascend the slope of our ridge. The appearance of these men was even more wretched than that of our own wounded men, they being in almost every case ragged and dirty in the extreme, while many of them were gant and emaciated as if from want of proper food; but, as a rule, they bore their misery with somewhat greater fortitude than many of our own men did.

At Gen. Hunt's headquarters we found Col. Wainwright, who informed Stewart that it would be impossible to get any new material for the present, but that he would have the Battery temporarily relieved by another from the reserve if necessary. So we went back to our position. Although it was the Fourth of July, the thought of the day scarcely entered our minds. We all felt that we had burned powder enough in the last three days to make about 50 first-class Fourths, and were willing to let it go at that. The remainder of the day was spent in cooking rations, grooming the horses (who had been sadly neglected since we left Marsh Creek), cleaning the guns, rearranging the disordered equipment, and, in general, getting ready to march, which we all expected to do the next day.

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During the afternoon our infantry took possession of Gettysburg town, which they found full of the First and Eleventh Corps wounded from the first day's battle, together with many of the Rebels who were too badly hurt to be removed. Some of our Surgeons had remained with our wounded in the town during its occupation by the enemy, of whose treatment of them they said they had no complaint to make. The Rebels had not plundered the town as much as we supposed they would, but they had stripped it of everything eatable, so that the inhabitants had to draw rations at first from the commissary. The townspeople told us that there had not been many Rebel troops in the village at any time, except enough for a general guard and to take care of the wounded that were brought in. There was no difference in the treatment of the wounded by either side; in fact, discrimination would have been almost impossible, as they were all huddled together in the same houses, frequently in the same rooms, and attended by the same Surgeons, our own and the Rebel Surgeons having worked together as if belonging to the same army. Several of the Rebel Surgeons were still there after their army had left.

The scenes in the fields west and north of the town where the first day's battle had been fought were horrible beyond description. The Rebels had buried most of their own dead while they occupied the ground during the second and third days, and probably some of ours also. But a great many of our dead were left where they fell, and three days of hot July weather had made hideous sights of their corpses. Without exception, they were swollen to twice their natural size; those who had not been stripped by the Rebels had burst their clothes open; their skins were all turned black or dark blue, or spotted with livid spots; their swollen tongues protruded from their mouths, and the stench from them was almost overpowering. We found one who must have been killed at the first skirmish line of the Iron Brigade in the morning, as he was close to the bank of the creek, in the most advanced position occupied by our infantry. The Rebels had taken most of the clothing off his body, but left a letter by him which they had taken out of his pocket. They had secured the letter by laying a small stone on it, and it enabled us to identify him surely. The letter was from some relative in Waukesha, Wis., and from its date must have been received in the last mail before the battle. It told, among other things, of the news that had been received at the Wisconsin home of another relative killed in Grant's operations prior to the siege of Vicksburg. Truly, we thought, this must be an afflicted family. The name on the envelope was "C. A. Warren, Co. E, 7th Wis." We then passed on and spent some time looking over the position first occupied by the Rebels, after which, having already overstayed our time, we started back for the Battery. From Willoughby's Creek to the town the Cashtown Road and the fields on both sides of it were full of the wreck of the fight, broken muskets, old knapsacks, haversacks and canteens, belts, broken fragments of gun-limbers and caissons, dead men, dead horses, etc. In our own position at the Railroad Cut, near the Thompson House, and scattered

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along the road, we found the wreckage of our caissons and teams. We did not find the bodies of our dead — Sprague, Maffitt and others — because, being near the town, they had been picked up earlier in the day.

Among the "debris of the fight" near the Cashtown Road was one very welcome object. We had gone out as far as the mineral spring, on the west bank of the creek, following the route of the 7th Wisconsin, and as we were returning across the field to the pike I found a new canteen lying on the ground, almost hid by the rails of the fence, which had been thrown down. Much to our joy the contents proved to be a fine article of rye whisky — not commissary, but real Old Monongahela. Talk about wonderful escapes at Gettysburg! But the most wonderful of all was the escape of that new canteen full of fine old whisky, to lie there as it had for four days on ground occupied by the Rebel army! We also found a small but very fine meerschaum pipe, which was in the pocket of a blouse lying on the ground south of the pike, about 40 rods from our position, with a Lieutenant's bars on the collar and a bullet hole and blood stains in the left shoulder. The blouse evidently had been stripped off to enable them to get at the wound, and being thrown aside was not thought of again. Another abandoned coat had a diary in the pocket. This, however, was a gray blouse, and according to the diary its owner belonged to one of the North Carolina regiments in Heth's Division. There were no evidences of wounds on this blouse, but its owner must have been hit, as he would hardly have abandoned his diary under other circumstances. The handwriting showed that he was well educated, and his diary, which dated from Jan. 1, 1863, was interesting.

The most pathetic sight of all was a poor horse, both of whose forelegs had been shot off at the knee in the first day's battle. He had lain there nearly four days and was still alive, but of course almost famished. His dim eyes seemed to brighten as we approached him, and he made a spasmodic effort to rise, but sank back with a groan that was almost human. As he was past help, one of us mercifully ended his sufferings with a revolver.

The 5th and 6th of July were occupied by the army in burying its dead, taking care of its wounded, drawing rations and forage, renewing equipment as far as possible from the stores at hand — in a word, repairing damages generally. The only part of the army that left its position on the 5th of July to pursue the enemy was the Sixth Corps, which had not been engaged in any of the three days, except Bartlett's and Shaler's Brigades, slightly. This corps started off about 10 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, and was followed later in the day by some of the Fifth Corps, and possibly a division of the Twelfth, and the First Corps followed on the 6th. They went as far as the South Gap, where they found a Rebel rear guard in force, and they did not attack. The Second, Third and Eleventh Corps remained in their old positions on the field till the fourth day after the battle, when they started on the march back to the Potomac. We all went first to Emmittsburg, where some of the infantry and all the cavalry took

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the Branch Road to Mechanicstown, and thence over through Cavetown Gap to Hagerstown; while the rest of the infantry kept on down the main road to Frederick, and thence by the Middletown Road and Turner's Gap to the old Antietam battlefield, where Lee's army was again found in position. It was said by the men who had been in that battle that the Rebels occupied substantially their old position, though more extended on the left flank. Our own line occupied substantially the road from Boonsboro to Funkstown, the First Corps being in front of the last-named place. Here we all expected to fight the battle of Antietam over again. But no demonstration was made on either side for two days, and on the morning of the third day it was found that Lee's army had decamped during the night and was safe on the south side of the Potomac.

There was some difference of opinion among the men about the manner in which Gen. Meade pursued Lee. Some of them maintained that the pursuit should have begun on the morning of the 5th of July by the whole army, and should have been vigorously pushed through the gaps and on the same roads that Lee took in his retreat, instead of moving parallel with him, as we did, with a big mountain between us. Others declared that the Army of the Potomac had suffered such enormous losses —at that time estimated as high as 28,000 or 30,000 men, and afterward officially given at 23,049—while many more had remained behind on detached duty with the wounded and the trains, etc., that it was not in condition to attack even an enemy equally enfeebled. During the march from Gettysburg to Antietam the Army of the Potomac had been reinforced by a division or more at Frederick, and numerous recruits and convalescents had returned to the old regiments. But it was reported in our camp that Lee had also been largely reinforced, some rumors being that Beauregard had come up from the South with a corps of 25,000, and others that several divisions had been sent East from Bragg's army in Tennessee.

So, on the whole, we believed that the Rebel army was at least equal to us in numbers, and as we had had our hands full to defend a strong position against them a few days before, most of the troops thought it would be folly for us to attack them now in a still stronger one. However, there was not much enthusiasm about Meade. The men thought he was a careful commander, and that if he made any blunders they would be on the safe side. And they were particularly pleased with the promptness with which he had the trains brought up to supply them with full rations and new clothing, of which last they were sadly in need, the continuous marching, bivouacking and fighting from the 1st of May to the middle of July having made carpet-rags of almost every uniform in the army. It was very acceptable to us to get new clothes. There was nothing in which we took more pride than in being the best-dressed battery in the army. In this, of course, we had a great advantage over the infantry and cavalry even, as we could always carry our baggage on the caissons, battery wagon, etc. But at Gettysburg so many of our caissons were destroyed, together with our knapsacks that were strapped on them, that most of us

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had lost our "swell clothes." So, as we all took quite as much pride in "styling up" as Stewart did in seeing us well dressed, it was very gratifying to get this new supply of clothing.

After Lee had crossed the Potomac we moved down to that river and went into camp on its north bank, above Shepherdstown. There was much impatience in the North at this apparent inaction, and the newspapers that now began to find their way into camp were full of criticism and abuse of Meade because he did not follow Lee. This abuse by the "newspaper Generals" did more to popularize Meade with the army than anything else could have done. The soldiers, without exception, always bitterly and contemptuously resented the "On to Richmond" shrieking of pen-drivers who, from the safe distance of their editorial sanctums, incessantly and vehemently demanded the instant wiping out of Lee's army, capture of Richmond and execution of Jeff Davis, without the least reflection as to what these performances involved, and, it is needless to say, without the slightest desire to join the procession and help do it.

Of course we now know that when Lee turned and faced us on the banks of the Antietam he had only about 40,000 muskets, as shown by his official reports to the Rebel War Department, now in possession of the Government; while, with the reinforcements that had joined us at Frederick and the recruits and convalescents constantly coming into the old regiments, the Army of the Potomac had, say, 60,000 muskets confronting Lee the day before he recrossed the Potomac. And we also know that the reports we had of large reinforcements under Beauregard, etc., above mentioned, were canards. Indeed, Confederate officers have told me since the war that they sent spies in the guise of deserters to give such information to our commanders in order to deter them from an attack, as Lee did not want to fight another battle north of the Potomac. But Lee's official reports were not accessible to us then, and so we believed in the "large reinforcement" stories. Moreover, we all knew then that the Army of the Potomac under Meade was much weaker than it had been the Fall previous under McClellan, and, believing that Lee's army was larger now than then, we reasoned that if McClellan was unable to rout him from the strong lines of the Antietam we would not have much show of doing it. So, summing up from the standpoint of a man in the ranks, it is proper to say that had Meade ordered an assault on either of the two days that we were confronting Lee's army there, the troops of the Army of the Potomac would have obeyed sullenly, as they had so often done before, hopeless of success and convinced that they were to be murdered once more to satisfy screaming editors in the North and blatant politicians at Washington. Meade did exactly right. His caution saved many a gallant life that a rasher commander would have wasted, and the final result was the same. Without doubt, if we had assaulted the Rebels along the Antietam on the 12th or 13th of July, we would have suffered a bloody repulse, which, so soon after the carnage of Gettysburg, we were in no mood to endure.

After Lee crossed the Potomac we left our position at Funkstown and

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moved over to the river, near Williamsport. This march took us over part of the battleground of Antietam, our own particular route bringing us within a short distance of the position of the Battery on the Sharpsburg Pike, in front of the Miller House, where it had been so dreadfully butchered up. As there was a halt here during the middle of the day, some of the men went to look over the ground they had fought on the Fall before. There were many objects of melancholy interest scattered over that field. Some of us went down the pike as far as the Dunker Church, and walked part of the way through the "Sunken Road." Rusting barrels of broken muskets, half buried in the plowed ground, fragments of haversacks, knapsacks, canteens, belts, cartridge-boxes, rotting pieces of clothing and all that sort of thing were scattered plentifully around. Here and there could be seen ghastly white arm, leg, rib and skull bones of men exhumed from their shallow graves by pigs or vultures, or washed out by the rain. Near the upper end of the Sunken Road was found a jawbone half buried in the dirt. Some of the teeth in it had been filled with gold, which had been loosened by the action of frost on the teeth, and one or two of these little "nuggets" were taken from their ghastly "mine" and carried away as souvenirs!

Speaking of going over old battlefields, our veterans had to have their fun, and sometimes it was pretty grim. When we were moving up from Fredericksburg to go to Gettysburg we camped about June 21 or 22 near the line of Pope's retreat from Groveton. Some of the boys who had fought there went over to look at the ground. They found an old skull on the field, and when they got back, finding me asleep on the ground under a tree, they carefully arranged the skull close to my face. Then they got a rush or twig and tickled my ear. The thing startled me a little, but not so much as they expected, because, not to be outdone in *sang froid*, I raised up on on my elbow, surveyed the skull a moment, and remarked quietly, "Oh, I thought that we had got a new recruit from the 19th Indiana!" As the authors of this joke were 19th Indiana men, it was agreed that the laugh was on them. The old fellows were up to all sorts of ghastly jokes on the recruits.

After leaving the field of Antietam we marched over to the bank of the Potomac and camped there, just below Williamsport. The army was tired, hungry, footsore, ragged, poverty-stricken and savage. Between Gettysburg and the Potomac, while we were following up a victory, there had been 10 times more straggling, desertion and "coffee-boiling" than ever had been known. This was because the people up North were spending their time firing hundred-gun salutes and holding thanksgiving prayer meetings over Gettysburg, while the troops who had won it were sweltering under a July sun, in rags and on half rations, chasing the Rebels back into Virginia! And, as if to add insult to injury, every stay-at-home editor from Maine to Minnesota was howling in his newspaper because we had "let Lee get away!"

Let Lee get away, forsooth! We were all devilish glad to see the last

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of his infernal infantry disappear behind the Shenandoah hills. And we were quite content to get into a decent camp, out of rifle range of the enemy, where we could get a chance to wash our clothes and take a swimming bath, and get three days of consecutive rest for the first time since Chancellorsville!

To return to our narrative: After about a week or 10 days in camp on the banks of the Potomac we crossed at Berlin and moved slowly southward by way of Lovettsville, Wheatland and Circleville to Middleburg, at the west end of Aldie Gap, where we camped for several days. No event of importance occurred here, except some additional new equipment was distributed to the batteries of the Artillery Brigade, and a few recruits were received in our Battery — not more than eight, I think, and several men who were hit in previous battles, even some at Gettysburg, returned to duty from the hospital. This brought our strength up to about 75 or 80 present for duty, and having had our damaged gun carriages repaired and getting new caissons, together with a few horses, we resumed business as a six-gun battery, having since Gettysburg been able to handle only four. However, our complement was still very short, though the excellent quality of our veterans made this difficulty less serious than it would be under ordinary circumstances.

In this camp three men, Bill Earle, McDermott and Ned Mackey, all Wisconsin volunteers, deserted. It was said that Bill joined Mosby's command. Mackey was never again heard from, nor was McDermott. Bill had been a pretty fair soldier, but he was rattle-brained, and for sometime he and Stewart had not got along well together. Desertion from the Battery had been rare, and there was much pride on the score of record, but apart from that nobody mourned these worthies. Stewart, who had come near shooting one of them one day for misconduct in the face of the enemy, was apparently glad to get rid of them. In the few cases of desertion we had he was always glad to let them get away, because he had a horror of having any man in the Battery executed.

It should be stated that there were two John McDermotts in the Battery. One was from the 2d Wisconsin and the other from the 24th Michigan. It was Wisconsin John who deserted. Michigan John was a brave and faithful soldier and there was no better record than his. He was among the wounded at Gettysburg, and afterward returned to his regiment or probably was discharged on account of disability. The two men were not alike in anything but name. The incidents of this camp most vividly impressed upon the memory of the writer were trivial, though perhaps amusing. One day the mail brought a letter from father inclosing a crisp $20 greenback. At this time funds were scarce among the enlisted men, over four months' pay being then due them, so this $20 was a Godsend to our little gun squad. The old fellows had long ago "tumbled to" my pet vanity — which was to be praised for my behavior in action. Thus, when they saw that crisp greenback pulled out of the envelope, with many a furtive wink and blink among themselves, they deftly turned the con-

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versation in that direction. After skirmishing around on general manuvers and all that sort of thing for a while, Griff insinuatingly remarked to another veteran:

"By the way, Mac, did you notice the Cub there at the Railroad Cut when things was hottest?"

"Notice him! I should say I did! Everybody, even the Lieutenant, was looking at him! By the way, Griff, did you see Davison speaking to me just before he was hit?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, he was saying that he had never seen a veteran behave better."

"But didn't he fight? the little cuss."

"I should say he did, like a regular bull-pup." ("Bull-pup" was not the exact phrase used, but it means the same thing.)

And so on, accompanied with pats on the back, and all that sort of thing, the result of which was an immediate pilgrimage to the sutler of the nearest German regiment — the German sutlers were allowed to sell beer — where the XX was soon broken and rapidly disbursed for very bad beer at very high prices. The finale was that about dark the gun squad reached camp with one member in a condition that suggested avoidance of official observation. Pat answered "sick in his quarters" when my name was called, and it was passed over. But the next morning Mitchell sent for me, and remarked, sententiously, "You were drunk last night."

"Yes, sir." (Very meekly.)

No punishment was inflicted, but terrible threats of "the fifth wheel," "spread eagle" and "barrel drill" were uttered in case the offense should be repeated. Moreover, the culprit was strictly enjoined not to let "the Old Man" hear of any such performances, as he had a fashion of disciplining the younger boys in the Battery with a halter strap or a birch limb, schoolmaster-fashion — a fact of which the writer was well aware!

There were several boys in the Battery who were so young that their mothers at home still cherished them, and were more solicitous about them than they would have been about full-grown sons. When these mothers found out that their boys had been detached in Stewart's Battery they would write to him, begging that he would look after their behavior, prevent them from falling into bad habits, such as drinking, gambling, etc., and authorizing him to deal with them as he would with his own children. The Old Man used to keep these letters handy, and when one of these boys offended he would draw his mother's letter on him with great effect. But the boys were pretty tough, on an average, and whenever Stewart caught them getting too much "commissary" or gambling or sassing the Sergeants or other small offenses of camp life, his methods of discipline would be truly paternal. Of course this sort of thing was wholly confined to the younger boys. With the grown men he observed the usual military methods. But it was worthy of note that the young boys who used to receive the halter strap or the birch limb at his hands never laid up resentment against him, and they were always the

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objects of his special care and affection. He always used to speak of these boys as "my laddies" — in his Scotch phrase — to distinguish them from the older men.

Another escapade was a rough-and-tumble fight one day at the forage train between the author and one of Reynolds's men, in which one of the combatants got pretty well mauled, and unfortunately that one was not Reynolds's man! This battle grew out of a dispute as to which of the two batteries had held its position the longer in the wreck of the first day of Gettysburg. Another "brilliant operation" was the "capture" of a large demijohn of whisky from the quarters of Capt. Jim Cooper, of Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania. This was taken from under the gallant Captain's bunk, while he lay in it one night, by cutting through the rear of the tent. Advantage was taken of a heavy shower of rain, which made so much noise beating upon the roof of the tent that Capt. Jim could not detect the operations in his flank and rear. It is not necessary to mention names, but several of the most distinguished warriors of our Battery were convinced that Capt. Jim Cooper was not only a most excellent officer and brave soldier, but also a thorough connoisseur in the matter of good whisky. In order to make it more binding we succeeded, with Mitchell's assistance, in getting one canteen of this nectar into the hands of the Old Man, thereby making him *particeps criminis*. And, to make the record entirely complete, the story went that when Capt. Cooper happened to visit Stewart the next day and bewailed the loss of his "supplies," Stewart sympathetically solaced him with a drink of his own whisky out of that same canteen, and neither of them was ever the wiser for it! But there was always a mystery as to who stole Capt. Jim Cooper's big demijohn!

Another incident occurred one night, just after dark, a short distance above our camp, where a two-horse sutler wagon loaded with "officers' stores" tipped over. Quite a number of us went up there to help put the wagon on its wheels again, but candor compels me to say that its load was much lighter when we got it righted than it was before. Among those who helped this poor sutler out of his difficulty were Henry Klinefelter, Tom Price, Johnny Cook, Anse Jillson, Billy Hinman, the author and others. It is quite possible that we "took our pay in advance," or words to that effect. I do not mean to say that any one of us was a boy who would take anything that did not belong to him — unless it belonged to an infantry sutler, which was considered as being different. The next day the sutler — whose ancestors had found shelter from the deluge in Noah's Ark — came over to our camp to complain to Stewart about it. The Old Man asked him what he had lost, and whether he could clearly identify the men who had helped right his wagon. He said he thought so, whereupon Stewart said that if he would come that evening at roll call he would walk down the battery line with him, and they would pick out the malefactors! It was a most peculiar coincidence, and I never knew how it occurred, but between the Old Man and Mitchell not a single one of those who had "assisted" the Hebrew sutler happened to be present at

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roll call that night! They were all "detailed" somewhere!! Probably on extra fatigue.

To get back to serious things, about this time, which was the early part of August, a general memorandum of the strength, services and losses of the Battery during the past year was prepared by Mitchell, assisted by Billy Irving and your humble servant. During the period covered by this memorandum it appeared that the effective strength of the Battery had varied from 130 in the return for August, 1862, to 63 in the return for July, 1863, which was the strength remaining just after Gettysburg. The monthly average had been about 103 enlisted men present for duty, and from 112 to 136 horses, according as we had 12 caissons or eight.

The losses had been as follows:

	Men.	Horses.
Second Bull Run	5 (3)	3
Antietam	44 (40)	40
Fredericksburg	10 (8)	11
Chancellorsville	4 (4)	..
Gettysburg	40 (36)	37
Total	103 (91)	91

Of the 103 men, 14 were killed and 10 mortally wounded, namely: Bull Run two, Antietam 12, Fredericksburg three, and Gettysburg seven. Phil Frazier, one of the four wounded at Chancellorsville, also died a little later than this.

The figures in parentheses refer to losses officially reported. It must be understood that there were many slight wounds temporarily incapacitating men from duty, but not severe enough to require hospital treatment. Stewart and Mitchell did not include such cases in the casualty returns. Besides, at Antietam, four infantrymen of the 7th Wisconsin were wounded while helping to carry ammunition, and two infantrymen were killed and two wounded at Gettysburg in the same way. These were not included in the Battery returns, but were nominally reported to their regiments.

It thus appears that the losses of the Battery in action during the year were about equal to its monthly average present for duty. Of course these appalling losses required an almost constant stream of recruits to keep the Battery supplied with anything like a working complement. It must be understood that the above account of losses includes only men killed or more or less disabled, or compelled to go to hospital for treatment of their wounds. If all those hit slightly were included, the Battery would have been wiped out, for at the time that memorandum was made out there was hardly a man in the Battery, veteran or recruit, who had not been hit or had the blood drawn or been bruised, or had his clothes torn by a bullet or a piece of shell! And yet, in all that fighting, the Battery had not lost a gun, had not been taken or run over by the enemy, had lost no equipment, except horses killed or caissons blown up or crippled by the enemy's shells in battle, and not a man had ever been known to flinch!

It will be seen that these figures differ slightly from those of the sketch as originally printed in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Those figures

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were given from memory only. These are the result of careful examination of the official records.

These ghastly facts were well known in the corps. In view of them the soldiers of the Iron Brigade nicknamed the Battery "Bloody B!" About this time an effort was made to obtain some more detached volunteers, in order to fill up the complement to 100 men. Among the regiments called on was the 14th Brooklyn, as gallant a lot of fellows as the army afforded, but no one volunteered. It was said that the word was passed among them: "Remember the Antietam Cornfield and the Railroad Cut of Gettysburg!" No one apparantly wanted any of that medicine! However, by return to duty of convalescents, who had been wounded in previous battles, the strength of the Battery was gradually brought up to a comfortable footing.

Our old boys had a fashion of returning to duty after severe wounds, which bespeaks the stuff that was in them more eloquently than eulogy could do. The Battery had lost prior to Gettysburg 52 men wounded, and yet quite a number of these were on hand at Gettysburg! And some of them were hit there again and went to hospital, and still returned to duty a third time! Eulogy would go to waste on such soldiers as they were!

As Stewart was the only officer now with the Battery, and needed a Second Lieutenant, he vehemently recommended the promotion of Ord. Serg't John Mitchell. This recommendation was approved by Gen. Wainwright and Gen. Hunt. About a month afterward the news came that the Orderly Sergeant had been made Second Lieutenant, and would be assigned to our Battery. This promotion gave great satisfaction to the men. We had heard that a young Lieutenant from West Point was to be assigned to us, and did not like that. Not that we had anything against West Pointers, but Mitchell was regarded by every man in the Battery as his personal friend, and they all felt that if ever a man had earned a promotion it was he. In the capacity of Lieutenant he was, of course, compelled to keep somewhat more aloof from the men than he had previously done, but he did not "put on any unnecessary style." Among "us veterans" he was "Jack Mitchell" always. In his subsequent career as an officer, either as second in command to Stewart or as commander of the Battery after Stewart left it in the Fall of 1864, Mitchell's intercourse with the old men who had served with him in the ranks was a curious blending of the commander and the comrade. To the new men who came in from time to time he was always the officer. And while he never really unbent his dignity with the old veterans, still it must be said that there were occasions when his perception was very dull. Sometimes the veterans would get drunk or get to fighting with other soldiers. On these occasions there would sometimes be exercise of no little ingenuity to subserve the forms of good discipline, and at the same time avoid punishing a man who "had fought at Antietam or at Gettysburg." Because it was almost a rule in the Battery that such veterans should not suffer any humiliating punish-

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ment. If he had a fault as an officer it was in the direction of partiality toward his veteran comrades in the ranks. But, after all, this was only a good streak of human nature.

Mitchell was full of droll Irish humor. One day in the Winter camp near Culpeper — as the boys told the story — there was a "personal difficulty" between Tom C—— and a volunteer artilleryman. Our Tom was a Wisconsin lumberman and a "honey-cooler," as the boys say. His antagonist in about two minutes looked as if he had been put through a 10-horse thrashing machine head first. Well, they were separated and arrested, and the volunteer Captain came over to see Mitchell about it, bringing his dilapidated man along. He wanted both men severely punished, and said he would punish his man at once if Mitchell would promise to inflict the same punishment on our Tom.

Mitchell looked the man over and replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, Captain, don't you think your man has got about all the punishment he needs?"

During these weeks of comparative inaction the natural turbulence of our boys expressed itself in several raids on the sutlers of neighboring infantry regiments and other offenses of camp life, which caused investigation, though nothing was distinctly located upon us. But suspicion was strong, and one day, when Stewart had gone to Washington on a brief leave and Mitchell was in command, the Acting Chief of Artillery of the corps came over to say that unless something was done to keep our boys from disturbing the infantry camps, fighting, etc., their liberty would be suspended — in other words, that the Battery would be "quarantined in camp," as we used to say.

In response to this Mitchell said that "the boys were always on hand when needed; that he did not pretend that they were Sunday-school scholars. As for the fighting which was complained of, he would do all he could to keep them peaceable, but it was necessary for the good of the service that they should keep their hand in!!" He was sorry to hear that they had tipped over the sutler's cart, of the 41st New York, as alleged, but if the sutler knew them as well as he did, he would be d — d glad that he got off that easy! In short, Mitchell said the best way to correct the turbulence of the Battery in camp as complained of would be to give them another chance at the enemy. The promotion of Mitchell made Andrew D. McBride Orderly Sergeant. Andy was one of the "Oldest Regulars," and had then just begun his third term of service in the Battery, having been with it in the Utah expedition. He was by no means so agreeable in his ways as Mitchell, but was a fine soldier, and a man of the most dauntless bravery. Some of the boys did not like him, and they nicknamed him "Snapping-turtle" and "the Old Buffalo Bull," and similar *sobriquets*. But underneath his rude exterior beat a heart as warm and as brave as ever tenanted a man's bosom, and when the boys got used to him there was no trouble. To me he was always kind and pleasant, exceptionally so, in fact, and my recollections of him are all agreeable.

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The group of boys whose portraits appear on page 127 represents five States. Freeman, Price, Shemmell, Hinman, Klinefelter and Johnson were from Wisconsin, Irving from Michigan, Knight from Indiana, Cook from Ohio and myself from New York. They were all under 20 years of age, and Cook was but 15. All were detached volunteers except Cook, who was a Regular. All of them had been in the battle of Antietam except Irving and myself, who had not then joined. All were at Gettysburg except Johnson, who had lost his right arm at Fredericksburg. All except Johnson were in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, and all of those except Irving, who fell at Spottsylvania, were at Bethesda Church and in the assaults on Petersburg. The casualties in this group of 10 boys were: Irving, killed; Shemmell, Johnson, Cook and Price wounded, more or less severely, and Knight, Klinefelter and Hinman slightly. Of those wounded all returned to duty and served out their terms of enlistment except John Johnson; and they are all alive at this writing except Billy Irving. No doubt there were many other groups of 10 boys in the army that could show a better record, but I am waiting to see it. It is a pleasure to add that all these boys have done tolerably well in life since the war, and, barring the scars of those wounded, are not much the worse for wear on account of what they went through during those eventful years of their youth. One of them, Henry G. Klinefelter, was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in the 51st Wisconsin after two years' service in the Battery.

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CHAPTER VI.

A SPECIMEN SCOUT—CLERKING AT HEADQUARTERS—COURTS-MARTIAL—MR. LINCOLN'S CLEMENCY—MANY CONVICTED BUT FEW EXECUTED—SHOOTING DESERTERS—PUBLIC SENTIMENT AMONG THE TROOPS—REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—THE NEW FIFTH CORPS—GEN. WARREN—GEN. GRANT'S VIEWS—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—HALT IN THE WILDERNESS.

I WAS not immediately familiar with the movements of the corps or operations of the Artillery Brigade after October, 1863, being detailed about that time for clerical duty at headquarters in connection with courts-martial, many of which were going on at that time—a bit of "soft duty," for which I was indebted to the good graces of Lieut. Mitchell; so I will not attempt to describe in detail the work of the Battery during the Mine Run campaign, in November, 1863, except to say that its services were limited to marching and countermarching, until it finally went into Winter quarters near Culpeper Court-house about the 1st of December with the rest of the First Corps and the army generally.

The operations of the Army of the Potomac immediately after Gettysburg were not marked by any great events. There was a great deal of marching and manuvering, with occasional skirmishes, mainly by the cavalry, rarely ever involving more than one brigade, and a good many reconnoissances in force, involving exchange of shots, but no affair of any considerable importance happened until about the middle of October, when a large skirmish or small battle occurred at Bristoe between the Second and Fifth Corps and a division of cavalry on our side and a variously-estimated force of the enemy. At headquarters this affair used to be discussed by officers, and the prevailing sentiment was that Gen. Meade had a good opportunity to strike a heavy and probably successful blow there, but lost it in consequence of the lack of concentration of his forces, the different corps of the army being at that moment even more widely dispersed than they were on the eve of Gettysburg. It was known in our camp that Lee had reduced his army by sending Longstreet's Corps out West to reinforce Bragg, and all the information we could get was that his remaining forces were at low ebb numerically.

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About this time we boys at headquarters made the acquaintance of one of our scouts, who used to be about headquarters frequently. He had a large and varied assortment of names, of which the one best known to us was Graham. He was a cool, taciturn, gray-eyed man, who always gave you the idea that he was not a good subject to "project with." He had several times gone into the Confederate lines, and at the particular time in mind he had just returned from a trip to Richmond. He had made his way thither from Washington by way of Suffolk, through the Black Water country to Petersburg, and thence to Richmond, where he had remained some time. He had then gone to Gordonsville and thence across the mountains into the Shenandoah Valley. From there he had made his way back to our army near Warrenton.

It is not easy to comprehend the perils that would surround such a journey as this at that time. Detection and capture meant death without benefit of clergy. He had an assortment of Confederate passes under different names, and we used to wonder how on earth he could have obtained them. Some of the boys used to tip the wink and whisper to one another that possibly Graham was a "universal scout," and that he divided his services impartially between Meade and Lee.

However, the information he used to bring in as to the positions of Lee's forces and their approximate strength and condition were as accurate as his means of observation would permit. If, as some of the boys about headquarters suspected, he gave equally valuable information about our army to Lee, it was at least a stand off. As remarked, this fellow was ordinarily taciturn, but once in a while he would thaw out a little, and then his stories of adventure were almost incredible, but he had a peculiar fashion of relating them in a low tone of voice, and in such a nonchalant, matter-of-fact manner that it was impossible to discredit him. One of his most remarkable stories, however, was amply vouched for by attendant facts which formed *prima-facie* evidence. He was a printer by trade, and on one of his scouts had "worked at the case" in a job printing office in Richmond, which had a contract to do confidential printing for the Confederate War Department. In this manner he had possessed himself of secret circulars and other confidential matter of more or less importance, and, finally, and most important of all, a copy of a report printed in confidence for the use of members of the Confederate Congress.

This report related to the condition of supplies available for the use of the Confederate army in the Spring of 1863, giving estimates of the meat, flour, cornmeal, etc., then in the Confederacy, together with an estimate, based on previous averages, as to the extent to which it was safe to depend on the blockade runners for additional supplies. Among other things, this circular referred to barreled beef and pork shipped from New York, Boston and other Northern ports, on board English vessels, ostensibly for Liverpool, but actually taken to Bermuda and Nassau, and thence reshipped in blockade runners for Wilmington, Mobile, Savannah, and other points in the Confederacy. There was one amusing clause in this report complaining

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that some of the meat, particularly the beef, was damaged, and suggesting that the barrels "bore marks of previous condemnation by the inspecting officers of the Federal navy." It was recommended that the Confederacy ought to have inspectors at the Northern ports (New York, Boston and Philadelphia) whence this meat was shipped, as it appeared that the Inspectors they did have at Bermuda and Nassau seemed to be inefficient! This suggestion that the Rebels ought to have inspectors stationed at the principal Northern ports to inspect provisions shipped thence by way of Nassau and Bermuda for their army struck me as quite absurd. And yet it was a fact—and, to the Confederates themselves, a most important consideration! There was one thing about this scout that attracted the attention and commanded the profound respect of all of us boys. Several of us, myself included, considered ourselves artists with a six-shooter. We used to practice frequently, and most of us could put all six bullets into a playing card at 12 paces. Among the clerks at headquarters Charley Drake, of the 1st Jersey, and the writer, were considered about the best pistol marksman. But we all "laid down our playthings" when Graham came along. He had a very fine pair of square-barreled (that is to say, octagon) dragoon pistols, pattern of 1857 (Colt's), which had been presented to him by Gen. Hooker on the occasion of a certain very dangerous and important scouting expedition. At least, so he said. They had ivory butts, silver mountings and elaborately carved barrels, and he was inordinately proud of them. He always wore them when awake, and when asleep he kept them nestled in his bosom, inside his blanket. With these pistols Graham would perform wonders. He was always wanting one of us to hold a lit cigar in the teeth and let him knock the ash off from it at 10 paces. None of us would do that, but he would take a cigar that had been smoked enough to make one-half or three-fourths of an inch of ash on it, stick it in a crack in a post and then knock the ash off every time. We have seen him take a blouse and button it around a bundle of straw or cornstalks and then drive every button in, one after another, from the top down, at 12 paces. But his most remarkable feat was to take his pistol in one hand and an empty quart bottle in the other. He would then throw his pistol up in the air and fling the bottle after it; when he would catch the pistol as it came down, cock it and shatter the bottle before it struck the ground! This he would do at least three times out of four. So we all concluded that he would not be a good sort of person to intercept anywhere on the road! However, a truce to these trifles.

After the Bristoe affair the Artillery Brigade of the First Corps underwent some changes. Hall's 2d Maine was detached and went in the reserve or home to recruit, and Dow's 6th Maine, Rigby's Maryland Battery and Mink's Battery (H), 1st New York Light Artillery, came in. Dow's battery was soon afterward sent to the Second Corps, and the Marylanders went to the reserve, but Mink remained with us to the end of the war. Mink's Battery was an institution, and Charley Mink himself was one of "the characters" of the army. They had been in the Peninsular campaign in

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1862, but had remained with the old Fourth Corps, under Dix's command, when the rest of McClellan's army came back to Washington, so that they had not shared in the fighting of the Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville or Gettysburg. But when the Fourth Corps was broken up in August, 1863, they came to Camp Barry, and were thence assigned to the Artillery Brigade of the First Corps. Mink's Battery had been raised in Oswego and Lewis Counties, State of New York, and was composed of the best class of young men of that region. Their discipline was not exactly of the style prevalent among the Regulars, but, as the sequel showed, they would fight whenever it came their turn, and "fight all over," too! From the time they joined the Artillery Brigade of the First Corps in October, 1863, until the surrender at Appomattox, there was no battery — volunteer or Regular — in the army that made a better record than Mink's, and no lot of boys were better neighbors or pleasanter comrades, at least so far as we were concerned. Every survivor of Stewart's Battery will agree that there was no more cordial or pleasant comradeship than that which always existed between us and the gallant volunteers of Charley Mink's Battery (H), of the 1st New York, from the camp at Warrenton in 1863 to the Grand Review at Washington in 1865. They made for themselves an enviable place in the military history of the Union.

Early in October the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were sent out to reinforce Rosecrans's army, and they all remained out West during the remainder of the war. At this time (October, 1863,) the Army of the Potomac struck its "low-water mark" of strength in actual present for duty. After the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps went away and the nine months' regiments in all the corps were mustered out, the army could not muster more than 50,000 muskets, if so many. The First Corps did not have quite 10,000, the Second Corps not more than 11,000, the Third about 7,000, the Fifth and Sixth probably 11,000 apiece, and there was about 5,000 or 5,500 cavalry. Therefore the writers who criticize Meade's Mine Run campaign as a "fiasco" do not take sufficient account of all the facts. The "defense of Washington" was then, as it always had been, the primary consideration, and in the Fall of 1863 the Army of the Potomac had doubtless become so weak in numbers that it was not considered prudent to take the risks which an energetic offensive campaign south of the Rapidan would have involved. These matters were discussed by officers about Gen. Patrick's headquarters, and the impression at the time was that our authorities at Washington had adopted a waiting policy, partly in belief that every day of delay weakened the Confederacy, and partly because it had become necessary to take energetic steps to recruit up our own forces for a final effort.

After the Bristoe affair Lee retreated again, the army following him back to the country between the Rapidan and Rappahannock. Here an affair occurred at Rappahannock Station in which Russell's Division, of the Sixth Corps, showed that the old spirit was still strong in the breasts

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of our men, and taught the enemy a lesson of caution which their long immunity from serious attack had put them very much in need of.

Lee now retreated to the south side of the Rapidan, and about the first week in November the Army of the Potomac took up a line based on Culpeper Courthouse, and picketed the north bank of the Rapidan with cavalry or infantry, or both, from the mouth of Cedar Run on our right to Germania Ford on the left, a distance of over 20 miles. The troops now generally supposed that this would be Winter quarters, as the season was unusually cold and wet, the roads bad, and there was every indication of a severe Winter for that latitude. They therefore went to work at once to build huts, and soon made themselves quite comfortable. The camp of the First Corps was along the road to Raccoon Ford, in the neighborhood of Pony Mountain, where the signal station was. The ground was a ridge forming the divide between two small streams emptying into the Rapidan, so that it was dry and afforded good drainage for the camps. There was plenty of timber in the neighborhood both for log huts and fuel, the front and flank were easily guarded, the railroad from Alexandria was soon repaired and got in running order to Brandy Station, and soon after to Culpeper, so that we had a competent line of supply, and everybody settled down to the pleasant anticipation of a good long rest.

But this did not suit the home-guard editors, who, with Horace Greeley at their head, now redoubled their shrieks of "On to Richmond." The disgust of the troops at the front on account of these tirades was unspeakable. The editors were all either too old or too cowardly to come to the front, and exploited their "patriotism" by urging gallant soldiers on to useless slaughter, as if their exploits in the same direction the previous Winter, when they goaded the President to order Burnside's miserable butchery of Fredericksburg, was not enough.

However, the howling of these journalistic "strategists" had its effect, as it had so often done before, and the result was that the army, just as it had begun to get a little rest and take some comfort, was routed out, put in motion, and in the last week of November, in the midst of cold rain and sleet, crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford. On this occasion the Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Corps, and the cavalry, with the First Corps in reserve, advanced toward Orange Courthouse on the pike and plank roads until they encountered Lee's army in a strong position, well intrenched, along the west bank of Mine Run. This stream heads about two or three miles south of the plank road, and flows directly north, emptying into the Rapidan near Brooks's Ford, or, as some of the inhabitants call it, "Jake's Ford." In its course it crosses both the plank road and the pike, and for the greater part of the way its west bank affords positions commanding all passable roads from the north and east. Here they found Lee, with a force variously estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000 men, in strong earthworks and abundantly supplied with artillery. After careful reconnoissance and some cannonading our Generals discovered conclusively that to assail these works with the 40,000 or 45,000 troops

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then effective in the Army of the Potomac would be simply to repeat the butchery of Fredericksburg, and they at once retraced their steps to the camps north of the Rapidan, where they were content to remain the rest of the Winter. This camp was the most comfortable Winter quarters they had ever enjoyed. Camp was not moved or disturbed from the 1st of December until May following, a period of five months. The men built log huts for themselves and stables for the horses. Supplies of every description were plenty and of good quality. During the Winter a good many men whose terms would expire during the following Summer re-enlisted under the veteran law, receiving bounties amounting to $1,000 in many cases, together with 30-day furloughs to visit their homes. About 25,000, or perhaps more, re-enlisted in this manner during the Winter. As before remarked, I saw but little of this Winter camp, being detached on clerical duty at headquarters from Oct. 10, 1863, to April 12, 1864.

During the Gettysburg campaign, particularly after the battle, there had been an enormous number of desertions, largely from the Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and New England regiments. Along in September and October of 1863 many deserters had been apprehended in the North and sent back to the army. It is stated in the histories that 5,000 men deserted the Army of the Potomac between May and August, 1863. So in the Fall of 1863 Gen. Meade determined to see if something could not be done to put a stop to this evil. He therefore ordered that courts-martial should be convened in every division, and a more vigorous mode of dealing with deserters put in practice. It was currently understood that every man against whom a clear case of willful desertion could be proved should be sentenced to death.

Of course no such order was issued in those words, but the wish of the Commander-in-Chief was well known to all officers forming courts-martial. The death sentences began to roll in frightfully. The clerks actually sickened with the fearful iteration of copying the phrase, "And the Court, more than two-thirds thereof concurring therein, do therefore sentence him, the said Private ——, of Co. —, —th regiment, —— volunteers, to be shot to death with musketry, at such time and place as the commanding General may direct."

These findings, after being copied and filed, were sent on to Washington for review by the President. In hardly any case were they returned approved, with orders for execution; but they came back pardoned, or commuted in various ways, from imprisonment at hard labor from six months to two years, down to, in some cases, "forfeiture of three months' pay," or "making good the time lost by desertion," etc. This was very disheartening to Gen. Meade, who could not see how he was to maintain discipline if the power to punish malefactors was taken from him or reduced to a farce, as above described. Besides, the good, honest men who stuck to their duty felt that it was unjust to them to let skulkers and deserters off so easy, and they began to wonder whether, after all, it paid to be faithful to duty in that army.

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On one occasion we made up a list of 186 death sentences by courts-martial for such offenses as desertion, sleeping on picket post, robbery, and even murder of comrades or of civilians, insubordination in the face of the enemy, etc., and the record showed that only three out of the 186 were approved by the President and executed. Of these three, two were for rape and the other one for murdering an officer. It is doubtless true that, in the last two years of the war particularly, courts-martial dealt out death sentences with a pretty lavish hand, and so Mr. Lincoln's clemency was in many cases well timed. This was chiefly true of "sleeping on post" cases, where often a soldier, already exhausted by long march or enfeebled by disease, would succumb to the resistless requirements of nature and fall asleep. There was one case in which the evidence showed that the accused—a private of the 8th New York Cavalry, a gallant and faithful boy soldier—had been on continuous duty for 48 hours on a raid, when he was put on picket, and not relieved for seven hours; yet this boy was sentenced to be "shot to death with musketry," though the members of the court-martial themselves recommended him to Executive clemency on the grounds above stated. Of course he was pardoned and restored to duty at once. But in many of the desertion, robbery and murder cases the President's clemency was mistaken, and did much harm to the cause of discipline by saving lives which were of no value, and by filling the military prisons with a class of desperadoes who frequently committed crime for the purpose of escaping battle by going to prison, and who, when released by the amnesty at the close of the war, became simply so many professional criminals let loose upon society. Besides, it was an injustice and hardship on the good soldiers and honest men of a command. Every veteran knows that three or four inveterate deadbeats, skulkers or thieves among a company or battery of 90 or 100 men would destroy the reputation of the entire command, and cause no end of annoyance and humiliation to the honest and faithful men, no matter how largely they might be in the majority. For this reason the more respectable public opinion of the army always favored strict discipline. If there were 50 men in a company, and one committed a grave crime, all the other 49

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

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thought he ought to be punished. They could see no reason why they themselves should stick to their duty if one rascally sneak or deserter was permitted to go unscathed. From this point of view Mr. Lincoln's habitual clemency certainly had a bad effect on the discipline of the army.

During my time at Provost headquarters there was not one execution or even death sentence of a light artilleryman; in fact, but three men belonging to that arm of the service were executed in the Army of the Potomac during the whole war. They were Private Chandler, of Battery K, 4th Regulars, shot in front of Petersburg, September, 1864, for desertion; and Privates Clarke and Dermody, of Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania, hanged for murder near Washington in March, 1863. From August, 1863, to May, 1864, there were in the Army of the Potomac two executions in the 14th Connecticut, one in the 3d and two in the 5th Maine, one in the 3d and another in the 4th Maryland, one in the 15th Massachusetts and one in the Andrew (Massachusetts) Sharpshooters, one in the 4th Jersey, nine or 10 in different New York regiments, seven in Pennsylvania regiments, two from Vermont and one from the 11th Regular Infantry. The most remarkable of these executions occurred in the 118th Pennsylvania (the "Corn Exchange Regiment") the last Friday in August, 1863, when they shot four deserters at once. This was the most comprehensive execution that ever took place in the Army of the Potomac. It was conducted with extraordinary solemnity. The 118th belonged to the First Brigade of Griffin's Division, Fifth Corps. How Mr. Lincoln was ever induced to approve the sentences of these unfortunate men no one can ever know; but he did, and the result was a scene which no soldier of the Fifth Army Corps can ever forget. Of these executions the writer witnessed quite enough to satisfy any reasonable curiosity, though subsequently he saw three more, one near Winchester in the Valley campaign of 1864 by drumhead court-martial, and the other two in front of Petersburg, shortly before the beginning of the Appomattox campaign. On one occasion the culprit, a man named Folancey, of the 118th Pennsylvania, was not killed by the firing party, though hit by several bullets. He sat down on the ground and moaned piteously, swaying his head from side to side, dazed by the horrors of his situation, but still realizing it! The Deputy Provost Marshal approached him, revolver in hand, to perform his cruel duty, but seemed to falter. For a moment every one held his breath. You could have heard a pin drop anywhere on the field. The officer in charge of the ceremonies, a Pennsylvania Colonel and a good-hearted man who, it is presumed, would prefer not to have his honorable name identified with such a horror, spurred his horse up to the Deputy Provost and sternly commanded, "Do your duty, sir!" The Deputy, a young Lieutenant, let go of his revolver and it fell to the ground. The Colonel then dismounted, drew his own pistol and shot the man just above the right ear, instantly terminating his sufferings!

It was said that the Lieutenant resigned and left the service. But everybody who saw it pitied the Colonel, who really never got over the terrible affair; though if he was a philosophical man he should have dismissed

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it from his mind as a matter of duty performed—extremely disagreeable, perhaps, but still absolutely necessary under the circumstances. Six months of clerical duty at or in connection with the office of the Provost Marshal General might of itself furnish interesting matter for a narrative, but could hardly be included in a sketch like this. Suffice to say, that it was "clerking" quite as much as a similar position in civil life would be, and bore little or no resemblance to real soldiering. During October, November and part of December the work was, as previously described, confined to court-martial cases, and was done at headquarters, Brandy Station. During the latter part of December I was detailed on special duty as clerk to an officer ordered to report to Washington, and went thence to Norfolk, where I remained until ordered back to the front.

Thus the Winter of 1863–64 passed pleasantly, and my delightful six months of "soft duty" from October to April was veritably the "calm before the storm" which ensued from May to November of 1864! During the last week in March we heard of the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, in which the First Corps was merged in the Fifth and the Third in the Second. This was soon followed by a general order requiring all able-bodied men on detached service to report to their commands in the field. I had got tired of the Provost service and of clerical duty generally, and so was glad of a chance to take the field. My only regret for leaving Norfolk was that it would necessarily break up an association that had become very pleasant. However, yielding gracefully to the fortune of war, and after a farewell visit to the little girl across the river in Portsmouth, I took a Government steamboat for Washington, and the next morning arrived at Alexandria, reported promptly to the officer of the Provost guard and asked for transportation to the front.

At this time the troops were being sent on partly by rail and partly by marching. Many re-enlisted veterans were returning at this time from their furloughs, and there were also large numbers of "big-bounty" recruits from the North. The former, as a rule, were allowed to make the best of their way to the front in squads, as it was assumed that they were honest soldiers and would not desert; but the "bounty-jumpers," conscripts, substitutes and "coffee-boilers" were sent forward under heavy guard, which never let go of them until they were receipted for by the officers to whose commands they were assigned. The officer, finding my destination to be the Fifth Corps, told me to "go and fall in with that detachment," indicating a party some distance away halted in the street. Approaching near enough to these to observe that they were a gang of the "recruits" above described, under a strong guard, I returned to the officer and asked him to spare me the humiliation of being marched to the front between files of Provost guards, calling his attention to my descriptive list and passes, which were good anywhere within the lines of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina and the Army of the Potomac. He examined them, and then said: "Well, there is a detachment of returning veterans going down by rail pretty soon, and you can go to the depot and

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join them. They do not travel under guard." This officer, who was a very pleasant gentleman, seemed amused at my earnest disinclination to join the procession of bounty-jumpers, and said that "he could understand why a soldier who had always done his duty and had no intention of deserting should dislike to be thrown into such company. But we have to handle these men in that way," he continued, "because many of them would desert at the first opportunity."

Making the best of my way to the railroad, I found a train of cattle-cars and common box-cars, provided with rough board seats or benches, and pretty full of "returning veterans," most of whom were "pretty full" themselves. But I happened to espy some familiar faces belonging to regiments in Wadsworth's Division, and so climbed into their car and felt more at home. The next morning I marched down to the Battery camp, reported for duty and was assigned to a team at first, but soon after to my old post of No. 3. The old fellows "hazed" me a little to make up for my six months of "soft duty." This "hazing" was as follows: On returning to the Battery my attire was a natty tailor-made uniform of "officers' cloth" and calf-skin boots, which it had been my custom to wear while on headquarter's duty. As soon as the old fellows "got onto" this outfit they immediately "arrested me" and convened a "court-martial" at the forage pile, before which they arraigned me with due solemnity. The charge was: "Conduct unbecoming an artilleryman." The specifications were:

"DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE."

1. Six months' absence on "soft duty."

2. Sleeping in a feather bed so long that he had forgotten the uses of an army blanket.

The trial was rather summary, and the accused was found guilty on all the specifications.

He was then sentenced "to be 'tossed' six times in the aforesaid blanket — one for each month of absence — in order to familiarize him with an army blanket once more." Of course there was no use resisting or appealing to the officers for protection, as they never interfered with the diversions of the men. So I asked them to find a soft spot of ground, and submitted with good grace. They did not break any of my bones, but there were "feeling reminders" of my "punishment" for several days.

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The Army of the Potomac at this time was at its best. It was not as strong numerically as it had been under Burnside at Fredericksburg or under Hooker at Chancellorsville, but nearly all the men were veterans, and as a fighting machine it was incomparably superior to what it ever had been before. There was much speculation among the men as to what direction the army would take, though every one was satisfied that it would be an overland campaign. Some thought we would cross the Rapidan at and above Raccoon Ford and strike Lee right in the face at Orange Courthouse, assaulting his works as we came to them. Grant's known propensity to "move immediately upon your works" gave strength to this theory. Others surmised that we would move by way of Madison Courthouse, strike the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, and then make a push for Gordonsville to get in on Lee's left and rear. This the veterans said would be analogous to Grant's strategy in the preliminary operations about Vicksburg. Still others — who, by the way, were in the minority, though their theory proved true — argued that "Old Unconditional Surrender," as we called him, would cross lower down, at Germania and Elley's Ford, and push straight for Richmond, which would give Lee the choice of a rough-and-tumble in the Wilderness or a race between the two armies, we moving by the way of Spottsylvania and Hanover Junction, while Lee would move by way of Louisa Courthouse and Goochland. It is needless to remark that Lee chose the "rough-and-tumble in the Wilderness." Well, by the 1st of May our spare stuff and Winter-quarter plunder generally had been accounted for, turned in and receipted. Our horses had all been shod up, harness oiled and mended, wheeled gear overhauled, ammunition chests filled, and everything put in campaign order. There had been changes in the Battery; it had received recruits during the Winter. Some of the old men belonging to the regiments of the Iron Brigade had returned to their commands, as they had re-enlisted. It seemed that some of the new material was inferior to the old, but between the iron discipline that pervaded the army generally under Grant, and the moral influence of what remained of the old class of men, our new men were brought pretty squarely into line.

The new Fifth Corps, to which we belonged after the reorganization, was made up of the old Fifth consolidated into two divisions, with the old First similarly consolidated, which made four divisions in the new Fifth. The First Division, commanded by Gen. Griffin, was made up of old Fifth Corps troops. It was in three brigades, commanded respectively by Gen. Sweitzer; Gen. Ayres and Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett, of New York. The Second Division, old First Corps troops, commanded by Gen. John C. Robinson, was also in three brigades, commanded respectively by Gen. Leonard, Gen Baxter and Gen. Denison. Denison's Brigade was composed exclusively of Maryland troops, and had not been with the old First long prior to the consolidation. They were not with us at Gettysburg. The Third Divison was old Fifth Corps troops, commanded by Gen. Crawford, and was in two brigades. under Gens. McCandless and Fisher, and

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consisted entirely of those magnificent veterans, the Pennsylvania Reserves. The Fourth Division, commanded by Gen. Wadsworth, was the flower of the old First Corps, and contained the old regiments with which we were most familiar, particularly the Iron Brigade and Rice's, which had been Cutler's old brigade in the Gettysburg campaign. Gen. Bartlett's Brigade, of the First Division, to which we were attached afterward, was also a splendid body of men, consisting of seven regiments of re-enlisted veterans from Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan. This brigade had been specially organized for Gen. Bartlett, and, without disparaging others, it was an extraordinarily fine body of troops. It was not only one of the largest brigades in the army, numerically, but had in its ranks a much greater percentage of re-enlisted veterans than any other. Its commander was quite generally recognized as one of the best officers in the whole army, who had risen to General rank from enlistment in the volunteers. He was young, handsome, popular, in short, the beau-ideal of a soldier. The detailed organization of the new Fifth Corps at this time (May 1) was as follows:

PROVOST GUARD.

12th New York Battalion, Maj. Henry W. Rider.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Charles Griffin.

First Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Romeyn B. Ayres.

140th New York, Col. George Ryan.
146th New York, Col. David T. Jenkins.
91st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Joseph H. Sinex.
155th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Alfred L. Pearson.
2d Regulars, Companies B, C, F, H, I and K, Capt. James W. Long.
11th Regulars, Companies B, C, D, E, F and G, 1st Battalion, Capt. Francis M. Cooley.
12th Regulars, Companies A, B, C, D and G, 1st Battalion, Maj. Luther B. Bruen.
12th Regulars, Companies A, C, D, F and H, 2d Battalion, Maj. Luther B. Bruen.
14th Regulars, 1st Battalion, Capt. E. McK. Hudson.
17th Regulars, Companies A, C, D, G and H, 1st Battalion, Capt. James F. Grimes.
17th Regulars, Companies A, B and C, 2d Battalion, Capt. James F. Grimes.

Second Brigade — Col. Jacob B. Sweitzer.

9th Massachusetts, Col. Patrick R. Guiney.
22d Massachusetts,* Col. William S. Tilton.
32d Massachusetts, Col. George L. Prescott.
4th Michigan, Lieut.-Col. George W. Lumbard.
62d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. James C. Hull.

Third Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett.

20th Maine, Maj. Ellis Spear.
18th Massachusetts, Col. Joseph Hayes.
1st Michigan, Lieut.-Col. William A. Throop.
16th Michigan, Maj. Robert T. Elliott.
44th New York, Lieut.-Col. Freeman Conner.
83d Pennsylvania, Col. O. S. Woodward.
118th Pennsylvania, Col. James Gwyn.

* Second Company Massachusetts Sharpshooters attached.

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SECOND DIVISION.
Brig.-Gen. John C. Robinson.

First Brigade — Col. Samuel H. Leonard.
16th Maine, Col. Charles W. Tilden.
13th Massachusetts, Capt. Charles H. Hovey.
39th Massachusetts, Col. Phineas S. Davis.
104th New York, Col. Gilbert G. Prey.

Second Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Henry Baxter.
12th Massachusetts, Col. James L. Bates.
83d New York (9th Militia), Col. Joseph A. Moesch.
97th New York, Col. Charles Wheelock.
11th Pennsylvania, Col. Richard Coulter.
88th Pennsylvania, Capt. George B. Rhoads.
90th Pennsylvania, Col. Peter Lyle.

Third Brigade — Col. Andrew W. Denison.
1st Maryland, Maj. Benjamin H. Schley.
4th Maryland, Col. Richard N. Bowerman.
7th Maryland, Col. Charles E. Phelps.
8th Maryland, Lieut.-Col. John G. Johannes.

THIRD DIVISION.
Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford.

First Brigade — Col. William McCandless.
1st Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. William C. Talley.
2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Patrick McDonough.
6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Wellington H. Ent.
7th Pennsylvania Reserves, Maj. Le Grand V. Speece.
11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Samuel M. Jackson.
13th Pennsylvania Reserves (1st Rifles), Maj. W. R. Hartshorn.

Third Brigade — Col. Joseph W. Fisher.
5th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Col. George Dare.
8th Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Silas M. Bailey.
10th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Ira Ayer, Jr.
12th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Richard Gustin.

FOURTH DIVISION.
Brig.-Gen. James S. Wadsworth.

First Brigade — Brig.-Gen. Lysander Cutler.
7th Indiana, Col. Ira G. Grover.
19th Indiana, Col. Samuel J. Williams.
24th Michigan, Col. Henry A. Morrow.
1st New York Battalion Sharpshooters, Capt. Volney J, Shipman.
2d Wisconsin, Lieut.-Col. John Mansfield.
6th Wisconsin, Col. Edward S. Bragg.
7th Wisconsin, Col. William W. Robinson.

Second Brigade — Brig.-Gen. James C. Rice.
76th New York, Lieut.-Col. John E. Cook.
84th New York (14th Militia), Col. Edward B. Fowler.
95th New York, Col. Edward Pye.
147th New York, Col. Francis C. Miller.
56th Pennsylvania, Col. J. William Hofmann.

Third Brigade — Col. Roy Stone.
121st Pennsylvania, Capt. Samuel T. Lloyd.
142d Pennsylvania, Maj. Horatio N. Warren.
143d Pennsylvania, Col. Edmund L. Dana.
149th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. John Irvin.
150th Pennsylvania, Capt. George W. Jones.

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Artillery Brigade—Col. Charles S. Wainwright.
*3d Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Augustus P. Martin.
*5th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Charles A. Phillips.
*1st New York Light, Battery D, Capt. George B. Winslow.
†1st New York Light, Batteries E and L, Lieut. George Breck.
†1st New York Light, Battery H, Capt. Charles E. Mink.
4th New York Heavy, 2d Battalion, Maj. William Arthur.
†1st Pennsylvania Light, Battery B, Capt. James H. Cooper.
†4th Regulars, Battery B, Capt. James Stewart.
*5th Regulars, Battery D, Lieut. B. F. Rittenhouse.

The Artillery Brigade of the new Fifth Corps consisted of eight batteries, being those of the old First and Fifth together, of which six were volunteer and two Regular. The Regular batteries were ours and Rittenhouse's (D of the 5th Regulars). The Chief of Artillery of the corps was Gen. Wainwright, who had held the same position in the old First Corps. The volunteer batteries were Martin's and Phillips's 3d and 5th Massachusetts, Winslow's, Breck's and Mink's New Yorkers and Cooper's old 1st Pennsylvania. Of these Mink's, Breck's and Cooper's had been with us in the old First Corps, Breck's being the battery that had formerly been known as Reynolds's. The two Maine batteries that had been with us in the First Corps—Hall's 2d and Stevens's 5th—had not come into the new Fifth Corps, but had been transferred, Hall's to the Ninth Corps and Stevens's, which had been home during the Winter to "veteranize," had been put into the Reserve Artillery. We were sorry to lose Stevens's Battery, because it had been shoulder to shoulder—or, as artillerymen say, "hub to hub"—with us for nearly two years, and was one of the very best volunteer batteries in the army. It had no superior, and but few equals, Regular or volunteer.

A close fellowship always prevailed between the batterymen of an artillery brigade, similar to that between companies in the same regiment. They were usually camped together at or near corps headquarters, and were commanded by a Chief of Artillery, who reported directly to and received orders direct from the Corps Commander. In the old First Corps ours had been the only Regular Battery in the Artillery Brigade, but now Rittenhouse's (D of the 5th) was with us. This was a distinguished battery. It was Griffin's old battery, and enjoyed the rare distinction of having been in action at the First Bull Run. It had done yeoman service in the Peninsular campaign under Capt. Kingsbury, where it had been mentioned in nearly every battle report. Its men always claimed that they had captured the flag of an Alabama regiment in one of the Seven Days' battles in front of Richmond, but that it had been stolen by the infantry regiment that was supporting them, and the infantry received credit for it in the official reports. Their story was that they were charged by this Alabama regiment and broke it all to pieces with their canister about 100 feet from their muzzles, the remnants fleeing in such confusion that they left their colors lying on the ground in front of Battery D. But some

*Old Fifth Corps Batteries.
†Old First Corps Batteries.

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of the infantry, who were lying down in line with them, ran out and picked up this flag and then claimed it as their own capture, though they had not pulled a trigger, and the Rebel charge had been repulsed by the battery alone. If Battery D had been properly credited with the capture of this stand of colors it would have been a unique distinction, as there was no similar case recorded on either side during the whole war.

There is also official evidence that Battery D was entitled to the honor of having captured these colors. Gen. Fitz-John Porter, in a special memorandum dated Headquarters Fifth Army Corps, July 8, 1862, and addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, says:

I desire to state that another flag was taken by a regiment of Couch's Division at the battle of Malvern Hill from a Rebel regiment which had been already cut to pieces by the destructive fire of Kingsbury's Battery. This flag is properly a trophy of this battery, although it is held and claimed by the above-named regiment of Couch's Division.

Rittenhouse's Battery was a very fine organization. It was manned, the same as ours, largely by detached volunteers, but mainly New Englanders, New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, while ours were mostly Western men from Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan, with only a few New Yorkers. Its *esprit du corps* ran very high, and a sharp rivalry naturally sprung up between them and us. It was, however, a generous and good-natured rivalry, never resulting in any personal difficulties, though some debates about the prowess of our respective batteries were pretty animated. At this time (May, 1864,) Battery D had doubtless been in a greater number of actions than Stewart's had; but it had never faced such "music by the full band" as old B faced at the Antietam Cornfield, or even at the Gettysburg Railroad Cut, excepting, of course, the First Bull Run, where it was nearly destroyed as to its personnel, and lost all its guns. It was in a pretty hot place on Little Round Top at Gettysburg also, as noted in a previous chapter. Its principal laurels up to this time had been won in the Peninsular campaign, where it belonged to Fitz-John Porter's Corps, and was held by that corps in much the same estimation as Stewart's Battery was held by the old First Corps. But with all the record of Griffin's Battery, there was nothing in its history to compare with the terrific and almost incredible fight that old B made in front of the Cornfield at Antietam, which statement is equally true of every other battery in the army.

Battery D was armed with the 10-pounder Parrott, which was always considered inferior to the three-inch rifle. The Parrott rifles were made on a bad plan, being of cast iron, with a wrought-iron band shrunk on over the breech. They frequently broke off just forward of this reinforce, and sometimes blew up with fatal results to their Cannoneers. But a 12-pounder Napoleon or a three-inch wrought-iron rifle was never known to blow up. If anything could justify desertion by a Cannoneer it would be an assignment to a Parrott battery! However, Griffin's boys managed to get a great deal of glory out of those abominable old Parrott guns they had from Bull Run to Appomattox, under Griffin himself, or Kingsbury, or Hazlett, or Rittenhouse, or Rawles, one time or another.

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On the Regular Army list John Gibbon was still Captain of Battery B, while Charles Griffin held the same relation to Battery D; but both batteries were actually commanded by their Lieutenants, while the two Captains were both Major-Generals of volunteers — Griffin commanding a division in our own corps and Gibbon a division in the Second Corps, and both afterward commanding army corps. Under these circumstances it is easy to see that there must have been a sharp rivalry between two such batteries, each having a brilliant record of its own. But very few names of the men in Griffin's old Battery linger in my memory. The officers I recollect are Kingsbury, Hazlett, Rittenhouse, Van Reed, Catlin and Rawles. Of the men I can recall only Ord. Serg't Tom Broderick, one of the handsomest soldiers in the army; Serg't Grady and a few of the Cannoneers — Crocker, Hyatt and two or three more. But my recollection of details of all kinds as a veteran is much less vivid than when a new recruit. Rittenhouse and Stewart were warm friends, having a common bond of sympathy in that neither of them was a West Pointer, the Old Man having been promoted from the ranks, as before related, and Rittenhouse having been appointed from civil life upon the organization of the 5th Artillery in 1861.

We could always see that there was something lacking in the behavior of West Pointers toward rankers, or officers appointed from civil life. They would be courteous enough and all that, but it was plain that they considered themselves superior beings, and their manner toward those who had not been "anointed" at the Military Academy was supercilious and patronizing — sometimes in a painful degree.

Battery D had a much larger complement than we had. On May 1, 1864, they could not have had less than 150 or 156 men present for duty with four commissioned officers, while we had only about 110 to 112 men with two officers — and one of those was Lieut. Goodman, a volunteer officer from one of the Jersey batteries, temporarily assigned for duty with us in consequence of the absence of Lieut. Mitchell, who was on sick leave. The boys of Battery D used to poke fun at us for being so short-handed, and plumed themselves on the fact that their battery could always keep its ranks full and that they had their pick of the entire Fifth Corps for detached volunteers, while we had difficulty in getting recruits of any kind enough to make good our battle casualties. To this we used to retort that it was no wonder that detached service in Battery D was popular with the infantrymen of the Fifth Corps, because its battle records showed that that battery was a very safe place to be in! Whereas the record of our Battery showed that most of its fighting was done on the skirmish line, and that it was always where it "got the butt-end of the shillalah" in every battle! On this point we used to compare notes, from which it appeared that, with all its fighting and all the official mentions it got for distinguished services, Battery D had lost in the whole Peninsular campaign only 16 men; Second Bull Run, two; Antietam, none; Fredericksburg, none; Chancellorsville, none, and Gettysburg, 20, a total of 38 from the Spring of 1862 to the Spring of 1864, as against our loss of 44 in the single

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battle of Antietam! Notwithstanding the ghastly nature of the subject, there was something comical in the spectacle of the young soldiers of these two rival batteries, the most distinguished in the army, discussing their fighting and "staying" qualities, and earnestly "making profert," as lawyers would say, of their "butchers' bills" as arguments of supremacy. Another boast of the boys of Battery D was the number of Generals and subordinate officers who had been promoted from it. This list included, at that time, Gen. Charles Griffin, Gen. Alexander S. Webb and Gen. Adelbert Ames; Maj. Alexander Piper, Maj. and Lieut.-Col. Simonds, transferred to the Commissary Department; Col. Horatio Reed, promoted to command a volunteer cavalry regiment. From the ranks were promoted Ord. Serg't John Malone, who became Captain and Acting Ordnance Officer of Buford's Cavalry Division; Serg't Connelly, Serg't Sam Peeples, Serg't John Murphy and Serg't Fred Robinson (who will be further mentioned in this volume). This roster of three Generals and two Colonels promoted from the officers, and five Lieutenants from the ranks of one battery, is something to be proud of, considering the kind of Generals that Griffin and Webb were and the sort of officers that the rankers became. Our Battery could show up but one General, Gibbon; while Stewart, Santmyer and Mitchell had been promoted from the ranks in the Regulars. But we had Ira Slawson and William Hogarty, of the 23d New York; Job Driggs, Charley Jenks and Henry Klinefelter, promoted from among the Wisconsin detached volunteers; while of the Old Regulars Serg't Fred Chapin, discharged in June, 1863, received a volunteer commission in the early part of 1864; Capt. Joseph B. Campbell received an important staff appointment after being disabled at Antietam, and Lieutenant Marcus P. Miller was detached to command Battery G, of the 4th Regulars, and was promoted to a full Captaincy in the regiment in 1864.

As for the volunteer batteries in the Artillery Brigade of the new Fifth Corps, namely, Martin's 3d Massachusetts, Phillip's 5th Massachusetts and Winslow's (D) 1st New York, from the old Fifth; and Mink's (H) 1st New York, Breck's—formerly Reynolds's—(L) 1st New York, and Cooper's (B) 1st Pennsylvania, from the old First, they were all first-class and quite worthy to be in such distinguished company. These volunteer batteries had all been recruited up during the Winter, and all but one of them—Martin's 3d Massachusetts—had "veteranized." Mink's had a smaller complement present for duty than any of the others, its force not being much over 100, or about the same as ours. The others had from 125 to 140 each. There was so little difference in the quality of those volunteer batteries that special mention would be unfair; but for good comradeship in camp or bivouac, staying quality on the field of battle, and other attributes of true soldiers, it is necessary to say that Charley Mink and his "comrades" used to "keep their end up quite even" all the time, and occasionally a little ahead. Their discipline was pretty lax, judged according to Regular standards, and in camp they were more like a family than like a battery. Their enlisted men were frequently

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heard to address Capt. Mink as "Charley," which familiarity he seemed to like instead of resenting it, and every day he could be heard arguing, expostulating and reasoning with his men in cases where almost any other Captain would have peremptorily ordered instant obedience or perhaps inflicted punishment. But, notwithstanding these easy-going methods in camp, Mink's boys would all obey him in the field and stand by him in battle quite equal to those of any other battery in the army.

The armament of the eight batteries was as follows: Stewart's (B) 4th Regulars, Mink's (H) and Winslow's (D) 1st New York and Martin's 3d Massachusetts, each six 12-pounder Napoleons; Breck's (L) 1st New York, Cooper's (B) 1st Pennsylvania and Phillips's 5th Massachusetts, each six three-inch Rodman rifles; Rittenhouse's (D) 5th Regulars, six 10-pounder Parrott rifles. Prior to this time it had been the policy to have a greater number of rifle batteries than of Napoleons or 12-pounder smooth-bores in an artillery brigade. But in the new Fifth Corps Brigade, which was considered an ideal organization, the proportions were exactly equal. This arrangement was due to the foresight of Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, who, knowing that the campaign was to be overland and that much of the operations would necessarily be conducted in a country unfavorable for long-range artillery work, had reduced the proportion of rifled guns and increased that of the 12-pounder smooth-bores. The total strength of the Fifth Corps Brigade on May 1, 1864, was eight batteries, 48 guns and 1,196 men present for duty equipped, besides 4 companies of the 4th New York Heavy. Like all the rest of the army, Battery B had undergone considerable changes of personnel during the preceding Winter. Many of the detached volunteers from the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin and nearly all those from the 19th Indiana had returned to their regiments; in fact, as well as I can remember, there were but two of the Indiana volunteers remaining with the Battery on May 1, 1864, Corp'l John W. Knight and Blacksmith Pete Casper. The men from the 24th Michigan nearly all remained, together with the New Yorkers who joined in 1863 from February to November. Of the Wisconsin men, about 30 were still present. The rest of the complement were men who had been assigned to the Battery in January, 1864, and they were mostly Regulars, or, as they were called, the "New Regulars," to distinguish them from the "Old Regulars" who had been with the Battery before the war. In order that these different classes of men may be distinguished, a roll is herewith given, with certain initials marked opposite each man's name. "O. R." means Old Regular; "N. R.," New Regular; "W. V.," Wisconsin Volunteer; "I. V.," Indiana Volunteer; "M. V.," Michigan Volunteer; "N. Y. V.," New York Volunteer, and "P. V.," Pennsylvania Volunteer:

Captain—James Stewart, O. R.
Lieutenant—John Mitchell, O. R. (absent, sick).
Lieutenant—Thomas Goodman (temporary), Jersey volunteer.
Orderly Sergeant—And'w McBride, O. R.
Sergeants—Edgar B. Armstrong, W. V.
James Maher, O. R.
Edgar A. Thorpe, W. V.
Robert Moore, O. R.
Henry Moore, O. R.
Jno. B. Sanborn, W. V. (act).

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Corporals—Elbridge G. Packard, W. V.
Charles Harris, W. V.
John Knight, I. V.
Patrick W. Folliss, N. R.
James W. Moore, W. V.
Richard Tea, O. R.
Frank Blair, W. V.
James Lewis, W. V.

Corporals—John McLaughlin, W. V.
John Dolphin, W. V.
Alphonse Collins, W. V.
Bugler—Johnny Cook, O. R.
Artificers—Ferd Dettloff, W. V.
John A. Goeb, O. R.
John Doran, N. R.
Andrew Delaney, N. Y. V.
Peter Casper, I. V.

Cannoneers and Drivers—

Daniel Ackerman, W. V.
Peter Andrews, P. V.
John C. Barthe, N. Y. V.
Henry Beecham, W. V.
Peter Bateway, M. V.
Henry C. Brown, M. V.
Herman Burkitt, N. R.
Ben F. Cooper, N. Y. V.
Thomas M. Clarke, W. V.
Charles Daniels, N. R.
Lawrence Dowling, W. V.
Thomas Fitzpatrick, N. R.
John Fulton, W. V.
Maitland J. Freeman, W. V. (Corp'l.)
Warren Givens, N. R.
Edward Gore, M. V.
William Harvey, 1st, N. R.
William Harvey, 2d, N. R.
William Hartley, N. R.
Albert Hunt, W. V.
Fred Hubbard, N. Y. V.
Louis Jerome, N. R.
Anson Jillson, N. Y. V.
Thomas Kelley, N. R.
Frank Kellogg, M. V.
Frank McCormick, N. Y. V.
Thomas Maloney, N. R.
John McDermott, M. V.
George Oakley, M. V.
William Obst, M. V.
Thomas Price, W. V.
Horace Ripley, W. V.
Wilder Robinson, N. Y. V.
Frank Root, N. Y. V.
Daniel Shemmell, W. V.
Ben Stillman, W. V. (rejoined May 9).
Frank Steinmuller, N. R.
John Smith, 1st, N. R.
John Smith, 2d, N. R.
William Thornton, M. V.
Morris Vanderpool, N. R.
Isaac Vandicar, M. V.
Winfield S. Williams, W. V.
Peter Williams, N. R.
John Willsey, O. R.

Cannoneers and Drivers—

Henry Adey, N. Y. V.
Henry Arnst, N. R.
William Bartholomew, W. V.
Theodore Bache, M. V.
Lyman Blakeley, M. V.
George C. Bowers, N. R.
Henry Burkhardt, W. V.
Patrick Colgan, N. R.
Seymour Colby, W. V.
Jay DeGraff, N. R.
Anthony Ebert, M. V.
Henry Foster, W. V.
Charles Fulton, W. V.
William Funk, M. V.
William J. Gleason, W. V.
Theodore Grover, M. V.
James Gunsollis, M. V.
Henry C. Hill, N. R.
William Hutchinson, N. R.
William Hinman, W. V.
William Irving, M. V.
Preston Johnson, W. V.
John Johnson, W. V.
William Kelley, N. R.
John Maddice, N. R.
Napoleon B. Milton, N. R.
Martin McNamara, N. R.
Robert Morris, M. V.
John Orth, M. V.
Edward O'Brien, N. R.
John Pattee, M. V.
Robert Reed. M. V.
Edwin Rhodes, N. Y. V.
John Small, W. V.
David Smith, W. V.
Gustavus Saxey, N. R.
Samuel Starke, N. R.
Frank Smith, N. R.
Albert Schwanecke, N. R.
Fred Volker, N. R.
William Voss, N. R.
Abram Velie, M. V.
Mike Williams, N. R.
Andrew Wilkeson, W. V.
George Walker, M. V.
The Author, N. Y. V.

Lieut. Mitchell, Private Ben Stillman and three or four more were

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absent on May 1 and rejoined the Battery at various times during the period from May 5 to June 5. This is a total of three officers, 18 non-commissioned officers and 96 privates, and of these one officer and four or five men were temporarily absent. So the Battery crossed the Rapidan May 4, 1864, with two officers and about 111 or 112 men for duty, of whom only eight besides the Captain were Old Regulars, 32 Wisconsin Volunteers, 23 Michigan Volunteers, 36 New Regulars, nine New York Volunteers and two Indiana Volunteers. It will be observed from this roster that all the Old Regulars besides the Bugler, Johnny Cook, were non-commissioned officers except John Willsey. John had been a Sergeant, but in the Fall of 1863 he undertook to visit his home without the trifling formality of a furlough. He succeeded, and not even the most vigilant Provost Marshal was able to catch him. But when Mr. Lincoln offered amnesty to all deserters who would return to their commands within a stated period, John quietly walked into camp one morning, informed Ord. Serg't McBride that he would report for duty, and if there was no objection he would resume command of his old gun. But when Stewart's attention was called to the matter, he said that after John had served as a private long enough to make good the time lost by absence without leave, they would have a talk about the gun—but not now. John did not get his chevrons back again until late in the Fall. Stewart was as good as his word. As soon as the old Utah veteran had made up his lost time he got his gun back again. John Willsey was a fine soldier, but a little erratic.

The effective strength of the Army of the Potomac, infantry and artillery, on May 1 was as follows, according to a memorandum compiled in the office of the Adjutant-General from the field returns of April 30:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Second Corps	1,326	27,007	28,333
Fifth Corps	1,240	24,423	25,663
Sixth Corps	1,048	23,165	24,213
Total Army of the Potomac proper			78,209
Ninth Corps	968	21,794	22,762

There were also 193 officers and 5,491 men attached to army headquarters—Staff, Engineers, Provost guards, Orderlies, etc., and the cavalry numbered 609 officers and 12,678 men, or 13,287 in all.

The commander of the new Fifth Corps, Maj.-Gen. Gouverneur Kemble Warren, was one of the noblest men that ever lived. He was not only a most accomplished officer and a brave soldier, but kind hearted as well, and it was to be said of him—which unfortunately could not always be said of Generals—that he never forgot that private soldiers were men and that they had feelings and spirits quite as acute and sensitive as those who wore shoulder straps. The veterans of the old First Corps did not at the start relish the idea of the organization they had made so famous being wiped out of existence, but they soon got accustomed to this new situation, and after a fight or two vied with their comrades of the old Fifth in *esprit du corps*.

In the Spring of 1864 there was a new style of discipline, or rather a

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new state of feeling, among the men. Things were more strict and methods more regular among the volunteers; in fact, the whole army had become like Regulars. Gen. Grant had made a profound impression on the rank and file. The *eclat* of his great achievements in the West; his plain, unassuming appearance, his habit of going aronnd among the camps frequently, and above all the rumors that he was occasionally subject to the besetting frailty of the soldier, all tended to popularize him with the men.

There was also a different method of estimating the enemy in vogue. All through the early history of the Army of the Potomac the habit of its commanding officers was to exaggerate the strength of Lee's army. As soldiers always get their impressions on such matters from their officers, it is apparent that it must have been the policy of the earlier commanders of the Army of the Potomac to exaggerate the numbers of the enemy, with a view, no doubt, to explain their frequent defeats or to excuse the butcheries that resulted from their incompetency. But now all this was changed. We men in the ranks were informed that the Rebel army, though still strong no doubt, and very desperate, was inferior to us in numbers and equipment, and that we were expected to wind up its career that Summer.

Long after the war — in fact, after he had left the Presidential chair — I had a talk with Gen. Grant about this matter. He told me that he took pains to have the troops correctly informed as to the strength and equipment of the enemy; that when the army crossed the Rapidan he knew very nearly how many men Lee had and what their condition was; that the only mistake he made was in supposing that Pickett's Division was present with Longstreet's Corps at Gordonsville, which he said was a natural supposition, as Spring had opened, and the Confederate commander could not help knowing that our army would soon attack him, and, therefore, he would be likely to have all his troops present. So Gen. Grant said he took pains to have his men informed that the enemy was inferior to them. He said it was suicidal for a commander to exaggerate the force of the enemy; that it tended to depress the spirits of the troops; that it was the best policy, particularly with so intelligent a body of men as the Army of the Potomac was, to let them know the exact truth as near as it could be ascertained, so that they might know approximately the work that was cut out for them, and nerve themselves to its proper performance.

Gen. Grant on this occasion added that, while he knew that Lee's army was inferior to ours in numbers and equipment, he did not underrate the terrific fighting power that they still possessed, nor the vast advantage which they derived from the fact that they were fighting on their own soil, in a difficult country among a friendly populace, and above all, with an intimate personal knowledge of roads, fords, etc., which our commanders could only get by reconnoissances or from maps, which were often defective. He told me also that, as matter of preference, he did not want to fight a great battle in the tangled underbrush of the Wilderness, but hoped to get out into the more open country south of Spottsylvania before Lee could strike the flank of his column. Still, he said, he knew he

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would have to fight in the Wilderness if Lee moved against his flank promptly, which was a chance he had to take and for which he was prepared; but that he partly expected that Lee, when he saw the Army of the Potomac moving to cross the Rapidan by the more easterly fords, would push out from Orange Courthouse and Gordonsville by the roads following generally the north bank of the North Anna River, with a view to the protection of the Virginia Central and Richmond & Fredericksburg Railroads from that position. This, Gen. Grant said, would have been Lee's true strategy if he had felt sure of the strength of his army to meet the Army of the Potomac in the open.

He (Gen. Grant) had studied the whole situation carefully, and so when he saw Lee moving rapidly by the pike and plank roads to strike him in the Wilderness, it proved to him that Lee was sensible of the comparative weakness of his force, and hence, like the great General he was, he sought to make up for his numerical inferiority by forcing a fight on ground like the Wilderness, where superiority of numbers and equipment would be of least value. Gen. Grant said he knew that the Confederacy could be conquered only by destroying Lee's army as a military organization, and hence he desired, if possible, to draw it out into open country where he could get the most benefit of his superior numbers in assaulting or outflanking its positions, as occasion might require. But he said he was not wholly master of the situation; that his army could move only a certain distance per day, and that if Lee moved rapidly enough to strike his flank before he could get clear of the Wilderness, of course he would have to fight there. It was, he said, a contingency which he wanted to avoid if he could, but which he was prepared to make the best of if it was forced on him — which was the case. This conversation took place in Gen. Grant's office in the First National Bank Building in New York, when he was President of the Mexican Central Railroad Co. He was in fine spirits that day. The Hon. Thomas Murphy was present during part of the interview, but left, saying that when Gen. Grant could get a chance to fight the war over again with an old private soldier who had served under his command there was no end to him.

In conclusion, Gen. Grant, after musing awhile, remarked: "Well, Gen. Lee did what any great and prudent commander would have done there, considering the state of his army at the time, and its relative inferiority to mine; but I do not think that he accomplished as much as he expected. He inflicted great losses on my force, and suffered much less himself in the aggregate, but proportionately he was worse crippled in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania than I was.

"I think on the whole that he would have done better if he had fallen rapidly back on Richmond, manned the strong works there with his army intact, and waited for the assault which, under such circumstances, we should certainly have delivered. In that case my army would have reached Richmond in a condition of dash and exultation that would have compelled its commander to order an assault, the same as the feeling of my army at

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Vicksburg compelled me to assault that place before they would consent to the hard work and privations of a siege. It is doubtless best as it was."

True, the above is a digression and rather foreign to the main purpose of this sketch, which is to give the "Reminiscences of a Cannoneer" during the war, and not his experiences afterward. But as the above-mentioned views of Gen. Grant have not been published anywhere — not even in his book, with so much detail — I trust the digression will be pardoned, in view of its application to the subject matter of the sketch.

At 1 o'clock in the morning of May 4 we mounted and filed out on the Stevensburg Plank Road on the march for Germania Ford. We arrived at the vicinity of the ford about daylight, but had to wait some time for Wilson's Cavalry Division to cross the pontoon bridges, and we utilized this time in making coffee and breakfasting. While halted here a funny incident occurred. Strict orders had been issued that no knapsacks or bundles were to be strapped on to any part of the gun-carriages, but that everything necessary should be carried on the caissons and battery wagons. But one of our batteries had considerable stuff strapped on, contrary to orders; so when Gen. Wainwright came along as we were halted in column in the road he noticed this. A Lieutenant was at that moment in command. Gen. Wainwright reined up his horse, looked at the battery and said:

"Lieutenant, what is this you have here?"

"Why, General, this is Battery —, 1st ——."

"Ah, thank you for the information, Lieutenant; I couldn't quite make it out. You carry too many guns for a baggage-train, and too much baggage for a battery!"

With this the old General rode on, leaving all the men roaring with merriment. It is needless to remark that the resemblance of that battery to a baggage-train soon ceased. Finally the cavalry got across and we moved close at their heels. Perhaps it was 9 o'clock in the morning on May 4 when our old Battery pulled up from the pontoon bridge, and after halting for some time to let Wadsworth's infantry file past we again moved forward — forward, as it proved, to begin within 24 hours a campaign without parallel in the annals of war; a campaign in which two great armies marched and fought for 11 months — from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865 — without ever being out of gunshot.

The immediate conflict in which we were so soon to engage proved to be also unique in history. It is best described as one solid battle from the 5th of May to the 3d of June, inclusive, and from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. The two veteran armies grappled each other like two huge bulldogs, hung to each other for 30 days, literally rolling over and over for 100 miles, and chawing each other's throats all the way — a campaign best described by drawing a broad crimson stripe right across the map of Virginia from the Rapidan to the Appomattox.

The Army of the Potomac, as it now stood on the south bank of the Rapidan stripped for battle, was at its zenith as an organization. Its officers, without exception, were experienced in warfare. Its rank and file

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were largely veterans, many of whom had just re-enlisted after three years' service, and were inured to battle, fatigue and privation. Its commander, Grant, had come to it with the prestige of an unbroken record of victories in the West. And though all the Potomac veterans knew that Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was an altogether different institution from the Western armies that Grant had beaten or captured, still we felt that the Army of the Potomac was quite equal to the situation. At all events, Grant's reputation was that of a commander who always fought his battles to the finish, and that was the kind of General the old Army of the Potomac had wanted for three long years. It is needless to say that they were not disappointed in Grant. The long rest of five months in the Winter camps of the Rapidan had made the men anxious for the excitement of an active campaign. They knew that the Rebel army was inferior to them in number and equipment. And it was the almost unanimous opinion of the rank and file that this was to be the last campaign of the war, and that it wouldn't last long either. In a word, the *morale* of our army was very high, and though its subsequent experience showed that the Rebel army was a harder nut to crack than we supposed, still there was never an hour from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865, when the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac doubted their own mastery of the situation, or regarded the destruction of their antagonist as anything but a question of time.

THE AUTHOR AS A VETERAN.
[From a war-time ambrotype.]

Personally, my sensations at entering upon this campaign were different from those which I had experienced the preceding year when starting for Gettysburg. Then I was a raw recruit, inclined to regard my officers with awe and my older comrades with veneration. But now I considered myself a veteran of the deepest dye, inured to the hardships

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and vicissitudes of the field, regarded the officers with a feeling of friendship, respectful and deferential it is true, but not servile. I felt on terms of full equality with any enlisted man in the Battery. All the diffidence and timidity of the recruit had vanished, and in their stead I felt that mastery of the situation, ability to take care of myself, and exultant self-reliance which always characterize the veteran soldier. My old descriptive list says I was 19 years old, five feet seven and a half inches high, fair complexion, brown eyes, brown hair, weight 161 pounds. My chest measurement was 39 inches, waist 30 inches, and doubtless I was as "good a man" physically the day we crossed the Rapidan as ever in my life.

Well, under such circumstances, the Fifth Corps moved slowly down the Germania Road during the afternoon of the 4th of May and halted along that road from the Wilderness Tavern back to a farmhouse called Spottswood's. The different batteries had been ordered that morning to report to the division commanders, two to each division. As there were four of each kind of batteries in the brigade, one of rifles and one of 12-pounder Napoleons were assigned to a division, ours and Breck's (L, 1st New York,) being assigned to Wadsworth's Division, which brought us once more shoulder to shoulder with the old Iron Brigade and the other troops of the old First Corps.

Toward evening on the 4th of May we heard faintly in the west occasional crackling volleys, which, to our practiced ears, suggested cavalry skirmishing, as we knew that Wilson's Division had gone in that direction before we came up. Some of the men thought that Wilson's cavalry had found Lee's flankers, which would indicate that the main Rebel army was moving to the southward to head us off somewhere down below. But the others expressed the opinion that the cavalry had encountered the advance skirmishers of the enemy moving straight toward us on the pike and Plank Roads, and if this was so we knew it meant a great battle right where we were. It turned out to be so. However, we passed the night very comfortably and stood to posts in the morning just before daybreak.

The original disposition of the batteries was as follows: With Griffin's Division, Martin's 3d and Phillips's 5th Massachusetts; with Robinson's Division, Mink's (H) 1st New York and Rittenhouse's (D) 5th Regulars; with Crawford's Division, Cooper's (B) 1st Pennsylvania and Winslow's (D) 1st New York, and ours and Breck's as above. But for some reason, just as the movement began in the morning of May 5, Winslow's Battery was taken from Crawford and ordered to Griffin. In this shape the artillerymen of the Fifth Corps stood to posts at daybreak that fateful morning and calmly waited for the battle of the Wilderness to begin.

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CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE IN THE BRUSH—BUSHWHACKING ON A GRAND SCALE—CRISIS OF THE BATTLE—GEN. FIELD'S ACCOUNT—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY—SPOTTSYLVANIA—GEN. SEDGWICK KILLED—TERRIFIC ASSAULTS—CAPTURE OF A WHOLE REBEL DIVISION—TEN DAYS OF SOLID BATTLE—DEATH OF LIEUT. GOODMAN—HARD WORK FOR THE ARTILLERY—THE AUTHOR "PUNISHED"—REFLECTIONS.

WHO fired the first shot of the battle of the Wilderness, and thereby inaugurated the great Virginia campaign of 1864, has been a subject of much contention among the veterans. As for the infantry, several comrades have written to the author, each claiming that his own regiment was entitled to that honor. Chief among these disputants are comrades belonging to the 140th New York and the 14th Regulars, of Ayres's Brigade, and the 1st Michigan, of Bartlett's. As no conclusive data exist upon this point, our gallant comrades must "fight it out on that line." So far as the artillery of the Fifth Corps is concerned there is no room for doubt on this score. The first cannon shot of that campaign was fired by Cooper's Battery (B), 1st Pennsylvania, which followed Crawford's Division on the crossroad leading to Parker's Store early in the morning of May 5. But Martin's 6th New York, a horse-battery with Wilson's cavalry, was already in action near Parker's Store, and was quite seriously engaged with the advance of Rodes's infantry, losing two men killed and several wounded before they limbered up. The author will not pretend to decide whether the skirmish between Wilson's cavalry and Rodes's infantry at daybreak was properly to be considered a part of the grand battle of the Wilderness, though it would seem that if Buford's skirmish on Willoughby Creek in the early morning of July 1, 1863, was part of the battle of Gettysburg, the same rule ought to apply in this case. If so, then the 5th New York Cavalry is entitled to the honor of beginning the colossal Virginia campaign of 1864, and the "first shot in the Wilderness" was fired by Private Greene, of Cooperstown, N. Y., who was a cavalry videt on the Plank Road beyond Parker's Store, and opened on the enemy's approaching infantry with his Spencer carbine just about daylight. But leaving the cavalrymen to tell their own story—which they were always

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amply capable of doing — let us return to the Fifth Corps at and about the Lacey House.

It was, perhaps, 7 o'clock in the morning of May 5 when the leading infantry of the Corps — Crawford's Division — moved out along the cross-road leading in a southwesterly direction from the Wilderness Tavern to Parker's Store. Cooper's Battery went with them and they soon reached the open ground of the Chewning Farm, which was about half way to the store. Cooper went in battery on a knoll, which was the highest ground in the clearing, and fired two or three shots for range, as the enemy's infantry were beginning to show up in some force in their front toward the store. In the meantime Wadsworth's Division, accompanied by Breck's Battery (L, 1st New York,) and ours, moved partly by the same road, but deployed to the right of it as soon as we got into the clearing, while Crawford deployed to the left, which movement soon made a considerable gap between the two divisions. It at once became evident that the enemy was present in force and meant business. There was but little skirmishing to presage the coming battle. Our Battery and Breck's had just cleared the brush on the east edge of the clearing when Wadsworth's infantry struck the main Rebel line of battle in the brush which fringed its west edge. About the same moment Crawford's people struck the advance of Hill's troops in the edge of the Chewning Farm, and an almost simultaneous crash of musketry from two heavy lines of battle nearly a mile long, opening in concert, told that the battle of the Wilderness had begun! Owing partly to the badness of the road and partly to uncertainty as to the position of the enemy, the two batteries halted at the east edge of the Hagerson Clearing; but as soon as Gen. Wadsworth saw that the enemy was in force he personally directed Capt. Stewart to command both batteries, thereby, in effect, making him Chief of Artillery of the division, the immediate command of Battery B thus devolving temporarily upon Lieut. Goodman. Gen. Wadsworth being ordered by Gen. Warren to take ground toward the Plank Road, no doubt for the purpose of closing the gap between his division and that of Gen. Crawford, moved by his flank in that direction, but, owing to the broken ground and tangled brush in which the enemy found almost impenetrable cover, he was repulsed, and his troops as they retreated slowly were pushed by the enemy, who appeared extending to envelope the left flank of his division. At this time Capt. Stewart was with the General, and he had the guns and limbers of our Battery with him in the direction of the left flank, while the caissons remained some distance back with Breck's Battery. At this moment Stewart sent our Bugler, Johnny Cook, back to our position, with his compliments to Lieut. Breck and an order to "retire the caissons," together with Breck's Battery, and that battery, followed by our caissons, pulled back to the Lacey Clearing by the road above mentioned.

Meantime Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Goodman unlimbered the guns of Battery B with fixed prolonge, so as to fight retiring, and opened with canister on those troops of the enemy who were endeavoring to envelope Wads-

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worth's flank. This fire was continued, and the enemy checked by it until the retrograde movement of the infantry was safely assured; whereupon the Captain limbered up his guns and brought them back into the Lacey Clearing, where they rejoined the caissons. The Captain, in his polite suggestion to Lieut. Breck, gave no reason for retiring his battery and our caissons, but probably it was because the road was very bad and, intending to hold the position as long as possible, he did not want it encumbered with another battery and our caissons (we had eight at that time, six regular and two spare,) in case a rapid withdrawal of the guns should be necessary, particularly as that road was the only one practicable for artillery anywhere between the pike and the plank at that point. It was grown up with small brush and full of old stumps, rotting logs, etc. It had been used in former times to haul out charcoal, as there were many beds of old charcoal-pits along the route between the two clearings, which was perhaps three-quarters of a mile. With the exception of the shots fired by Cooper's Battery, with Crawford's Division, before mentioned, this little action of our Battery was the first engagement of the Fifth Corps artillery in the battle of the Wilderness. This affair was of short duration, but very destructive to the infantry while it lasted. Four men were hit in our Battery, but none of them severely enough to be reported officially in the casualty lists. They were all hit by spent balls from the enemy's skirmishers when the Battery was retiring through the Hagerson Farm. At that time there was much discussion between the men of Wadsworth's and Crawford's Divisions, the former accusing the latter of having "broken" and thereby exposing our left flank; but calm investigation dispels this theory. The fact was that the two divisions moved in such a manner as to open a gap between Wadsworth's left and Crawford's right, and the enemy took advantage of it. Perhaps as clear an analysis of this circumstance as will ever be made is that of Comrade William A. Holland, of the Pennsylvania "Bucktails," of Crawford's Division, who writes me as follows:

The facts are that neither division "gave way." The two divisions advanced on the morning of May 5 in a sort of fan-shaped alignment, separating as they moved forward until a wide gap was left between the left of Wadsworth and the right of Crawford, and no provision was made to guard this gap. I will not undertake to say whose fault this was, but it was certainly an error of tactics that cost the life of many a brave man and boy in both divisions before the day was over.

Wadsworth had Stewart's Battery and other artillery with him that followed him through the brush, and when he had to retire they materially aided his retrograde movement by checking the enemy who tried to flank him. But the two batteries that were told off with Crawford's Division could not get through the brush that we had to penetrate, and so we had to "go it alone." (There was but one battery, Cooper's, with Crawford.)

Wadsworth's Division, moreover, was exposed only on one flank — its left — where the gap was between its left and our right; whereas we were exposed on both flanks, for the reason that as we separated from Wadsworth on our right we also failed to connect with Hancock's troops, who should have met us on the left, and hence in the forenoon's battle of May 5 our division of Pennsylvania Reserves (Crawford's) was "in the air," as tacticians say, exposed to attack in front, on both flanks, and, as it is proved, in rear also.

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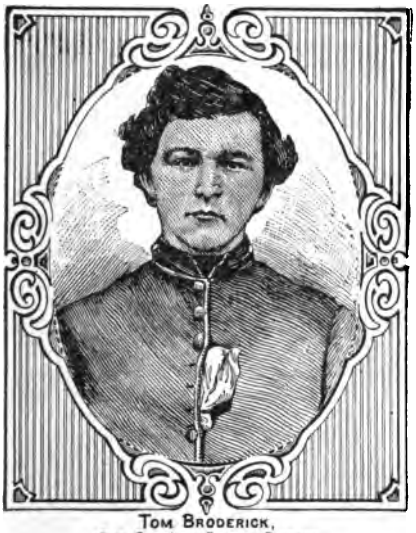
The result was that the enemy came in on both our flanks unmolested in the two edges of the Chewning Clearing or Farm, which was a narrow clearing at that point, and our two brigades were practically surrounded before we got orders to fall back. We were then compelled to cut our way to the rear, and in doing so passed down the ravine of the Wilderness Run, with the enemy on both sides of us. Gen. McCandless was captured, but was rescued or escaped and rejoined us. There are a few of the "old boys" still living who will remember when he came down the ravine through which we made our escape. He had lost his hat, and when we saw him riding for his life, and his gray hair flying in the air, we gave him a hearty cheer. I think the movement was made for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy.

It was doubtless what the Generals would call a "reconnoissance in force;" but, if so, it was a costly one, involving, as it did, fighting which made even veterans of Gettysburg bite their lips, and where the musketry of the opposing lines, almost muzzle to muzzle, whipped the dense brush into "broom-stuff." The Pennsylvania Reserves were veterans of many battles, but that Wilderness fighting was a new kind of murder even to them. The same was true of Wadsworth's troops, the Iron Brigade, and others, as their survivors have often told me since the war. It was, as the "Cannoneer" says, "a rough-and-tumble all along the line." The fact is that there was a gap between the two divisions, by reason of which both were flanked. Whose fault this was I do not attempt to say; but it must have been the fault of some one far above Stewart's "Cannoneer" or your humble servant in rank and power.

Having fallen back, we went into position near the Lacey House, and remained there during the day not engaged. But the infantry fighting in our front and to the left of us, in the low scrubby woods and beyond them, was frightful. All we saw of this first day in the Wilderness was the awful procession of mangled men sent back to the Wilderness Tavern and other points on the Germania Road from the infantry divisions of Griffin, Robinson, Wadsworth and Crawford, of the Fifth Corps. Occasionally spent balls from over the woods kicked up the dust near us, but nobody was hurt. Artillery was not much used on our front this day. Almost all the work was done by the infantry in a sort of a rough-and-tumble fashion, catch as catch can, and we couldn't make head nor tail of it from the sound, which was a pretty nearly solid crash of musketry from daylight till dark. There was comparative rest after 9 o'clock, but the slightly-wounded stragglers from the infantry in our front kept coming back through our position more or less all night.



TOM BRODERICK,
ORD. SERG'T. OF GRIFFIN BATTERY.

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The battery in the Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Corps most seriously engaged this first day in the Wilderness was Winslow's (D) 1st New York, which was with Griffin's Division on the pike. They had a section pushed out on the pike close up to the enemy, and when Ayres's Brigade fell back they were caught in the flank by the enemy coming in on the north side of the road. Bartlett made an effort to retake these guns, but, being unsupported by Ayres on his right and the enemy threatening to get in on his left rear, he was unable to accomplish his purpose. Consequently this section of Winslow's Battery was lost, and, though the two guns remained there in the road in plain sight the rest of the day, the enemy succeeded in hauling them off during the night. Winslow's loss in men was eight or 10 and all the horses of this section. No men were hurt in the other batteries, except Cooper's, which lost a man or two and some horses. The whole trouble on Griffin's front seemed to be, so far as the artillery engaged there was concerned, that the batteries could do little or nothing except to fire along the pike itself, and that was ineffectual, because the enemy brought no artillery to oppose them, but defiled his infantry through the brush on their flanks, and so caught them in helpless positions when Ayres recoiled. No blame whatever could attach to Capt. Winslow for the loss of his section; in fact, he himself was severely wounded in a gallant but vain attempt to rescue his guns after the infantry had broken. His battery was afterward commanded by Lieut. Lester Richardson.

The men of Griffin's Division felt very sore about losing these two guns of Winslow's Battery. It was said that they were the first guns ever taken by the enemy from the Fifth Corps. As there was then, and has been since, so much discussion about it, doubtless the following extract from Gen. Wainwright's official report of that battle will serve to settle the dispute. The General says:

It having been now ascertained that the enemy was in full force and would resist our further progress, four batteries were posted on the crest to the right of the Lacey House, commanding the valley and the road to Parker's Store, in the following order from left to right: 3d Massachusetts; D, 5th Regulars; H, 1st New York, and B, 1st Pennsylvania. At times during the afternoon the rifled batteries opened at bodies of the enemy seen passing the open ground to which Crawford at first advanced. The distance was about 2,700 yards, practice good. I had here an opportunity of judging of the relative merits of the Parrotts and three-inch guns at this range. The elevation required was the same for each, nor could I see any difference in the accuracy of the fire. I should judge the proportion of shells which burst about as five to four in favor of the three-inch Hotchkiss, while five Parrott and three three-inch burst within a few yards of the muzzle. Meanwhile Winslow's Battery (D), 1st New York, advanced up the Chancellorsville Pike with Griffin's Division about a mile beyond its junction with the Germania Plank Road. One section was taken from the battery (which was left at this point) and pushed up the road along the advance of the infantry, about a mile farther to an opening in the Wilderness, across which the road passes diagonally to the right. The section crossed this opening and went into position part way up the rise beyond, firing solid shot up the road. Finding that the infantry line of battle at his right had not advanced with him, Capt. Winslow withdrew his section to the bottom of the hill nearly across to the hither side of the open space and again went into position.

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But at the same moment Ayres's Brigade, which supported them on the right, gave way and fell back across the road. A few shots were fired by the section even after the infantry had left them, but nearly all the horses were shot, Capt. Winslow severely wounded, Lieut. Shelton wounded and a prisoner, and the enemy actually between the guns before they were abandoned. No blame whatever can be attached to either the battery officers or men, nor to Capt. Martin, acting at the time as Division Chief of Artillery. They all acted under orders from Gen. Griffin. The guns were fought to the last, and lost as honorably as guns could be lost. I may as well mention in this place that the guns were not removed by the enemy that night, as I found on visiting the picket line the next morning. Had I known it I believe they might have been drawn within our lines that night. The next day arrangements were made to do so immediately after dark, but just at that time Ricketts's Division, holding the right of the road at which they lay, was driven in, and although Gen. Griffin offered to give me a brigade to try to recover them, if I would ask for it, I did not feel willing to incur the responsibility myself of bringing on an engagement and the consequent loss of life.

The average reader so long after these events occurred may wonder why so much fuss is made about so simple a thing as the capture of two 12-pounder Napoleon guns by the enemy in such a battle as the first day in the Wilderness was — when about 10,000 men were killed or crippled. The explanation is that guns and colors are always regarded by soldiers as the symbols of military honor. When a couple of batteries are attached to a division every infantryman in that division at once regards the guns of those batteries as his personal estate or private property. He may not care a continental about the artillerymen who work those guns. But the guns themselves have been placed in his care; he has been made their guardian; he knows that if the enemy tries to take them the Cannoneers themselves can do but little to defend them, and that, therefore, it is the infantryman who must always protect the guns of the artillery, or, failing to do so, must incur the reproach of losing them. Hence it is that whenever you see two old infantrymen fighting their battles over you will observe that the bulk of their reminiscence relates to "batteries that we took from the enemy" or "batteries of our own that we have retaken," or "batteries that we have rescued" or "batteries that we have supported," etc. On this account you will also notice, at assemblages of the veterans, that an artilleryman will always be the center of a group of his old infantry or cavalry comrades earnestly assuring him of the many occasions on which they "saved his battery!" Hence it was that the troops of Griffin's Division felt so keenly the loss of Winslow's two guns on the turnpike that day. They were the first, last and only guns lost by the Fifth Corps in action. Of course it is understood that guns disabled or dismounted and therefore abandoned are not considered as "guns lost." It is only when the enemy captures them in condition to use them against their former owners that they are considered as "guns lost in action." Such was the case with these two. And, to complete their history, these selfsame two guns of Winslow's New York Battery, taken by Doles's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, were retaken by the 8th New York Cavalry in the rout of Early's army at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19.

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Early in the morning of May 6 Wadsworth's Division was pushed through the brush south of the Lacey Clearing, under orders to effect junction with Hancock's troops and Stevenson's and Wilcox's Divisions, of the Ninth Corps — which had just reached the field by a forced march from Centreville — advanced from the Wilderness Tavern to prolong the left of the Fifth Corps, which Crawford held after Wadsworth moved. It was at first expected that Stewart and Breck would go with Wadsworth, as they had done the day before; but just as Wadsworth started off the batteries were ordered to take position on the knoll at the south end of the Lacey Clearing, about 100 rods from the house, where they could command the ravine of the Wilderness Run and also enfilade the edge of the brush on the opposite rise of ground in case the enemy should try to come out of it. The battle of May 6 began on the Plank Road, about one mile from our position, at daylight, and from that time until about 10 a. m. a conflict of unparalleled ferocity raged among the barren knolls, brushy ravines and pine thickets which filled the space between the Lacey Clearing and Tapp's Farm on the Plank Road. By 10 o'clock the sounds of musketry and the dense volumes of smoke rolling up above the scrubby woods began to approach our position, which meant, of course, that the Johnnies were driving our infantry from the Plank Road. Before long the first rush of stragglers began to emerge from the woods in our front, and we could distinctly hear the Rebel yell through the brush; the musketry in the meantime beat anything ever heard. Unbroken by the hoarser roar of artillery anywhere on the line, it was one solid, savage crash, crash, without the slightest lull or intermission, extending along a line over two miles in length, of which we were about in rear of the right center. We could do nothing, because no horses could have pulled a gun through the brush in which the infantry were fighting. As for the roads, there were only two, the plank and the pike, and they were at that place simply wide paths through thickets. Our artillery had but one chance of work, and that was if our infantry should fall back into the Lacey Clearing and the Rebels should attempt to force the position at and about the Wilderness Tavern. And about 10 o'clock in the morning it seemed as if we would get that chance. The crash and the yells had kept coming our way for half an hour, when suddenly our infantry, the old Iron Brigade, came pell-mell out of the woods a little to the left of our front in some confusion. They had not been broken by the enemy, but their formation had been destroyed by the density of the thickets where they fought. Then came rapid commands to change front with the left and center sections; to "fire to the left; load canister — ready." But the narrow clearing was full of Cutler's disordered infantry, so we stood at a ready, pieces sighted and lanyards in hand for several minutes, expecting to see the enemy's line emerge from the brush. Meantime Cutler's infantry had sagged to the left toward the Germania Road, or were seeking shelter in the little ravine on our left front, and in a few minutes they cleared a path for our canister. But the Johnnies, when they came to the edge of the brush and saw 18 guns looking at them

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from the Lacey House knoll, hesitated, and instead of charging, as we expected them to do, lay down in the edge of the brush and began sharpshooting at us and our then rallying infantry. To this we instantly replied with canister, which, after a few ineffectual rounds, was changed to case. Of course, they had no artillery, as they had come through brush that men with muskets could hardly penetrate, let alone teams and gun-carriages. No one knows what we did to them with our canister and case shot, but they hit four or five of us in the three batteries with their sharpshooting, though it was tolerably long musket range. But they did not seriously follow our broken infantry beyond the edge of the brush. It has been stated in magazine articles published since the Rebellion by Confederate officers, that their troops at this time — Gregg's Texans and Benning's Georgians — "got into the Germania Road and within pistol shot of the Wilderness Tavern." And that, "if they had been suitably supported, would have cut our lines in two at that point and separated the Army of the Potomac." The fact is that from where our Battery stood we could see half a mile in either direction, right or left, along the Germania Road, and the Wilderness Tavern was perhaps about half a mile in our rear, also in plain sight, and there was not during the whole 6th of May any Rebel more than 10 rods outside the edge of the brush that fringed the Lacey Clearing, and even those didn't stay out of the brush long.

It was now toward noon of May 6. The Johnnies had driven Wadsworth's whole division in; they had killed this good old man and captured his corpse, and they had stopped in front of our guns at the edge of the Lacey Clearing. Then the heavy artillery came into action as infantry. These heavy artillery troops were Kitching's Brigade, composed of the 6th and 15th New York Heavy, and they were attached to the Artillery Reserve in the organization of the army. The 6th New York had been with the army in the field prior to this and had seen some fighting in 1863, but all the other Heavies had been in the defenses of Washington until ordered to the Army of the Potomac by Gen. Grant in this campaign. They were organized in regiments of 12 companies each and some of them came into the field with from 1,500 to 1,800 muskets. They had been thoroughly drilled and disciplined during their two years or so of garrison duty, and were superb troops, as their subsequent record showed. Of course the veterans of the infantry and light artillery poked fun at them when they first came out, asking them if they had brought their trunks along, if they had a full supply of paper collars, etc., and informing them that there were plenty of "fortifications" for them to "man" just the other side of the brush. But no one was inclined to make fun at their expense after they had been in battle and showed what they were made of, because the records and reports of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and the 18th of June shows that no troops fought better than those heavy artillerymen serving as infantry. They truly "manned earthworks," Rebel earthworks; they "manned them" from the wrong side. They got in, and stayed there. Many of them are there yet, or under the shade of the trees at Arlington.

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No troops fared harder or died gamer. Kitching's Brigade "went in," and the enemy fell back through the brush in our immediate front. But the "heavies," when they got to the clearing on the other side of the brush, were assailed in their turn and driven back with great loss. During this time another frightful battle had been going on to our left on the line of the Plank Road, and from the sounds we thought our folks were being forced back to the Brock Road. There was plenty of work for the artillery down there, judging from the sound, and we afterward learned that the Sixth Corps batteries that were with Getty's Division, and those of the Second Corps, did fine business in the open ground where the Brock Road crosses the Plank. It was rumored up our way about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon that the line of the Second Corps had been forced at the intersection of the Brock Road and the Plank, and that the enemy was sweeping up the Germania Road toward the Wilderness Tavern. This would have brought them in our left and rear. But they did not come. It was soon known that they simply stormed one salient in Hancock's intrenched line and were immediately driven out of it by Sprigg Carroll's Brigade, of the Second Corps, and the Second Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, commanded by Gen. James C. Rice. In the afternoon we could see that the woods were on fire on the southern edge of the Lacey Clearing, the fire extending away to our left, and this made us apprehensive for the wounded of our infantry, who were lying helpless in this brush in great numbers. The fighting in our immediate front—south side of the turnpike—had pretty much ceased by 4 o'clock; but Stevenson's Division, of the Ninth Corps, had now come up, and went into the brush in the same place where Crawford's Division had attacked in the morning of May 5.

At first they drove the enemy clear out of the brush, and we could see the smoke of their musketry rolling up in great volumes over in the clearing on the other side. But they soon came back pell-mell, and were reformed, some in the Lacey Clearing, and others not until they had got back to the Germania Road, where there was now quite a line of earthworks. Night was now coming on. In our own front all was quiet, except spatting picket shots. To the left things were cooling off, though there were occasional crashes of heavy musketry down there as late as 9 o'clock. But just at dusk a fearful uproar set in on our right just north of the pike. This was not far from our position. The brush here lined the pike on its north side, and the formation of the ground was such that we could not see the clearing beyond, which was part of the Spottswood Farm. But it was now dusk enough so that the rapid, flashing volleys over there would light up the sky like "heat-lightning" in a Summer night, and we could distinctly hear the yells of the troops. As the firing rapidly swept back toward the Germania Road we knew that the Sixth Corps, on our right, was being driven in, and we all momentarily expected an attack along the pike, which would have made a night battle. To meet this probable attack Rittenhouse's, ours and one of the batteries of the Ninth Corps—the 7th Maine, which was temporarily reporting to Gen. Wainwright—were or-

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dered into position to command the pike, but only Rittenhouse went into battery. This flurry proved to be an attempt to turn our right flank, held by Wright's and Ricketts's Divisions, of the Sixth Corps. It resulted in the capture of Gens. Seymour and Shaler, with portions of their brigades, and forced the right of the Sixth Corps back to the Spottswood House, which line they held after repulsing a renewed effort of the enemy. No part of the Fifth Corps, infantry or artillery, was involved in this affair, except to get ready for an apprehended attack, as above stated. However, it was a trying time for half an hour or so, as a successful attack on our right flank just at that stage of the conflict would have had a serious effect on the troops of the center and left wing. But no attack was made on our front, and after about half an hour of scrambling, yelling and crashing up there (to the right) everything stopped as if by magic. In a few minutes we ourselves limbered up and fell back to the road, where we bivouacked for the night, having held one position, with but little change, on the Lacey House knoll for two days and one night. Our casualties during the two days had been four men hit, all slightly, by spent balls. None of them were returned as wounded.

This battle of the Wilderness was a singular struggle. It was contested for two days on a line approximately four miles long by about 90,000 troops on our side and 65,000 on theirs, and there was no open ground anywhere wide enough for a division to deploy on. Artillery could have been used there, but only in shelling woods and thickets at random. The battle was brought on by the Rebels moving up to us on the pike and Plank Road and striking the flank of our column as we moved along the Germania Road and the Brock, which intersect the other two at about right angles. The Rebels could have but one reasonable object in this move, and that must have been the hope of repeating Chancellorsville. It has been stated that Gen. Lee believed that he had us whipped on the night of the 6th, and expected that we would retreat back across the Rapidan or toward Fredericksburg. But that hope was soon shattered. As for the fighting, it was simply bushwhacking on a grand scale in brush where all formation beyond that of regiments or companies was soon lost, and where such a thing as a consistent line of battle on either side was impossible. I knew a Wisconsin infantryman named Holmes who walked right into the Rebel skirmish line on the 6th about the time Wadsworth was killed. He surrendered, and a Rebel was sent to the rear with him. In two minutes Holmes and his guard walked right into our own lines, and that in broad daylight. After dark on the 5th four or five men who had straggled from Ayres's Brigade were halted by Bartlett's skirmishers, surrendered to them, and had been started off toward the Wilderness Tavern under guard before it was discovered that they were our own men. During the night of the 5th two men came back to the Lacey House, both slightly wounded. One was a Rebel, belonging to Hill's Corps, and the other was one of our men from Crawford's Division. They had got together in the brush; both had lost their muskets, and as the brush was getting afire they made the best

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of their way out of it together, taking their chances as to which of the two lines they might fall into. A man named Coombs, of the 44th New York, whom I knew, got lost in Bartlett's attack in the afternoon of the 5th, and after dark found himself away down to our left among the troops of the Second Corps, on the Brock Road, and he had passed at least two miles in the rear of the Rebel lines, and through them twice, unchallenged. He told me that when he came to the Second Corps front on the Brock Road about 10 o'clock at night and was halted, he answered: "I belong to the 44th New York; who in the —— are you?" He hadn't the remotest idea where he was.

The Rebel prisoners taken on the 6th seemed convinced that we were whipped and must retreat. They had an idea that they had cut our army in two, and that the Second Corps was totally cut off below the Plank Road. It was impossible to make them understand that we were only just beginning to fight. There were hundreds of such instances.

One old fellow was brought up out of the brush at the south edge of the Lacey Clearing. He belonged to the 5th Texas, of Gregg's Brigade. He had been hit in the shin by a bullet, which had temporarily paralyzed his leg without breaking the bone, at the extreme point of their advance in the afternoon of the 6th, and so was left in our hands when they fell back. Some of the boys asked him what he thought of the battle. He was a comical old cuss, and his reply was, "Battle be ——! It ain't no battle! It's a worse riot than Chickamauga was!" (He had been with Longstreet at Chickamauga the Fall before.) "You Yanks don't call this a battle, do you? At Chickamauga there was at least a rear, but here there ain't neither front nor rear. It's all a —— mess! And our two armies ain't nothin' but howlin' mobs!" The *sang froid* of this grizzly old Texan was superb. While he sat there sopping his game leg with a wet rag and gnawing at a hardtack and piece of pork we had given him a pretty fresh youngster from one of the batteries came along and stopped to chaff with him a little. "Say, Uncle Johnny," inquired the youngster," "Haven't you fellows about made up your minds that one Southerner can't whip five Yankees?"

A COMRADE FROM BUENA VISTA.

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The venerable Rebel looked at him solemnly and responded: "Son, did you ever hear any Southern man say he could whip five Yankees?"

"N—no; I don't know that I ever did."

"Well, then, whar did you git that notion?"

"Oh, some of the men who went round up home making speeches to raise companies told us that the Johnnies bragged that one Southerner could whip five Yankees. Maybe they told us that to get our dander up!"

"I expected as much," replied Uncle Johnny. "Now let me tell you, Sonny, that that story, like a good many other things which helped to bring on this war, wasn't nothin' but a —— Abolition lie!!"

You couldn't phase that old rooster much. He won our hearts by telling us that he had been in the 2d Kentucky in the Mexican war, and had helped support the old Battery at Buena Vista.

The heavy artillerymen felt keenly the jibes which the veteran infantry and light artillerymen poked at them when they first came into the field. And no doubt many of ourselves were sorry about it when we saw their thinned ranks a few days later. The 4th New York Heavy was divided up among the artillery brigades of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps, one battalion to each at the beginning of the campaign, but this arrangement did not last long. They were officially termed the Artillery Brigade Guard, but were used all the time as ordinary infantry. Comrade F. O. Talbot, 1st Maine Heavy, writes to me as follows:

It is very late and perhaps unnecessary to correct the veteran infantry and light artillerymen in the idea that they entertained of the notions, hopes and expectations of those heavy artillerymen when they volunteered in the Summer of 1862. But I wish to do so, as I, and I have no doubt all other surviving heavies, do not like to rest any longer under the stigma of enlisting with such motives as were and are ascribed to us. The surviving veterans (infantry and light artillery) do us a great injustice when they say that the heavy artillerymen enlisted with the hope of staying in the defenses of Washington, eating three square meals a day and sleeping on a good bed every night, and doing no fighting except possibly behind good earthworks. I also have to say that we were all volunteers, and there were no drafted men in my regiment. I enlisted in the 18th Maine in August, 1862, as a private, and went with my company to the end, and for five months after the end. The regiment enlisted as infantrymen, with the hope and expectation of going right into business and helping the veterans finish the war. Well, after we arrived in Washington, we, with several other regiments, were, by order of the War Department and much to our disgust, made heavy artillerymen and put into the forts and batteries around the city. We, the 1st Maine Heavy, were to a man disappointed, mad and rebellious. We kicked. We felt mean and degraded, and talked among ourselves of open rebellion, but of course we had to obey. Then all the time that we were in those forts almost every man in my regiment had his mind made up to go to the front and enlist in a fighting regiment if we were discharged in those forts and the war not ended. We chafed and fretted, sulked and swore all those months, and when at last we did receive the order to go to the front in May, 1864, we, to a man, excepting, of course, the average number of coffee-boilers to be found in all regiments, were thankful, and we left our camp with cheers, being glad to go and see service.

When we reached Fredericksburg and the Wilderness beyond we were astonished and mad at the insulting greetings we received from the veterans. We did not know why they should sneer and scoff and insult us. But they did

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so, and it only made us the more anxious to "go in" and show them that we could fight, which we proceeded to do as soon as we were given a chance, and which our record shows we did do. (Witness Col. Fox's "Losses in the Rebellion.") The 1st Maine Heavy, in which I am proud to have served more than three years, lost more men killed in percentage than any regiment in the Union armies during the four years. It also lost more men killed and wounded in proportion to its numbers and in percentage in a single battle than any other regiment during the four years. (Gen. Walker's History of Second Corps.) My company went in at Spottsylvania with 147 men; 30 days after there were seven of us left— one Sergeant (myself), one Corporal and five privates. And of those 147 men and boys there were only 10 "coffee-boilers," not a larger proportion, I think, than were to be found in other companies of 147 men of any other branch of the service. That leaves 137 good boys—as good as were in the Army of the Potomac or any in the world. We have long since forgiven the veterans for their scoffs and sneers, but it is time that they knew that the "Heavies" did not not enlist as "Heavies" and did not wish to be "Heavies;" that we, the 1st Maine Heavy, enlisted as infantrymen, and never dreamed of being heavy artillerymen until made so against our will by order of the War Department.

Comrade William A. Glenning, 6th New York Heavy, writes to say that that regiment "was raised as the 135th New York Infantry. Then, when we arrived at Washington, we were made heavy artillery. But we joined the army in the field in July, 1863, and never left it until the 'jig was up' at Appomattox. We led the attack at Thoroughfare Gap, when the Rebels were retreating from Gettysburg. Some regiments of heavy artillery may have remained in the fortifications about Washington, but ours was not one of them. All the 'earthworks we ever manned' were those that we routed the Rebels from, and we 'manned' a good many of that sort of 'earthworks,' as you will see by consulting the records of killed and wounded."

Without doubt the crisis of the battle of the Wilderness occurred when Kershaw's and Field's Divisions broke Hancock's intrenched line at or near the intersection of the Brock Road and the Plank. Gen. Hancock reported that the broken line there was restored by Gen. Sprigg Carroll's Brigade, "assisted by some other troops," whose designations he does not give. Gen. Humphreys, in his admirable and classic history of the great Virginia campaign, evidently following Hancock's authority, says:

Col. Carroll, of Gibbon's Division, had his brigade near at hand, and was ordered by Gen. Birney to drive them out, which he did, moving forward at double quick. Gen. Hancock's dispatch referring to this says that both the attack and counter attack were of the handsomest kind, etc.

Now, Gen. Humphreys was the last man in the world to be intentionally unfair. But there is reliable testimony to show that the "some other troops" mentioned casually by Gen. Hancock bore a gallant share in the work of restoring the line, and that they were Fifth Corps troops, too. Hence, in view of the fact that this affair was to the Wilderness what the repulse of Pickett was to Gettysburg, it is no more than right that all who participated should get their just dues in history. As the Battery did not go with Wadsworth down to the Plank Road on the 6th of May, the writer could have no knowledge of this affair based upon personal observation;

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but several comrades of the Second (Rice's) Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, knowing of my intention to prepare this sketch, have asked me to state all the facts. Several of them, including Capt. E. R. Graham, 56th Pennsylvania, Brigade Inspector, have written detailed accounts, but lack of space compels me to condense their information.

The facts are that Col. Hofmann, commanding Rice's Brigade, was ordered by Hancock in person to retake the breastwork in his front, and did so in a terrific charge, hurling the exultant Confederates pell-mell out of the works and capturing quite a number.

The Second (Rice's) Brigade of Wadsworth's Division was composed of the 14th Brooklyn, 76th, 95th and 147th New York and 56th Pennsylvania. It was one of the smallest brigades in the Fifth Corps numerically, going into the Wilderness with between 1,900 and 2,000 muskets, but its losses May 5 and 6 aggregated 672, among whom were 38 officers. Capt. Hugunin, of the 147th New York, in a letter to the author, gives a graphic and faithful account of what was about the average experience of thousands. He says:

The 147th New York was on the left of the brigade, and my company next to the left of the regiment. Skirmishers were out, but no firing. The Colonel came and took the left company and sent them in as skirmishers, directing them to extend out to the left. They were hardly out of sight, and the Colonel only about 50 or 60 feet in front, when the crash came, and the Colonel (Frank C. Miller) fell, shot through the body, and was taken prisoner, and did not return till the close of the war. We afterward heard from some of our wounded skirmishers who lay on the field that the Rebels advanced, without skirmishers, in four lines, the first firing and lying down, the other lines walking over and successively firing. Nothing could stand it. We fired once and then were blown away. I lost four killed and five wounded and we never saw a Rebel; the brush was so thick. We struck the command about 20 rods back. When I got to them they were in line; the fact was, I was ashamed to run, not seeing any one. I informed the Lieutenant-Colonel that the Colonel was shot. By this time they were on us again. We had only one line. We fired better now, as we took to trees and hung on longer, but were pushed back by force of numbers. We now heard firing on every side. We would rally and fire and fall back, but could keep no line for the brush. Finally, three Captains of our regiment found ourselves together, with a few of our men, some 40 altogether, each one looking for the regiment and the colors. While consulting the Adjutant joined us. We were lost, or the regiment at least was lost, for we could not find it. Our men gathered around us like a flock of sheep waiting for salt. There was Capt. James Coey, afterward Postmaster at San Francisco for eight years and Major-General of California Militia; Capt. A. R. Penfield, at present Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic; Adj't H. H. Lyman, the Collector of the Port of Oswego, N. Y., and the writer. I was the oldest man, but junior officer, and knowing the temper of our field officers I thought they had gone to the front. But where was the front? We heard a sputtering on all sides and many bullets came around. I finally proposed to form line and advance to what I thought was the front. The Adjutant thought the regiment was in just the opposite direction; so, when we started in a northerly direction, he went south. Lieut. Esmond started with him, but after going a few rods started off alone more to the left. He said he had hardly left the Adjutant before he saw him taken prisoner and give up his sword; and just 15 years afterward, while Sheriff of Oswego County, N. Y., it was returned to him by the Rebel officer, and they have several times exchanged friendly visits.

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Our three companies advanced some half a mile and came upon four companies of Pennsylvania Reserves standing in line at "order arms," under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who was walking back and forth in their front. We joined their right and aligned on them. We asked the officer what he was doing there and where the army was. He replied he did not know; he was waiting for orders. I asked if he had a skirmish line out. He said no. So I directed some of our men to go out some 200 yards and see if they could find anything in front; not to fire, but reconnoiter and come back and report. The way I assumed command was a caution, and later I would not have dared to do so. Our videts soon returned, having found a line in front. I said to Capt. Coey, who was the senior, "Jimmey, that Lieutenant-Colonel acts rather nervous, and I don't want to stay under him; you take command of us and ask him to let us go and rejoin our regiment." We were afterward told by some Rebel prisoners that they were making preparations to take those companies prisoners when they saw us coming, and waited to get us, too, and as we left they closed in and took those four companies without firing a shot. We thought we fell back in a southerly direction to the place where we entered the woods. As we fell back we found the leaves on fire, and some one calling to our left. We went there and found a Rebel with a broken leg. We scraped away the leaves around him and gave him a canteen of water. Near him was one of our men in a similar fix, and we did the same for him; it was all we could do. Starting on, we ran into a Rebel regiment or brigade behind an old brush fence; the line was at right angles to our line of retreat and on the left. Capt. Coey went a rod or so toward them and said, "Who are you?" An officer stepped out and said, "Rebs." We then broke into a trot and swept along their entire front. I suppose they did not fire, because they thought they had us sure. As I jumped over a log I almost stepped on a Rebel lying close to it. I reached down, rolled him over and said, "Hello, Johnny, are you hurt?" He made some reply, and I, having more urgent business, put on after the boys. We now met four men of our regiment without arms; we stopped and asked them where they were going and what they were doing without arms. They said that right over there, not more than 10 rods, a Rebel officer had taken away their guns and sent them to the rear; that they were prisoners, and that we were inside the Rebel lines and could not get out. We told them we guessed not much, and to look around and find some guns and go out with us. We then called our men around us and gave them the situation, and asked them if they would stand by us to break through and make a hole somewhere. They said they would. So we advanced a little ways to where our men said they were disarmed, and sure enough there was a skirmish line facing us and a mounted officer riding along the line. Of coure we halted, and I directed some of my men to fire at the officer, but he was not hit. We then turned squarely to the left, following down their skirmish line on a trot, thinking we would get out of the corner before they closed up. As we were trotting along now without any formation I became aware of some one at my side, and looking up was rather surprised to see a tall, fine-looking young man in gray, with a carbine on his shoulder, trotting along with me. He was smiling, and I said, "Hello, Johnny, are you going out with us?" He said he reckoned so, but the next moment he was missing, and I saw him no more. I think we must have run over a mile when we came out to a clearing, which we entered, and soon saw "Old Glory" some 50 rods to our left around a corner of the woods, which proved to be our brigade and regiment. We had been given up as lost. This was about 4 o'clock, and at 5 we were put into the woods again to find the enemy, whom we found about dark. When the brigade fell back they entered the clearing from where we started, and our brigade commander seeing some troops on a knoll a little to the left, and thinking they were ours, tried to rally his brigade on them, but soon found they were Rebels.

Some time after the war I became acquainted in both social and pro-

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fessional relations with Gen. Charles W. Field, who commanded the Second Division of Longstreet's Corps in that campaign and to the end. At my request Gen. Field has courteously prepared the following sketch of the Confederate operations at the crisis of the battle of the Wilderness on Hancock's front the 6th of May. It will be found not only vivid in narration but of great historical value. In his private letter accompanying it the General playfully says that "it may go to history as his official report of that operation":

Kershaw's and my division, of Longstreet's Corps (Pickett not joining for some days later), arrived within about two miles of the Wilderness after a fatiguing and rapid march over the Catharpin Road on the evening of May 5, bivouacking about two miles apart. After the division had settled to rest about 11 p. m. I was directed to occupy, early the next morning, the position held by Heth and Wilcox. Letting my tired people rest, I broke camp at 2 o'clock a. m. and moved across the country for the Orange Plank Road, striking it at Parker's Store about daylight. The head of Kershaw's Division was observed approaching in column. We moved together in parallel columns down the road, and very soon were met by broken squads of Confederates coming to the rear, increasing with the augmented fire and cheers of the pursuing Federals. The Texas Brigade was quickly put into line, followed by Benning's, of Georgia, and Law's, of Alabama, on the left of the road, and Jenkins's, of South Carolina, and Anderson's, of Georgia, on the right. Each brigade advanced to the attack as soon as in line of battle, and the Texas Brigade, being in front, was the first to lead off, when this incident of its refusing to permit Gen. Lee to lead occurred. The moment was critical, and the splendid courage of that brigade and Benning's gave the first check, and being quickly followed by my other brigades and Kershaw on my right the onset of the Federals was arrested. They were finally driven back a few hundred yards with heavy loss to both parties. For the next two hours the fighting to the right and left of the Plank Road was very severe but without decisive results, the casualties being heavy, Gens. Benning and Law, of my Division, being among the wounded. About this time Gen. Longstreet informed me that some troops had been sent around to threaten the Federal left flank, and at a concerted signal I was to attack vigorously his front. All being in readiness at the appointed moment the plan succeeded, the enemy was dislodged from his slight breastworks and withdrew beyond our fire.

We all thought then the battle was won, and it was won, but a fatal error committed in not following it up promptly lost its fruits. The enemy in my front having passed out of sight and hearing my division, composed of Gregg's, Law's and Benning's Brigades in line of battle on the left of the Plank Road, Anderson's on the right and Jenkins's in column on the road, with Gens. Lee and Longstreet at its head, moved rapidly forward to find him. As Gens. Lee and Longstreet joined me at the front the latter seized my hand and congratulated me on the brilliant work just done. As we rode chatting down the road Gen. Lee and myself stopped a moment to have a log and rail obstruction removed from it, Longstreet and Brig.-Gen. Jenkins with their staffs continuing on. They had gotten 50 yards ahead when a volley from the woods on the right was delivered, instantly killing Jenkins and several of his staff and couriers, and seriously wounding Longstreet in the right shoulder. We soon learned that this fire came from our own troops — Mahone's Brigade, I think — which had been employed in the flank movement and approaching the Plank Road on a perpendicular line had in the underbrush mistaken Longstreet for the retiring Federals. Longstreet being lifted from his horse and propped against a tree, awaiting a surgeon and stretcher, directed me to take command of the corps and push ahead.

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Had this movement been made promptly, I have always believed Grant would have been driven across the Rapidan before night, but Gen. Lee was present and ordered that our line, which was nearly a right angle (my division being the base and Kershaw's and the other flanking force the perpendicular), should first be straightened. The difficulty of manuvering through the brush made this a tedious operation, so that when we did advance, with large reinforcements from Ewell's Corps placed under my orders, the enemy was found awaiting us behind new breastworks and thoroughly prepared and expecting us. Nevertheless the assault was gallantly made, and at one point at least his breastworks temporarily taken by a part of my division. We were, however, too weak to hold them against their reinforcements and were compelled to fall back, leaving some wounded and prisoners in the works, among them Col. Van H. Manning, of the 3d Arkansas regiment, serving in the Texas Brigade.

Though several later attempts on that part of the field were made, the spirit animating our earliest effort was wanting and no serious advantage was gained. Among the many killed and wounded which were left in our rear as we gained ground to the front was the chivalrous Gen. Wadsworth, of New York. Though mortally wounded and unable to articulate, he was apparently conscious, and it is a pleasing reflection that myself and associates did all in our power to alleviate his sufferings. He was tenderly propped against a tree and provided with water, and every attention and respect shown him which kindness could suggest. The battle was really ended on the 6th, for though there was some desultory firing on the 7th there was never a serious and combined effort made on either side.

The battle of the Wilderness was unique in military history. Never before had so great a battle been fought on such ground or under such circumstances. Tactically it did not reflect much credit on any of the Generals, Union or Confederate. It was throughout a "soldier's battle," and, so long as history endures, it will stand as a marvellous though melancholy evidence of the courage, fortitude and devotion of the American race embattled. We had lost heavily, but so had the Johnnies, and, as it proved, we could afford it better than they could. As a factor in the general result, my deliberate conclusion is that the battle of the Wilderness was a disaster to the Rebel cause on the whole. They had made the most of their advantages of position and the nature of the ground; they had fought better than ever before, and though we were considerably superior to them in total numbers the peculiarity of the situation — broken country and thick brush, where every wood-road and cow-path was well known to them and strange to our troops — largely neutralized this advantage. We lost more men than they did; but their losses were larger than ours, reckoned by percentage of numbers engaged. And we could repair our losses, while they could not replace their dead and disabled men. Hence the battle of the Wilderness was to all intents and purposes a defeat for the Rebels, estimated in the light of subsequent events.

There are no exact official data as to the Confederate losses in the Wilderness. From such fragmentary reports as are extant, and estimating the whole upon the basis of percentages deduced from the fragments, it appears that their loss was between 11,500 and 12,000 men, or about 18 to 19 per cent. of those engaged.

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The losses of the Army of the Potomac were as follows:

SECOND CORPS.		
First Division	881	
Second Division	1,257	
Third Division	2,241	
Fourth Division	699	
Artillery Brigade	11	
	—	5,089
FIFTH CORPS.		
First Division	1,748	
Second Division	792	
Third Division	573	
Fourth Division	2,007	
Artillery Brigade	11	
	—	5,131
SIXTH CORPS.		
First Division	1,028	
Second Division	2,991	
Third Division	991	
Artillery Brigade	22	
	—	5,032
CAVALRY CORPS.		
First Division	315	
Second Division	161	
Third Division	229	
Horse-Artillery	5	
	—	710
Total Reserve Artillery		56
Total Army of the Potomac		16,018
NINTH CORPS.		
First Division	535	
Second Division	562	
Third Division	521	
Cavalry Brigade	13	
Provisional Brigade	9	
	—	1,640
Grand total Union losses		17,658

These figures are official, and are those which will appear in the War Records when published.

During May 7 we remained all day in the positions occupied at the close of the Wilderness battle, engaged in drawing and cooking rations, repairing damages, etc., and about 9 o'clock that night the Fifth Corps moved out on the Brock Road for Spottsylvania Courthouse. The batteries marched with the divisions. The night was very dark, and the infantry straggled to such an extent that it was 1 o'clock of May 8 before the last battery, Rittenhouse's, left the Lacey House. From that time until daylight the rear of the column did not make more than half a mile an hour. About 6:30 a. m., our cavalry being held in check by the enemy, Robinson's Division, with Martin's and Breck's Batteries, followed by Griffin, with Mink's, Phillips's and Richardson's Batteries, moved past the cav-

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alry and pushed on about three-fourths of a mile beyond the Alsop House. Breck's Battery was left in position on the high ground close to this house, while Capt. Martin moved to the front with his battery and went into position on the right of the Maryland Brigade near the point of woods where Gen. Sedgwick fell the day after, and where the two branches of the road which separate in the rear of the Alsop House again come together. Capt. Martin here brought his battery into position and fired solid shot into the woods on the opposite rise to enable our infantry to gain possession of it, but failing in this, and Robinson's infantry being driven back, the battery fell back with them by the right-hand road, about half a mile, to a small knoll which commanded the valley of a little stream running from our right into the Po. In the withdrawal of his battery Capt. Martin received a severe wound in the back of his neck, just grazing the spine, and the command of the battery devolved upon Lieut. Walcott.

The other divisions as they came up were formed on the right and left of the Alsop House, about a quarter of a mile to its front, and Mink and Richardson took position around the house. An attempted advance of the enemy was checked at this point with the aid of the fire of these batteries, and on the arrival of the rest of the corps and Wright's Division, of the Sixth, our line was again pushed forward to the point first gained, which continued to be the salient of our line through the remainder of the battle. The batteries were now disposed as follows: Breck's, Mink's and Richardson's in position on the right of the main — Brock — road, commanding the little valley leading to the Po, Richardson relieving Walcott, who joined our Battery then advancing, and the two moved forward to the position from which Robinson's Division had recently been driven. Robinson's attack had evidently been simply a feeler, as Gen. Warren, accompanied by some of his staff and Stewart, Mink and Martin of the battery commanders, had reconnoitered down the road on the arrival of the head of column in the morning. They had discovered that the enemy was busy intrenching across the Brock Road in front of Spindler's House, where the road to the "Old Courthouse" forks with the Brock, and that they had guns in position there. This position, as we afterward learned to our cost, was very advantageous. It seemed that Gen. Warren did not at first apprehend the strength of the Rebel position. He had Gen. Merritt dismount some of his cavalry and form them off to the right of the old road as flankers, and then proceeded to assault the enemy's works with Robinson's Division, Gen. Warren leading the troops in person in his full-dress Major-General's uniform, sash and all, and mounted on his big dapple-gray charger.

Gen. Robinson was badly wounded, and his troops driven back in some confusion about the Alsop House. Gen. Warren did not seem to proceed with his usual caution here. The march the night before had been very hard and fatiguing to the infantry, who not only marched several miles, but had been compelled to help clear the road of trees that the

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Rebels had felled across it in their retreat; and, as this was early in the morning, they had not rested a bit, except to breakfast on hardtack, pork and cold water, there having been no chance to make coffee.

After the war I met Gen. Warren at the Ebbitt House, in Washington, and, having known him before, said very much these things to him. He said that his idea was then that the Rebels had only reached that point the same morning, or late that night, and so he thought they could not have intrenched much, and hence the best thing to do was to attack them at once, before they could get a chance to dig. But if he had known that they had been there all night, as was afterward clearly ascertained, he would have attacked with the artillery first and put the infantry in afterward. However, after the repulse of Robinson's Division, it was apparent that they would have to be pretty well shaken up with artillery before infantry could do anything, so ours and Martin's (Walcott's) Massachusetts Battery were now ordered up some distance beyond the Alsop House, forming an artillery skirmish line of 12 guns, and opened with spherical case at a "2-second range" — that is to say, about 600 yards — on 12 or 14 guns of the enemy, well posted. Just back of the Alsop House the Brock Road forks, making what the inhabitants there called the "old road" and the "new road." The "new road" is the easterly one of the two. They come together again just before reaching the Spindler House, where the Rebels had made their earthwork across the road, with redoubts in the form of bastions raking its front or taking the road from either side *en echarpe*. In these works they had their guns mounted, and long flanking breastworks on either side full of infantry. The thick brush came up close to the "old road," on the west, while the "new road," on the east, ran along the bank of a little ravine or gully formed by a rivulet that headed right in front of the Rebel works, and ran north into the Ny. The space between the two roads was mostly an "old field," with little clumps of stunt pine and jack-oak trees, all bare and desolate, as if good for nothing except to fight a battle on. The place where we unlimbered was unfavorable. The ground rose a little in our front, so that we could not see the Rebels' heads over the low crest. We would have done our work better if we had gone on the higher ground to our right and unlimbered there, though, of course, that would have brought us within easy musket range of their flanking works, which was not the case where we were. However, the old Battery was used to "easy musket range," and we always had a partiality for point-blank business. Be this as it may, we went in here and opened with case, sighting the guns to graze the low crest in our front. The enemy replied with spirit, and one of the first men hit in the Battery was Lieut. Thomas Goodman, commanding the left section. Lieut. Goodman had recently joined us, and was only serving with our Battery temporarily. He was a volunteer officer from one of the Jersey batteries.

As the firing began he said something to Serg't Thorpe or Sanborn, and had hardly got the words out of his mouth when he was hit, fell mortally wounded, and died a few days afterward. The practice was very difficult.

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If we cleared the crest in our front the case shot would either explode in the air or go clear over. Hence it was necessary to "graze" them and let them explode as they struck, which would send their bullets and fragments tumbling in on top of the Rebels in their redoubts. This, as any artillerist knows, is the very hardest kind of practice. If the crest is close to you, all you have to do is reduce your powder charge till you get the exact range, and then you can drop your shells or case right on top of them, mortar-fashion. But in this affair the crest was close to the Rebels and distant from us, so that we couldn't make "mortar-practice," but, as above stated, had to explode our case shot "on the graze," to do any execution.

DEATH OF LIEUT. GOODMAN.

On the contrary, the Rebels had a chance of "mortar-practice" at us, as above explained, and they certainly made the most of it. However, we rapidly got the upper hand as soon as we established our range, and in about half an hour they ceased to reply. Griffin's Division was now brought forward again, and we limbered up and took a new position to our right of the east road, close to the edge of the woods and near the crest of the high ground, where we proceeded to shell the enemy's infantry in their breastworks preparatory to Gen. Griffin's attack.

At this point, as we were on the high ground where there were no springs or brooks, we were distressed for want of water, our canteens having been emptied during the night march and at breakfast in the morning. Besides, we could not replenish our buckets with water to sponge with. So some of our men went off to the right, where there was a little hollow, in which it was supposed water could be found. They found both water and fire; for the enemy had come out of his trenches, and his skirmishers attacked this party, wounding and capturing one of them — "Brig" Johnson — who never came back, and who was said to have ended his days amid the horrors of Andersonville some time afterward. "Brig" was a good, honest fellow, brave and faithful, and as his time would have been out in a few weeks his fate was particularly hard.

At this time it was apparent that Gen. Warren intended to repeat his assault with the infantry. Bartlett's Veteran Brigade now defiled into the edge of the brush, past our right, deployed out toward the slashed woods on

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the left front of the Rebel works, and in five minutes that eternal crash of musketry began again. We could now see that the enemy had pulled his guns out of his advanced works and was positioning them in the heavier retrenched work in his second line, leaving only infantry in his old works at the forks of the road. That Bartlett would have taken this line at the first dash is certain but for the slashing. Some of his men did get into the enemy's works on their right, but had to get out again in consequence of the others not being able to get through the slashing. It was said that the 16th Michigan had their colors planted on the enemy's breastwork for some minutes in this charge. The late Congressman James Laird, of Nebraska, then a private soldier in the 16th Michigan, is my authority for this.

Comrade Joseph B. Potter, Sergeant 83d Pennsylvania, says of this charge:

In forming for the charge our line was not parallel to that of the Rebels, but our right too much advanced. The 16th Michigan, being upon the right, struck the Rebel line ahead of us and the 44th New York, yet there was no break in our line, as might be inferred from the description given by Mr. Laird. That we were there is shown by my diary giving the names of 32 killed, 204 wounded and 62 missing out of a roll of 520 in the whole regiment. My company (H) had 15 reported missing. Of that 15 there were five returned to us, being recaptured by our cavalry at Trevillian Station, while the other 10 have never been heard from, and the same ratio for the regiment added to the killed would make it 74 killed and 204 wounded, out of a possible 520, in less than 30 minutes. If it is remembered that neither army ever had possession of that field; that the dead were not buried until the close of the war (a year afterward), I think it should be conceded that those forever missing should be classed as killed, for no accurate list of the killed ever was or ever could have been made.

Gen. Bartlett himself has said to the author that his brigade took a few prisoners from some part of these works. But, on the whole, Bartlett was repulsed from the Rebel main line, though his troops and those of Ayres did not retire very far, but took up and intrenched our line on the crest, which was held during the rest of the fighting about Spottsylvania Courthouse. At night our Battery was withdrawn to an inner line nearer our first position.

The first day of Spottsylvania was over. Night settled down on the scene, and a cold, drizzling rain fell nearly till morning. Our losses were three men killed, three mortally wounded, and eight or 10 wounded, of whom six were disabled, besides five or six others slightly hit. The phenomenally large percentage of killed to wounded was due to the fact that the casualties were all from artillery fire, all the men hit being struck by solid shot or pieces of shell or case shot. Lieut. Goodman was hit in the head, and fell after staggering about 10 feet. As soon as Lieut. Goodman fell, Stewart, who, with all his courage and even ferocity in battle, could never bear to see one of his men die, turned and went out of the section toward the right of the Battery. But Goodman got right up, and, though his head was bleeding, appeared to be not badly hurt. The ball had just grazed his head without penetrating the skull. It was doubtless one of the flying missiles from an exploding case shot. Serg't Thorpe, com-

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manding the No. 1 gun of the left section, picked up Goodman's cap and handed it to him. The shot had driven the cross-cannons of the artillery clear through the cap. Goodman took the cap, thanked Serg't Thorpe for his attention, and said, laughingly, "It's only a scratch, but it was a close call." Then he almost instantly fainted. He was then taken to the rear, and died in a few days.

I was knocked down in our first position by the air concussion of a shell, which exploded almost in my face, killed one man and wounded several others, but was not hurt, except a queer numbness about my head and temporary deafness. One man's head was partly shot off, and he was a frightful spectacle! You could distinctly see the fragments of his skull fly! He must have been struck in the face by an unexploded shell or solid shot, and never knew what hurt him. He was not one of our own men, but belonged to an infantry regiment in Robinson's Division, and being separated from his command had come into the Battery. From letters, etc., in his blouse pocket his name was ascertained to be Paul Winegar, but the number of his regiment has passed from my memory. This combat at Spottsylvania was a regular "slugging match" between batteries, with the advantage of position and lay of the ground largely in favor of the enemy. He served his guns rapidly and well, but many of his case shot and shell howled just over our heads or tore up the ground in our midst without bursting. Maj. Dupre, late of the Confederate army, who was then serving in one of the batteries opposed to us, says that their fuses were nearly all bad, so that their shell and case were little better than solid shot would have been; whereas, he says, nearly every one of our case shot burst right in their faces, so that, notwithstanding that they were partially covered by the slight redoubts they had made during the latter part of the night, we soon made the position untenable.

In this action Stewart had abundant opportunity to show his skill as an artillerist. He got hurt in one leg some way, probably by a stone torn up by a grazing shot, or perhaps a piece of spent shell, but paid no attention to it. He limped along from gun to gun, instructing the Gunners and praising the Cannoneers. He would watch a shot, and when he saw the dirt fly from the crest where the shot grazed and then exploded he would slap the Gunner on the back and tell him, "You've got her just right, now, my son; keep her right there!" He got a brevet of Captain for that day's service, and we always considered the work of the Battery the first day of Spottsylvania as the finest piece of purely artillery practice under difficulties of position and ground that it had ever made.

Stewart was very proud of our performance the 8th of May. Prior to that time the history of the Battery had been mainly rough-and-tumble fights with infantry at close quarters, which involved simple "slugging" with double canister, as at Antietam and Gettysburg, with very little opportunity for nice artillery practice. At Fredericksburg the Battery had engaged the enemy's artillery at a fair range, and had driven one of his batteries out of action after dismounting one of his guns and blowing up

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a caisson or two. But this fight at Spottsylvania was purely an artillery combat, undisturbed by infantry fire, except occasional pot-shots by sharpshooters at very long range, which had little effect. It was fought under circumstances of position and ground calculated to bring into play all the skill and precision that an artilleryman can command. The enemy was screened from point-blank fire by an elevation in his front, and was, besides, protected by slight epaulements of earth and logs, which he had thrown up during the previous night, while we had no protection whatever. On all sides there was universal praise for the behavior of the Battery — from Gens. Warren, Griffin, Cutler, Bartlett, Ayres and Wainwright, Chief of Artillery of the Fifth Corps. Walcott's 3d Massachusetts Battery, in line with us, though at some little distance, was also superbly served, though, as it was not in such an exposed position as we were in, and, besides, as the enemy seemed to concentrate his fire more on us, the Bay State boys did not suffer as much as we did. Stewart wrote a very fine report of this engagement, mentioning a good many of the boys and calling Gen. Wainwright's attention to their conduct. This report unfortunately is not on file among the War Records, and Capt. Stewart tells me that the copy of it which he retained was destroyed by fire some years ago. A protracted artillery duel, such as we had at Spottsylvania, is by no means so stirring an event as a close-quarter fight with charging infantry, like the Gettysburg Railroad Cut or the Antietam Cornfield, and hence does not admit of such vivid description. When a battery is fighting infantry in that way it is simply an exchange of double canister for musketry, and while in such cases the casualties are almost always severe if the infantry stands up to its work well, the conditions of the fight will be exciting and inspiring to the Cannoneers, so that they will not, for the time being, realize the full extent of their danger, but will be absorbed by a desire to destroy the infantry in their front. For this reason a well-trained battery always appears at its best when resisting an infantry charge or when standing up to its work against a heavy and destructive fire of infantry under cover at close range. Such situations stir the blood of the most sluggish Cannoneer, nerve him to almost incredible deeds and make him oblivious of his peril. There is nothing that can stir the latent heroism of a Cannoneer like the sight of the waist-belts of the enemy's infantry coming on! Then the only thing he has to do is to chuck in the canister as fast as he can and get it out again as quick as he can without blowing No. 1 from the muzzle.

But you get none of the benefit of this excitement when fighting batteries at fair range in an artillery duel pure and simple. If they are in plain sight it is better. But if they are screened from you so that you cannot see your foe, as was the case with us at Spottsylvania, whereby your range and the result of your fire can be judged only by its evident effect on the enemy, every man in the battery, from Captain to Cannoneer, is subjected to a great mental and moral strain, without the compensating effects of excitement or enthusiasm. On such occasions the guns will be

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loaded carefully, often reducing the charges by spilling some of the powder on the ground. If firing shell or case there may be a debate between the Sergeant and the Gunner about the time of the fuse. Then there may be another debate about the elevation of the piece. In the meantime the air above you will be blue with the mingled flame and smoke of the enemy's shells; his ricochet shot will be filling your eyes full of dirt; his exploding case will be killing or wounding your comrades in every direction. But you must stick to your post in perfectly cold blood, without the slightest inspiring or exciting circumstance. If you are killed it will be by a solid shot taking your head off, or tearing out your vitals, or cutting you in two; if wounded, it will be by jagged pieces of iron shell tearing your poor body in agonizing gashes, or by the equally horrible holes made by the flying ounce balls with which the case shot are filled! On the whole, it is always easier for a battery to face infantry at close quarters, with all the attendant excitement and enthusiasm of such a fight, than to stand up under a cold-blooded and methodical cannonade such as that of Spottsylvania.

One of the touching incidents of this slaughter at Spottsylvania was the death of Isaac Vandicar, from the 24th Michigan. He had been the Captain's Orderly for some time, and as such had taken care of "Old Tartar," who was always esteemed one of the most important and meritorious "comrades" in the Battery. Ike was serving as No. 5 on one of the guns in the left section, and an exploding case shot literally made a seive of him — no less than four of the missiles hitting the poor boy. He was struck in the face, breast, abdomen and groin by shot, all from the same case. Some of the boys started to carry him away in a blanket, when he said, "I want to see the Old Man!"

They called Stewart, who came to him and said, "Van, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Captain," replied Ike, with perfect composure, "I know I must die, but I wanted to say good-by to you, and I want you to see that 'Old Tartar' has good care after I am gone!"

Stewart wrung Ike's dying hand, turned away from him and when he came into our section, though it was in the very hottest of the fight, he was visibly affected.

This "first night of Spottsylvania" was a gloomy one. Every man knew that the Fifth Corps had suffered a sanguinary repulse of a desperate assault, or series of assaults, by Robinson's, Griffin's and Crawford's Divisions in succession, and that the Artillery Brigade — particularly Stewart's, Walcott's, Mink's and Phillips's Batteries — had lost severely. Our own loss included three of our best and brightest boys, all killed in their tracks — Billy Irving, Anse Jillson and Ike Vandicar — and Lieut. Goodman mortally wounded. All these boys were particular favorites with the Captain, and Vandicar had been his personal Orderly for a long time. Stewart attempted to make a little speech to the Battery that night at roll call, which was his invariable custom after a battle, complimenting his boys on their conduct

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and expressing his appreciation of the way they had stood by him. His voice was husky with emotion, and when he came to speak of the soldierly virtues of those who had fallen he choked up entirely and had to quit. It was a very sad occasion.

Thomas Goodman was the only volunteer officer who ever served with the Battery. He had been an old Regular before the war; then came out in 1861 as a Sergeant in the 6th Jersey; was promoted to a Lieutenantcy, and, having been in the old artillery, was transferred to one of the Jersey batteries, where he served until his assignment to us. He was a trim-built man, just about my size at that time, though he was not quite as stocky in build as I was, and probably weighed not over 150. He was full of energy and intensely proud of his assignment to our old Battery. Capt. Stewart, in a letter to me, says: "Among officers, Goodman was inclined to be reticent, and during the time he was with us I never succeeded in learning much about his history. He considered his assignment to our Battery as a promotion, and it seemed very sad to have him cut off so soon. Had he been spared he would have made a brilliant career with us."

But Goodman was not reticent in dealing with the men; on the contrary, his chief delight was to be among them and to converse with them. Short as was his stay with us, he had made a close personal acquaintance with every man in his section, learning all about where he was from, taking an interest in his affairs, inquiring when he had heard from home, and if the folks were well, and all such little attentions which win the affections of soldiers for an officer. All of us took a great interest in his condition that night, and after the Battery's position was established on Griffin's line and the fighting appeared to be over for the day, Stewart left the Battery temporarily under command of McBride and rode back to the field hospital, taking Thorpe with him, I believe, to see how poor Goodman was getting along. He came back about roll-call time much encouraged, and told us that while the contusion in his head was more severe than was at first supposed, it was not necessarily dangerous, and he would doubtless recover and rejoin us soon; but he died in a few days. The shock, it was said, ruptured a blood vessel in the brain and the internal hemorrhage killed him. In character, Goodman was a very thorough and precise soldier, and always wanted every duty done promptly and fully. But his manner was very pleasant and winning, and in giving orders he always spoke in an ordinary tone of voice, and when off duty was sociable and companionable. I believe he was taking especial pains to ingratiate himself with the men, and he was certainly succeeding. In appearance he was of a rather florid complexion, having deep blue eyes and light brown hair and mustache. As to his behavior, it is not necessary to describe the courage of a man who was killed in action on the front line with his face to the enemy.

During the 9th of May there was considerable activity on our side but no decided attack. The day was spent in manuvering and intrenching somewhat, and also in reconnoitering the enemy's position. The principal event of the day was the death of Gen. John Sedgwick, killed by a Con-

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federate sharpshooter while in the position of Mink's Battery, which was a few rods from the position occupied by Stewart's during the heavy cannonade of the day before. Comrade H. R. Schell, of Mink's Battery, furnishes the following account of the death of that noble old soldier and General:

The killing of Gen. Sedgwick occured while standing between the guns of a section of Battery H, 1st New York Artillery, nearly opposite to the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. Gen. Sedgwick had been observing the enemy's lines through his field-glass, when a New Hampshire regiment began to file past our right and rear for the purpose of relieving a regiment who had been all night in the breastworks to our right. The enemy's sharpshooters had our range to a dot, and were sending their leaden compliments over at intervals of two or three moments between each shot. Several men and horses had been hit that morning in the battery. Brig.-Gen. Morris, I think a son of the Poet Morris, had been wounded standing almost in the same spot, and only a few moments before the gallant Sedgwick received the fatal shot that lost to our country one of her most distinguished Generals. As the New Hampshire regiment was filing past some of the men were paying their compliments to the angry, whiz of the bullets as they sped uncomfortably near; and I never saw a man so brave that he would not. Among the men of the regiment as it had nearly passed us was a Sergeant who seemed a little shaky and appeared never to have been under fire before. As a ball sang past uncomfortably near him, he got down to the bosom of Mother Earth as nearly as possible, without actually crawling on his hands and knees. His conduct seemed to make the General very angry, and he stepped rapidly up behind the Sergeant and touched him with his boot, remarking, at the same time, "What are you dodging at; they can't hit an elephant at that distance." The words were scarcely uttered when the fatal bullet hit him near the left eye; he staggered backward and was caught in the arms of Gen. Martin McMahon of his staff, and in a few moments was borne to the rear upon a stretcher. Soon after this episode Battery H was relieved by a battery of the Sixth Corps, and we took our position again in the line of the Fifth Corps, about 300 yards to the right at an angle in the works.

DEATH OF GEN. SEDGWICK.

The Sixth Corps troops always flattered themselves that the death of "Uncle John," as they called him, did not go unavenged. Their story, as told in a letter to the author by Comrade D. R. Sanborn, of the 6th Vermont, one of the regiments of the immortal old Vermont Brigade, is as follows:

Immediately after the death of Sedgwick a detail was ordered from the Vermont Brigade, of the Second Division, Sixth Corps, then in reserve, to go to the front to act as sharpshooters. Serg't Sanford G. Grey and the writer,

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members of the 6th Vermont, were of this detail, and under the command of a Lieutenant we marched out to the front in the immediate vicinity of the battery where Sedgwick fell. It was then that we first heard of his death. His lifeless body was being placed in an ambulance that had been ordered up from the rear. Union and Confederate dead were thickly scattered all around, telling us of the hot work our men had had in gaining the position we then held; but our thoughts were not of what had passed, but intent upon avenging the death of Uncle John. Reaching our position, and running our rifles through an aperture in our breastwork of rails, we patiently waited. But a moment passed, when suddenly I saw, as I supposed, our man of the red shirt expose himself on our right. I whispered, "There he is, Grey," and was about to fire, when Grey placed his hand on my arm and whispered, "Don't fire; don't you see he has a red cloth upon a stick, with his hat placed upon the top? He is waiting for our men in his front to expose themselves. Let me have a shot at that fellow; I can beat you shooting; we shall see him in a moment at the other end of his pit. There he is now!" But a second elapsed; the sharp report of Grey's rifle rang out upon the morning breeze, and as I watched the shot it seemed that the victim jumped six feet in the air, falling back into his pit. We knew that he was at least badly wounded, for there was no more shooting from that quarter during the day; but his red flag hung there in the sun all that hot May day, and many a bullet sped its way in that direction, our men on the right being deceived by it, as we had been before we had gained our near position.

Just before sunset our lines were advanced and the enemy's skirmishers driven back nearer the line of battle. That evening Grey and I visited the pit of the big fellow with the red shirt. We found him in a half-sitting posture at the end of the pit dead. His right hand still firmly grasped his rifle, which was of the old style muzzle-loading patch-and-ball pattern. I judged him to be 50 years of age, six feet two inches in hight, of large frame, a heavy brown beard mixed with gray covering his face. He had an old-fashioned horn powder flask hung over his shoulder, and a leather pouch upon a belt that surrounded his body was filled with caps and bullets. He wore a faded uniform, gray pair of pants and an old white patched cotton shirt. Grey's shot had struck him in the right side, probably passing through his heart, and it is likely that he died instantly. His undershirt, old and of red woolen, was stretched on a piece of timber split from a fence rail, with a crosspiece, over which was stretched the shirt. An old coonskin cap surmounted the shirt. I have always thought that this man killed Gen. Sedgwick, and that his own life, forfeited within the hour, was all the revenge we could get.

During May 9 the Fifth Corps occupied an irregular curved line, with its left near the road to Spottsylvania Courthouse, at the salient where Gen. Sedgwick fell, and its right in the woods to the rear of the Pritchard House. At daylight Mink's Battery (H) and Richardson's (D) 1st New York were sent to the front and posted under Gen. Griffin's orders a short distance to the right of where Stewart's Battery was the day before. An orchard with ruins of a house were immediately in front of them, and a heavy wooded knoll beyond at a distance of 500 yards. The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was exceedingly annoying from these points. At 6:30 p. m. the enemy opened from a battery to the left and advanced their skirmish lines, but were driven back into the woods and their battery silenced. Mink and Richardson were again withdrawn after dark. Cooper's Battery occupied its position of the afternoon before, on a knoll to the right of the Courthouse Road and commanding the valley toward the Pritchard House. Rittenhouse's Battery was also placed on the same

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knoll to the right of Cooper's, and in the afternoon Phillips's Battery was posted about 400 yards in their rear on commanding ground. The two first named were engaged at different times during the day against batteries of the enemy which opened on the right of our line. Phillips, though not engaged, suffered somewhat from the random fire of a battery beyond the woods on his left flank. The other batteries remained in reserve near the Alsop House until late in the afternoon, when Walcott relieved Cooper's Battery, and the latter moved off to the right, about half a mile and fired several rounds at the enemy across the Po. Breck's Battery had been sent also to the same position in the afternoon, and was engaged under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. Both these batteries were withdrawn after dark and camped near the Alsop House. Early May 10 Mink and Richardson resumed their position of the previous day, slightly advanced and well protected by works thrown up during the night. The latter battery had but three guns in position, having badly cracked the trail of one of their pieces the day before. Both batteries fired a good part of the day under Gen. Griffin's orders at the enemy's skirmish line and to encourage our own infantry. The enemy also occasionally opened from a battery on their front, but was soon silenced. Rittenhouse's and Breck's Batteries were posted during the morning on the right of the corps to fire on the enemy's line across the Po, which was being attacked by the Second Corps. They were engaged a good part of the day, but when the corps fell back were much exposed and were withdrawn before night. At the time the Second Corps fell back Cooper's and Walcott's Batteries were ordered to report to Col. Tidball, Chief of the Second Corps artillery. They reported back the next morning, but were not used. Phillips's Battery remained in its position of the previous day and Stewart's was posted to its right and rear, close to the Alsop House.

During the 10th of May it was quiet on our part of the line up to noon or after, but we heard heavy firing all the morning from the direction of the Sixth Corps, which was on our left. About 3 o'clock one section was sent through the brush on our left of the Brock Road, and after a difficult haul got out into the edge of the east clearing and halted a short distance from where Gen. Sedgwick had been killed the day before.

Sections from two other Fifth Corps batteries followed, but only one came through the brush—a section of Walcott's. To our left was a pine grove, more open than any woods we had yet seen in these parts, and we observed that a heavy line of battle of the Sixth Corps infantry was massed in this grove, lying down. There was a hollow in the front of us, and in this were two batteries of the Sixth Corps—McKnight's (M, 5th Regulars,) and Kimball's (4th Maine). In front of these there was rising ground just high enough to shut out the Rebel works in our immediate front, but we could plainly see their heavy works on the hill beyond, which was the famous "Angle." In course of about half an hour these two Sixth Corps batteries were thrown forward to the top of the rising ground in our front, where they unlimbered and opened furiously. The sound of the enemy's

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reply showed that they were close up to his works, and his shot and even bullets which passed over them reached us. So we pulled down a little to the left and into the hollow, where we found shelter from their dropping fire. We took no part in this action, being simply held there in reserve. Suddenly the batteries in front of us ceased firing, and then the infantry that was in the pine woods to our left broke cover and in magnificent style swept past our flank out into the open ground, over the little rise, thence down upon the Rebel intrenchments and out of sight where we were. Their right marker passed very close to us, and we saw the colors of the 5th Maine and 121st New York regiments. We now moved quickly by our right flank up the little hollow, and soon emerged from it onto the high ground and halted at the end of a little wood road which there came through the brush from the Brock Road. Here we could see the whole of the west face of the enemy's works, and we instantly discovered that our infantry had gotten into them and were advancing rapidly through the open ground toward Spottsylvania Court-house. But they encountered desperate resistance, and as it was now almost dark, and no one appeared to be supporting or co-operating with them in the assault, they fell back, and before it was quite dark resumed their position in the pine grove. This is usually called the charge of Upton's Brigade, but as a matter of fact it was a picked column from the Sixth Corps, and moved on the enemy's works in three lines, of which the 5th Maine, 121st New York and 96th and 119th Pennsylvania formed the first line; the 77th and 43d New York, 5th Wisconsin, 6th Maine and 49th Pennsylvania the second, and the 2d, 3d, 5th and 6th Vermont (the Old Vermont Brigade) the third line. There was no finer operation in the shape of a direct assault on strong works during the whole struggle, but, like many other actions of the kind, it was isolated, and, though in itself successful, its success was rendered useless by lack of concerted support. Somebody was to blame for such a sacrifice of a thousand or so of the best troops in the army, and it certainly was not Gen. Upton. He did his part and his men did theirs. Who it was that failed is a question that no one has endeavored to answer. One of the

CLINTON BECKWITH.
[From a war-time tintype.]

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notable incidents of this charge was the behavior of young Clinton Beckwith, of the 121st New York, a neighbor and friend of mine at home. He was a sturdy boy, not more than 18 years old, and hardly as tall as his musket. When the assaulting column began to fall back after almost reaching Lee's headquarters, Clint. heard some one calling for assistance, and, answering the appeal, he found a Captain—it was either Clarke or Wight, of the 5th Maine—badly wounded and unable to move. So Clint. shouldered the Captain like a bag of grain, and, though the Captain was much larger than he was, Clint. brought him safely back to our lines!

Returning to the Fifth Corps: During May 11 Mink and Richardson occupied substantially their posts of the day before, firing case and shell at intervals into the enemy's works. Cooper remained in the little redoubt he had built, commanding the valley before mentioned. Breck's, Phillips's and ours continued in position as before around the Alsop House, with Rittenhouse and Walcott in reserve, until the afternoon, when Stewart's Battery was moved to the left and front of Cooper, and Walcott was ordered to report to Brig.-Gen. Ayres, now in command of the Second Division. None of these batteries were engaged during the day. May 12 Phillips's and Breck's Batteries took position to the left of the road which crosses the Po at Corbitt's Bridge. During the forenoon they shelled the woods across the river and replied to a few guns which opened on our skirmish lines, but they were either so far off or so much concealed by the woods that the effect of their fire could not be seen. In the afternoon they had a brisk engagement for about 25 minutes with a Rebel battery in their front at 1,200 yards and silenced it. The fire of the enemy was very accurate, wounding several of the men and exploding one of Capt. Phillips's limbers. Mink's and Richardson's Batteries shelled the woods opposite them at the time of the attack made by the Second Corps and at intervals during the day. Walcott's Battery and Stewart's, or a section from each, were also engaged near the Angle during the assaults by the Sixth Corps. The other batteries of the Fifth Corps remained in reserve.

In the afternoon of May 11 the Second Corps began to move toward the left of the army. As they at first moved off by the Chancellorsville Road, which was one of the routes to the rear, some of our new men surmised that it was the beginning of the retreat of the army, and bets were offered that we would be across the Rappahannock in two days. But the veterans knew that was not Grant's style, and they insisted that the Second Corps was being taken around to attack some other part of the enemy's line. The Sixth Corps maintained its position of the day before, connecting with our left on the edge of the east clearing and extending to the apex of the great Angle. The night of the 11th was dark and cloudy, with some rain about midnight, turning to mist or heavy fog before daylight. Between 3 and 4 a. m. one section of ours, with one from the volunteers—Walcott's—were moved as noiselessly as possible down the east road and put in position there in our main trenches. In order to make as little noise as possible, we unlimbered some distance back and ran the guns into

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position by hand, leaving the caissons, limber-chests and teams in the rear under cover of the brush on the east side of the road. The infantry that was in those works — Rice's Brigade — told us that the Johnnies had rifle pits in line with the Spindler House, not more than 500 or 600 feet away, and that their main line, with artillery in it, was just beyond the forks of the Brock and old Courthouse Roads, about 300 yards distant. These two sections were commanded temporarily by Lieut. De Motte, of Richardson's Battery. Everybody was satisfied that a general assault was intended at daybreak, and we knew that our contest with the Rebel artillery in our front would almost be "muzzle to muzzle," if they remained where they had been the day before.

Meantime the other sections remained back at Alsop's in reserve. All this time other infantry of the Fifth Corps had been filing in from both flanks and massing in the darkness and fog close behind us. Everything on our side was done almost breathlessly, but we had made enough noise to attract the attention of the enemy, and they were all astir. We could distinctly hear their officers call out from their main works to the men in their advanced pits, and could hear the latter respond, their voices sounding almost ghost-like through the fog. The Lieutenant explained the "lay of the ground," and said to us, "Now, boys, this is the first time you have ever fought under cover. The range is very close. You ought to be able to knock a man's head off every time. Keep cool. Don't try to work your guns too fast. Try to put your shot right under the head logs every time. If they have embrasures, aim at them. If they fire over the tops of their parapets, aim at their muzzles. And now see what you can do."

By this time it would have been daybreak but for the fog, which was still dense. Just at this moment I heard distinctly a Rebel in a rifle pit right in our front, and not more than 150 yards distant, call out, "Look sharp there to the left" (their left). "The Yanks are up to something over there — look sharp!" Almost before he finished the muffled sound of cheers came through the fog from the east, apparently quite distant, and then came crash on crash of heavy volleys. For a few minutes there was a medley of cheers, yells and volleys over on our extreme left, and the enemy in our own front and in the salients of the great Angle to the immediate left of us opened a heavy fire of musketry at random through the fog. Our infantry replied in the same way. The effect was very grand, the rapid volleys lighting up the gray fog fitfully, like distant lightning flashing through the clouds. I never saw anything just like it before or since. But the sounds of the battle away on our left seemed to come nearer, indicating that our troops had taken their works and were pushing for Spottsylvania Courthouse. The fog now began to lift rapidly, and soon as we could see the outlines of the enemy's works we opened with our two sections on the Brock Road, while the other Fifth Corps batteries, which had gone in position, followed suit further to our right. The enemy replied, but feebly. His guns turned out to be in the retrenched works at the base of the Angle, instead of being in the Brock Road intrenchments

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in our immediate front, as we had expected. They had apparently been withdrawn during the night, as the infantry assured us that they had counted 14 guns in the redoubts behind the Spindler House the evening before. But our artillery was going along the whole line, from our right clear around to the east face of the Angle, where Hancock was assaulting, and the enemy appeared to concentrate his guns mainly on the infantry, attacking the two faces of that work, and paid but little attention to us. While in this position, as soon as it got fairly light, an episode occurred, which Comrade Grove Dutton, a Sergeant of Company D, 147th New York, tells so graphically that we will let him describe it. Serg't Dutton says:

Speaking of the 12th of May, when the artillery was put into the breastworks before daylight, a section of Battery B came into the works just on the right of my company. They were so near that we could hear the Lieutenant instructing the Gunners. As soon as it was light enough to see the enemy opened from his rifle pits, while the Battery began to fire at their main works. Finally, after a few rounds, the sharpshooting from the advanced rifle pits became annoying, and the Lieutenant ordered his Gunners to reduce their charges and see if they could drop a few case shot or shell into those pits. So they spilled some of the powder on the ground and cut their fuses to the shortest time. The very first shell, from the left gun of the section, exploded right in the embankment of a pit, and the right gun followed suit, equally accurate in the next pit. If you ever saw men "dig out and skedaddle," it was the Johnnies; not only in those two pits, but from several more to the right and left of them. That whole line of advanced pits was silent for the rest of the day.

The young Lieutenant who had charge of the two sections was Charles De Motte. He belonged to Battery D, 1st New York, while the two sections he commanded belonged one to our Battery and the other to the 3d Massachusetts Battery. But in that campaign such temporary assignments of junior officers from one battery to another took place every day. Lieut. De Motte was a most excellent young officer, and was very genial and comrade-like while with us. Sad to say he was killed just three weeks from that day at Bethesda Church.

About 9 o'clock Cutler's Division (formerly Wadsworth's) was brought forward, extending some distance along our works, with its left center about at our position, and formed in two lines of battle. They swept over our works with loud cheers, and went straight for the enemy's main line. They swayed off to the left somewhat, because the rebel works were weaker there than at the forks of the road. They went clear up to the enemy's main works in several places, but owing to the slashing and abatis they could not make a uniform attack at all points. On the east side of the Brock Road the Johnnies left their first line and sought refuge in their second, which was part of the retrenchment at the base of the Angle. At this, our infantry having taken possession of the first line of redoubts near the Spindler House, and our artillery being useless where we were, Lieut. De Motte suggested that we should get out of our own works, rush the guns across the open ground in front and run them up close against the Rebel works, where we could get a fine enfilade on part of their retrenched line in reverse. But before this could be done our infantry began to recoil

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on our right, and then the whole line fell back to our trenches again. Almost immediately Cutler's Division began to file out of the works by the left flank, and Gen. Warren came into the trenches on foot. He gave some quick orders in a low tone and we instantly began, with the help of a lot of infantrymen, to drag the two sections out of the works. Getting back to the teams we limbered up and followed Cutler, thrashing through the brush at the head of the ravine until we got into the wood road we had used on the night of the 10th, and so out into the edge of the open ground over which Upton's Brigade had charged at that time.

Here we again unlimbered, leaving our horses and drivers in the brush as before, and with the help of the infantry ran the guns by hand right up to the edge of the slashing. From this point we could enfilade the northwest face of the Angle in one direction and part of their retrenched work in the other. We took the Angle and Walcott's section the retrenchment. We were now very close to their main line, but being obscured by the smoke, which settled toward us, and partly screened by the slashing, they did not detect us till we opened. Several sections of the Sixth Corps batteries were in similar position on our left — in all perhaps 10 guns. The whole Angle (west face, apex and east face) was now enveloped in flame and smoke, and the sounds of assault came from every point. We had just got the range and were beginning to search their traverses with case shot beautifully when an Aid of Gen. Wright's came tearing down to us with orders to stop enfilading the face of the Angle. "You will kill our own men!" he yelled. "The Vermonters have got in!" In a few minutes the enemy's infantry nearest us began a fusillade which we endeavored to suppress, but they were too well covered for canister and too close to burst case effectively. We began to tear out the slashing and heap it up in front of us for a screen, in which we were assisted by our supporting infantry. As soon as we ceased firing the enemy's infantry also ceased, and they made no effort to come out of their works at any point.

Finding it impossible to use artillery to an advantage in this position, Gen. Griffin — who had now come up at the head of his division, following Cutler's to the assistance of the Sixth Corps at the Angle — turned his horse and rode into the section and said, "Boys, you can't do anything here." He then ordered us to "get the guns out of that," and "go back into the woods where your horses are, for the present." So we ran the guns back into the woods by hand, and remained there until about 2 in the morning of the 13th, when we limbered up and returned to our old place near Alsop's. The infantry fighting on both faces of the Angle, however, continued with unabated fury and with varying fortunes till long after dark. Indeed, there was quite a crackling of skirmish fire along the west face in the Sixth Corps front and away round our extreme left, where the Ninth Corps was, as late as 2 o'clock in the morning, when we limbered up to fall back to our old position. It turned out that the enemy abandoned the whole of the Angle during the night of the 12th and fell back to the retrenched line across its base. Though the two sections had

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been engaged all day from earliest dawn until dark, some of the time close up to the enemy's works, ours lost only three—one mortally and two slightly wounded—while Walcott's section lost four wounded. Our gun fired 98 rounds during the day, and some of the others over a hundred. It would not be fair to claim for the Fifth Corps more than a secondary share in the great battle of the 12th of May at Spottsylvania. By large odds the brunt of the combat and the "lion's share" alike of the sufferings and the glory fell to the lot of the Second and Sixth Corps, and the battery which carried off the palm for that day's work was Battery C, of the 5th Regulars, belonging to the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corps. This battery was run right up to the enemy's works, literally charging with Barlow's infantry lines, and they fought their guns in that position till but few men were left standing.

The story of the night march of the Second Corps from the extreme right round to the left of the army during the night of May 11 and the attack on the 12th is most brilliantly told in a letter to the author from Comrade W. P. Haines, of Company F, 12th Jersey. He says:

On May 9 we were across the Po River, and on the extreme right of our army, paying our respects to Longstreet; May 10 and 11 back in the center of our position at Laurel Hill, giving our regrets to Early. Just before the night of the 11th a cold rain set in, and we stood and shivered around our green pine-wood fires, that whirled and smoked our eyes just as they always did. The wind was raw and sharp, our clothing wet, and we were just about as disconsolate and miserable a set of men as ever were seen. But "we've all been there before many a time, many a time."

About 9 o'clock in the evening we got orders to pack up and march immediately, and at this stage of the campaign we had our housekeeping outfit in such a shape that it didn't take long to pack up. Nobody knew where we were going, but a rumor was started that we were going back to the rear to rest and wash our clothes, and this proved partially true, as it rained so hard all night that our clothes were thoroughly washed—but they needed wringing badly; and I think I can safely say that of all our many night marches this one took the cake. A cold, cheerless rain, falling in torrents, mud a la Virginia, and just as dark as Egypt; every man followed his file leader, not by sight or touch, but by hearing him growl and swear, as he slipped, splashed and tried to pull his pontoons out of the mud.

But this night came to an end at last, and about 3 o'clock in the morning we halted and formed line of battle in columns of brigade. We waited a little while for signs of daylight, and then the order was given to fix bayonets and forward march. We knew nothing of what was before us, as this terrible night march had confused our ideas of direction, and we were so tired and bedraggled that we were reckless, and as we moved silently up through an old field, partly grown over with pine, the low branches ladened with water, which the man ahead very kindly held until you got just in the right place to receive the bath.

All at once we struck their pickets and captured them all, but few shots being fired; but in that damp and heavy atmosphere the report was no louder than the snapping of caps, but sufficient to tell us that there was work ahead. Therefore we began to prick up our ears and wake up just as our brigade commander, Carroll, shouted "double quick," and we broke into a run, and all line or formation was soon lost, as each man seemed to try to outrun his comrade; and we went up that slope for about 200 yards just like a tornado. In less time than it takes to tell it we were in front of their breastworks, tugging and pull-

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ing at the abatis, crawling over and through it (for it was certainly well built) just as the Rebel heads began to show along the earthworks and their leaden compliments to reach us.

As the Second Division sprang upon the works I glanced down to our right and saw the "red clubs" breaking over their intrenchments like a big sea wave, and I have never yet seen any claim or dispute as to who got there first, for we all had plenty of business in our front, as the Johnnies rolled out of their blankets and jumped for their guns; but we were on the earthworks above them, and they were quick to see that we had the drop on them. One big fellow in particular came crawling out of a shelter-tent, gun in hand, just bringing it up to his shoulder as one of our boys covered him and very gently asked, "Hadn't you better drop it?" and if his gun had been red hot he wouldn't have dropped it any quicker. It took us but a very few minutes to clear out this line, as it was a complete surprise. Their position and earthworks were so very strong that they were too self-confident, and their strength proved their weakness. As we ran over this first line we passed through between the guns of a heavy battery of, I think, eight black 20-pounders. (Maybe it was two batteries right close together, and the dim light and excitement may have made the guns seem larger than they really were.) We saw no horses with these guns, but the harness was hanging on the wheels of the caissons, and their flag was leaning against one of the guns; but we were so eager to get at their second line that I passed right by it, and thus missed the only chance I ever had of capturing a flag. As we pressed forward another battery on the right was giving us its deadly compliments of canister and grape, double shotted, mowing a swath right through our ranks at every discharge, and cutting down small trees and bushes. Shells were bursting right in our faces with a report quicker and sharper than a lightning stroke, sending those rough, jagged, death-dealing fragments in all directions. The smell of powder and brimstone was almost suffocating, but on we rushed. At every step a life was lost—a man went down. Grand old Carroll, always in the very thickest of the fight, was carried back to the hospital, and, I think, had one arm crippled for life. Our own gallant Colonel, Thomas H. Davis, his tall form towering in our midst, bareheaded, his long beard flying over his shoulders in the wind, with sword in hand, while cheering and urging us on, went down in this terrible whirlwind of death, and gave up his sword and life. The very air was thick and hot with flashing, smoking, whirling missiles of death; the piteous, heart-rending cries and groans of the wounded, and cheers and yells of defiance from the living. But still we pressed forward, and there were a few brave spirits who almost reached their next line. (This line was the one that ran across and formed the base of that triangle of which the "Bloody Angle" was the apex, one side heavily traversed, where the hand-to-hand fighting, so graphically described by G. Norton Gallaway, took place later in the day.) But we were few in numbers, and, being out of ammunition, we saw our efforts were hopeless, and therefore the order was given to fall back to the first line, where we replenished our empty cartridge-boxes, and found that it was after 8 o'clock.

There had been over three hours of the very hardest kind of fighting done before breakfast, and in what seemed to us to be only a few minutes. The rain was falling fast; we were wet clear through; black with smoke and powder; tired and hungry—but we had not noticed it until it was over. Of the fruits of this charge—guns, prisoners, etc.—I shall say nothing, as history tells all about these things. But I remember well what a thrill of joy it gave us to see our gallant brethren of the Sixth Corps coming to our help; for, if we were given any choice in the matter, I can truly say that the Second Corps was always glad to be helped by, and felt more confidence in, the Sixth Corps than any of the others; and though we were very far from being whipped (as G. Norton Gallaway says we were), still the sight of the old "red cross" coming up the hill was a very welcome one, indeed.

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In a recent conversation Gen. Lewis A. Grant, then commanding the Vermont Brigade, and at this writing Assistant Secretary of War, gave me a graphic description of the hand-to-hand fighting done by the Second Division of the Sixth Corps at the Bloody Angle. The General said that if he had not seen it no one could have made him believe that troops would fight as the Vermont and Bidwell's Brigades fought there, getting right up into the ditch of the enemy's works and staying there, some holding their muskets up over their heads trying to fire into the enemy who lay on the other side, some jumping on top of the breastwork and firing down among the stubborn enemy until they were shot themselves, others digging holes between the logs so as to fire through the parapet, and all this for more than an hour, the contending forces being only the thickness of the log breastwork apart! Gen. Grant also relates an effort that was made to get a section of one of the Sixth Corps Batteries up to a point whence it could enfilade a part of these works. This was a section of McKnight's Battery (M), 5th Regulars, commanded by Lieut. Robinson. The General says the fire from the enemy's works was so terrible that all the horses of this section and about half the men were destroyed, and even then the remaining men tried to unlimber the guns by hand, but could not do so owing to the softness of the ground where they were. Finally the two guns were abandoned and left there until night, when they were extricated and hauled off.

During May 13 all the batteries remained in camp that day, and at night moved by by-roads in rear of the army to the Beverly House, on the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Courthouse Road, reaching that point about sunrise of May 14. On arriving at the Beverly House Rittenhouse's Battery was posted across the pike about half a mile beyond the bridge over the Ny, bearing upon the Courthouse; distance, 2,200 yards. Cooper's and Breck's Batteries were posted close to the Beverly House, firing to the left flank and aiding in both the attacks on the Myers House made on the afternoon of this day. The remainder of the batteries remained in reserve. On May 15 the batteries were not engaged. Cooper's and Rittenhouse's remained in their former positions, and the rest of the batteries were massed in column along the road. During May 16 and 17 none of the batteries were engaged. By order of Gen. Meade the batteries were this day all reduced to four guns, one section of each being turned in at Belle Plain. The six caissons were, however, kept and the surplus horses, so far as they were serviceable. On the 17th Maj. R. H. Fitzhugh, 1st New York Artillery, reported from the reserve with four batteries, as follows: Sheldon's (B) 1st New York, four 10-pounder Parrotts; Barnes's (C) 1st New York, four three-inch Rodmans; Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts, four 12-pounder Napoleons; Hart's 15th New York Independent, four 12-pounder Napoleons. So the number and caliber of the guns in the brigade remained the same as it was on leaving Culpeper, being now 12 four-gun instead of eight six-gun batteries. May 18, the Second and Sixth Corps having returned to the right of the general line and so uncovered the left, Hart's, Bigelow's and Walcott's Batteries of light 12-pounders

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were posted in the neighborhood of the Anderson House to protect that flank should the enemy attack there. Before daylight Rittenhouse's Battery was pushed forward on the pike to our advanced works, about 1,400 yards from the Courthouse, and was joined by Taft's 5th New York Independent Battery of six 20-pounder Parrotts, which had temporarily joined the brigade the night before, and Sheldon's Battery, making 14 guns, under command of Maj. Fitzhugh. At the same time Capt. Cooper, with his, Breck's and Phillips's Batteries, making 12 three-inch guns, was posted at a sharp knoll to the front, and some 400 yards to the left of Maj. Fitzhugh's line, making an angle of about 60 degrees with it.

The position of all these batteries was excellent; the first was protected by fair works, and the rapid descent of the knoll from the rear to Cooper's afforded excellent shelter for the limbers. The enemy had 20 pieces behind their lines, in front and to their right of the Courthouse. At the time the Second Corps advanced on the right the batteries on both sides opened. The engagement was brisk for near three-fourths of an hour, and the practice on both sides was very accurate. Fire was kept up at intervals during the day without any express object, and with no perceptible result except the silencing of the enemy's guns. At night, the Sixth Corps having returned to its former position at the Anderson House, the batteries there were withdrawn. Taft's Battery also left for Washington. May 19 Fitzhugh's and Cooper's Batteries remained in the same position, Taft being replaced by Bigelow. They fired but little during the day. The Fifth Corps now being the right of the army, Mink's and Stewart's Batteries were posted with the Fourth Division near the Deserted House, on the right of the pike and commanding the Valley of the Ny for a short distance. During the enemy's attack that afternoon on the Fredericksburg Pike the former was slightly engaged and helped to repel a demonstration on the point he occupied. Barnes's Battery had been posted in the morning near to where army headquarters had been, and Hart was sent up there as soon as the attack commenced. These two batteries contributed materially in aiding the heavy artillery to repulse the attack.

On the 14th of May I went with a detail back to the trains for some supplies. The trains had been moved over from the Germania to the Fredericksburg Road during the fights about Spottsylvania, and were guarded by Ferrero's Negro Division, of the Ninth Corps. While on this detail we came across Gen. Grant, whom we had not seen before since May 6 at the Lacey House. He was at a place called Beverly's Farm, just north of the Ny Bridge, on the Fredericksburg Road, and Gen. Meade and a good many staff officers were with him. The road was full of wagons and ambulances, so we had to move slowly, and when we came out into the clearing and saw the big Generals, one of our squad said, "Boys, there is Old Grant; let's get a good look at him." (Some people think it is not respectful to say "Old Grant." But that is what the boys called him almost universally.) He was on foot, as indeed were all the group, except two or three messengers, who were probably waiting for their orders. The

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officers about him were nearly all taller than he was, and he was certainly the plainest dressed man in the party. He had on a General's undress coat much the worse for wear, without shoulder straps, but with his stars worked in the collar. His blue trousers were soiled and threadbare, and bagged at the knees. On his head was a battered old hat that had once been military style, but was now a genuine "slouch," the only military vestige it retained being the shabby-looking gold cord that encircled it. He had no belt on or arms of any kind about his person, though doubtless he had revolvers in his saddle holsters.

On this occasion he did not have the traditional cigar in his mouth, but stood with one foot on a small log and kept tapping his bootleg with a small riding-whip while he talked. As our detail was halted quite near him we watched our chance, and when he glanced in our direction we all saluted, which he returned with precision. As soon as we could get across the road we, of course, had to move on, and when we came back he was gone. The whole of the Fredericksburg Road as far back as the old toll-gate, where our journey ended, and as far beyond as we could see, was jammed with our trains, baggage and ammunition wagons, ambulances, disabled gun-carriages and caissons, besides great numbers parked in the open fields as we went along. All the old houses and sheds were full of wounded who could not be moved farther, and in the field west of the road, near the toll-gate, were many of the wounded Rebel prisoners from Johnson's Division, captured on the morning of the 12th. Some of these had bayonet wounds, inflicted when Barlow's men first jumped their breastworks. One poor devil had been bayoneted right under one nostril, breaking through his upper jaw and lacerating his tongue so he could not speak. He lay right near the toll-gate, where we halted, and one of our Surgeons was cleansing and dressing his wound. He must have got "a down lunge" from one of our fellows on the top of the breastwork. The Surgeon, in reply to my question, said the wound was not necessarily dangerous, though he would probably always have an impediment in his speech! Perhaps more bayonet wounds were inflicted the 12th of May at Spottsylvania than in all the other battles of the war put together.

As but comparatively few of the wounded of Spottsylvania had been sent to Acquia Creek as yet, I presume there were 15,000 of them strung along the road at this time. But I will not attempt to describe the scene; suffice to say that it was even more horrible than that "second night of Gettysburg," described in foregoing pages.

The operations of May 19 ended the battle—or rather the series of battles—known to history by the general term of Spottsylvania. We had been engaged 11 days, from the 8th to the 18th, inclusive, and had been under fire six days out of the 11. The batteries had enjoyed but comparatively small chance of usefulness in this "bushwhacking on a grand scale," known as the Wilderness and Spottsylvania campaign. We had not been once real sharply charged by infantry in the open. Probably we did not expend a dozen rounds of canister in the whole campaign Most of our

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work had been cannonading earthworks from unfavorable positions, or in minor demonstrations connected with infantry assaults. But we had done everything that had been required of us, and had been willing to do more.

The Battery had suffered casualties on the 8th, the 12th and two other days, as follows, without attempting to separate the losses of different days: Killed or mortally wounded, Lieut. Thomas Goodman and Privates William Irving, Isaac Vandicar, Anson Jillson, A. J. Wilkeson, "Brig" Johnson (captured and died in Andersonville), together with an infantryman from Robinson's Division, named Paul Winegar, who was killed in the Battery May 8. The wounded were Peter Bateway, Frank Root, Tom Evans, William Hulin, Lewis Jerome, Martin McNamara, John Orth, Tom Price (not badly), William Hutchinson, John Maddice, Richard Tea, Herman Burckitt and Jay DeGraff; but five or six of these were not disabled, and hence not reported in the casualty returns. The terrific fatigue and privation of more than two weeks of almost solid battle had also told upon the health of the men, and several gave out. Our horses were also pretty much "done up." They had been in harness almost continuously since May 5 — two whole weeks — and when the back pads and collars were taken off, in many cases the skin of the poor animals came off with them! Having been raised on a big farm where much attention was given to breeding horses, I had from boyhood been a great lover of those animals, and found pleasure in taking care of them. The Captain knew this, and so usually assigned to my care one of the spare horses when we had any. In this campaign we had a little mouse-colored pony mare — a mustang — who had evidently been captured or strayed from the enemy in the Wilderness, and she was assigned to me to take care of. She was a very intelligent and affectionate little creature, and, though not more than 12 hands high, did good service, as will appear later. On this occasion Andy McBride was going to put her into one of the teams to replace a horse that was played out, but my protests were so vigorous that the Captain would not allow her to be harnessed. Besides this pony, part of the care of "Old Tartar" devolved on me after his guardian, Ike Vandicar, was killed the 8th of May. Altogether the campaign from May 5 to May 20 had cost the Battery about 35 men, sick included. This would have cut us down to about 75 present for duty, but between the above dates several of the veterans returned from the hospital or veteran furlough, among whom were Ben Stillman, Griff Wallace, who rejoined May 5, Colby, Dan Ackerman and Frank McCormick, and besides these we got a few excellent men from the Reserve Artillery when it was broken up. Among these were Charley Seymour and Ambrose Seeley, from one of the Rhode Island batteries, Jerome Manners, from a New York battery, and the others have passed from my memory. They were all near the ends of their three-year terms and were discharged shortly after our arrival at Petersburg. Seeley and Manners were very accomplished young gentlemen and excellent artillerists, both having been non-commissioned officers in their original batteries. Both had enlisted from college in 1861. A large number of young men of excellent social

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connections and superior education served in the Battery from time to time during the four years. Stewart was always delighted to get men of that character, and at once did everything in his power to make them "feel at home" in his camp.

My most serious offense against good discipline in three years' service occurred during the battles of Spottsylvania. The offense was insubordination and disrespectful or insulting language toward Ord. Serg't McBride while building little redoubts for the guns the night of May 17. Andy—or "Old Bull," as we used to call him—pulled my ear pretty sharply and said that he had a mind to knock my head off, but contented himself with repeating his order, which I started to obey. But the Captain, overhearing the conversation, reprimanded me sternly; said he was amazed at such behavior, and very gravely told me that I had been "insubordinate in the face of the enemy, a crime punishable with death," etc., but that he would not prefer charges this time on account of previous good conduct. He must rebuke such behavior, and therefore I must go on fatigue duty all night or until the works were finished! "And this," he added, "in view of the gravity of your offense can hardly be called punishment." His manner was so awfully serious that at first I thought myself lucky to escape being court-martialed and shot. But I guess he never really had much idea of having me "brought up to the bull-ring," as we used to term the fate of military execution! On occasions of discipline he could certainly assume an air of awful sternness that, to a young soldier accustomed to his usually genial ways, was simply overpowering.

BEN STILLMAN.
[From a war-time photograph.]

To return to larger and more interesting themes, it will probably be the verdict of impartial history that the enemy had the best of it in the battles around Spottsylvania Courthouse. They were fighting behind strong cover all the time, both infantry and artillery, and never once showed up in the

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open. The only great success we gained was the capture of Edward Johnson's Division by the Second Corps on the 12th of May, and even that advantage was neutralized by the subsequent events of that day. As our troops were assaulting all the time, our losses were necessarily greater than theirs—at least two to one, and probably more, even including the prisoners taken in Johnson's Division. One of Gen. Lee's biographers says that Lee was astonished when he saw that we were moving again to the left, as he had fully expected the Army of the Potomac to recoil from Spottsylvania and make the best of its way to the north bank of the Rappahannock. This might have been a natural supposition, as Gen. Lee was doubtless reasoning from his previous experience. But he did not know that the Army of the Potomac had come to stay this time, and that even though it had lost nearly 40,000 men in the Wilderness and around Spottsylvania, those who remained were none the less determined to "fight it out on that line." I venture to say that there was never another army in the world that would have started off by its flank in another advance after such a series of sanguinary repulses as the Army of the Potomac suffered about Spottsylvania Courthouse. The losses of the Union forces were as follows, from the "Revised Returns" as they will appear in the official tabulation of the War Records:

SECOND CORPS.		
First Division	2,393	
Second Division	1,563	
Third Division	1,015	
Fourth Division	517	
Heavy Artillery Brigade	1,097	
Light Artillery Brigade	55	
General Staff	2	
		6,642
FIFTH CORPS.		
First Division	1,514	
Second Division	1,161	
Third Division	435	
Fourth Division	926	
Heavy Artillery Brigade	317	
Light Artillery Brigade	126	
General Staff	1	
		4,480
SIXTH CORPS.		
First Division	2,263	
Second Division	1,453	
Third Division	306	
Light Artillery Brigade	19	
Gen. Sedgwick	1	
		4,042
Cavalry, etc		81
Total Army of the Potomac		15,245
Total Ninth Corps		3,145
Spottsylvania total		18,390
Wilderness total		17,666
Recapitulation to May 20		36,056

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CHAPTER VIII.

ON TO RICHMOND—HEAVY SKIRMISHING AT NORTH ANNA—SHARP WORK FOR THE BATTERIES—ADVANCE TO COLD HARBOR—BETHESDA CHURCH—CHARGE OF THE BATTERY—TERRIFIC CANNON DUEL AT SHORT RANGE—DESPERATE BUT FUTILE ASSAULTS—SICKENING FATE OF THE WOUNDED—UGLY TEMPER OF THE TROOPS—ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG.

AMONG the batteries which had joined us from the reserve on the 17th or 18th of May, the 15th New York (Paddy Hart's) had long been distinguished both for the peculiarity of its personnel and excellence of its service. It had been formed originally by consolidating two proposed batteries raised to accompany the Irish Brigade and the Corcoran Legion, respectively, and soon came under command of Capt. Patrick Hart. Capt. Hart was an old Regular, a veteran of the Mexican war, and a rare character; in fact, he was such an old Regular that no one could remember when he was a recruit, and nobody in the Fifth Corps, from Gen. Warren down, ever thought of calling him anything but "Uncle Paddy." As long as they remained in the Corps the brave old Irish warrior and "me Batthery," as he used to call it, were the observed of all observers. Uncle Paddy, like most other old Regulars, had a very soft place in his heart for a good soldier, but he was great on discipline—which he always pronounced with a strong accent on the second syllable—and his "batthery" was a very poor Summer resort for a deadbeat or a coffee-cooler. Some of Uncle Paddy's "punishments," when he was dealing with the recruits of 1864, of whom he had some tough specimens, were, to say the least, exemplary. And when there was no other convenient subject upon which to exercise discipline, Uncle Paddy would sometimes put one of his Lieutenants under arrest simply to keep his hand in! How-

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ever, laying aside all the jokes we used to crack at his expense, our Uncle Patrick was a noble old soldier, and if any artillery organization made a better record than his Irish "Batthery" did whenever it got a chance, the fact has escaped my notice. If Paddy Hart's Battery had any conspicuous fault, it was the fact that it had a little too much "fight" in its composition, and was not always particular in selecting the "enemy." The author carries, and will carry to his grave, a visible reminder of this peculiarity in the shape of a deformed finger which one of Hart's boys chewed to a pulp one night when we halted on the march from the North Anna to Cold Harbor. This affair came near involving the men of both batteries in a general riot. As it was, bloody noses were distributed around with perfect impartiality; but the officers interfered, and after that there was no serious trouble.

When quiet was restored Stewart at once demanded an explanation of the row. I related the facts, with which he seemed to be satisfied, as he paid no further attention to the matter. But he remarked that he "should think that the boys could get fighting enough in that campaign without chawing each other up!" Stewart did not countenance his men in picking quarrels with other troops, but he always expected them to take care of themselves in proper shape if they were imposed on, and he very seldom, if ever, punished one of his men for fighting outside of the Battery. Comrade Phil Hanrahan writes me that this boy who chewed my fingers was a little fellow named Quinn, from Troy, N. Y., and that he was killed at the Weldon Railroad. He was a game and gallant little fellow. I threw him easily in the clinch we had, as he was much lighter and weaker than I, but he fought like a wild cat, as well under as he would have done on top, a fact to which the fore and middle fingers of my left hand will bear testimony as long as I live. Poor boy! peace to his ashes and honor to his name!

Generally speaking, however, it it safe to say that in no other campaign of the Army of the Potomac was there so much or such desperate rough-and-tumble fighting among the enlisted men, and even officers, as in this veritable battle-march from the Rapidan to the James. It may have been a sort of reflex of the nature of the campaign; but it is certain that a tigerish spirit seemed to pervade every breast, and men and boys who, at home or in camp, would never think of fighting or brawling, now became perfect desperadoes. Hence it was that within the scope of that "crimson stripe across the map," which describes the campaign of 1864, it seemed as if the days of mediæval chaos had come back again, and that on our fair soil were being repeated the dread scenes which Thomas Carlyle describes in his essay on Voltaire, where he says:

> When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of 70,000 human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate Damascus, glittering in steel, with battle-ax on his shoulder, while his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale onlooker might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the Sun of Manhood seemed setting in seas of blood!

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Such was the frame of mind and such the grim, savage, almost murderous spirit that pervaded the relentless Army of the Potomac as it swung loose from the blood-clotted breastworks of sanguinary Spottsylvania and started again for Richmond at daylight May 21, 1864!

The Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Corps left the Beverly House at 10 a. m. and moved to Guiney's Station, crossed the Mattapony at the bridge near that place and bivouacked for the night on the south side of the river. On May 22 we started at noon and marched by the old Telegraph Road to Bullock Church and camped for the night. On May 23 we moved at daylight, the head of the column arriving at the North Anna about 11 o'clock a. m. This being the position which the Second Corps was to occupy, we passed to the right, striking the river again at Jericho Mills or Jericho Ford. Rittenhouse's Battery was then placed in position on the north bank, immediately on the left of the road leading to the ford, and soon after Breck's Battery took position about 100 rods farther down below the bend of the river. The First Division was at once pushed across the ford, Bartlett's Brigade leading, meeting with no opposition, followed by the Third and Fourth Divisions. As soon as the pontoon bridge was laid the six 12-pounder batteries crossed. Meanwhile the First Division had advanced into a piece of woods, about 1,200 yards from and immediately in front of the ford, and had slightly intrenched their position. While crossing the North Anna our rear gun ran one of its wheels off the edge of the bridge and blocked the way. Stewart at once proceeded to extricate the gun, and while he was doing so Gen. Grant came along, and finding the way blocked became impatient and began to give orders directly to the men, apparently disregarding the Captain. The latter saluted him, and said:

"General, if you will permit me, sir, I will take care of this gun!"

"Very well," replied Grant; "you probably know better how to do it than I do!"

The Third and Fourth Divisions were now — about 5 p. m. — pushed forward on the left and right of the First to complete the chord across the bend of the river. On the left Crawford's Division succeeded in reaching its position near the Fountaine House, and Hart's and Stewart's Batteries were posted in rear of its right, on good ground. In the attack which was made on both flanks near dusk the enemy brought eight guns to bear on this point, which were soon silenced by the fire of Stewart's and Hart's Batteries at close range, using case shot, assisted by Rittenhouse's, Breck's and Cooper's Batteries, on the north side of the river, at long range, using shot and shell. Meanwhile Cutler's Fourth Division was going into position on the right of the First. The column moved by the flank and formed into *echelon* of regiments as it neared the corner of the woods. One brigade had joined us to the right of the First Division and extended to the edge of the woods. The leading brigade was advancing toward an open ridge on the right of the woods in the direction of the river, when the enemy's line of battle arose from behind the ridge, fired a volley and at once charged upon their flank. The brigade gave way. Mink's Battery was moving up

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behind the column to take position on the ridge as soon as the division could deploy. Gen. Wainwright, being present at this point in person, ordered Mink to cover our right flank. Capt. Mink advanced in line and came into position at canister range, and soon checked the enemy's advance. Richardson's Battery (D, 1st New York,) and Walcott's 3d Massachusetts, were also brought up at a trot and formed on the right of Mink's, so as to cover all our flank to the river. The behavior of all these batteries was admirable and their firing excellent. By it the attack of the enemy was repulsed and our infantry enabled to reform. The losses were severe in all the batteries but ours. Capt. Davis, our gallant and popular Brigade Inspector, was mortally wounded in endeavoring to rally the broken infantry in rear of Mink's Battery. Lieut. Mathewson, of D, 1st New York, and Lieut. Craighill, of the 3d Massachusetts, were hit soon after their batteries went into position. In Capt. Davis the Artillery Brigade lost one of the most promising young officers in the service. He was modest, gentlemanly, hard-working, and every inch a soldier. He was without exception the most popular staff officer in the brigade.

The most interesting part of this day's combat to us was our joint operation with Paddy Hart's Battery, the first time we had ever been in action "hub to hub" with that gallant Irish outfit. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Iron Brigade and other troops of Cutler's Division were still "extending to the right," when the enemy attacked them front and flank, and they began to fall back rapidly, though in good order, toward our position. As soon as we could safely fire over their heads we opened with case, which we changed to canister as soon as our front was sufficiently clear. Some of the 7th Wisconsin men, who reformed about the house in our rear, told us that our canister sang songs in their ears as they came up the hill. There was an amusing circumstance in this little flurry. The Rebels followed the retreating troops of the Iron Brigade closely, keeping along the bank of the river until they came under a heavy cross fire from our guns on the hill and our rifle batteries on the north bank. This made them lie down, and the fire was so hot that their retreat was cut off. In this way as many as 600 of them were compelled to surrender by our infantry advancing again, and those prisoners declared their belief that the rapid retreat of the Iron Brigade was simply a device to draw them into the trap. That was the way it turned out, but probably there was no premeditation of that sort on the part of the Iron Brigade. That brigade, with all its heroism, was by no means deficient in speed when occasion required, which was the case here! As it was now almost dark, pickets were thrown out and we bivouacked in position. We remained in this position all night, intrenching by reliefs during the night. The Sixth Corps—or part of it—also came up and reinforced us before morning. Early this morning—the 24th—the enemy began demonstrating, skirmishing and sharpshooting against our right front and flank. One section was now put in position on the knoll west of the Fountaine House, where they opened with case on the Rebel skirmishers. In this affair the Bat-

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tery lost Lance Serg't Elbridge G. Packard, mortally wounded, and four others wounded, none of them severely. This young gentleman was one of my best friends in the Battery. He was about 25 years of age. His native State, I think, was Maine, but he had gone to Wisconsin, where he enlisted at the very first tocsin in May, 1861. He was at that time teaching school at a place called Sun Prairie. He was a prime favorite with Stewart, who considered him one of the best all-round men he had. He had a long record of gallantry and honorable mention in battle reports, beginning as far back as Antietam and including Gettysburg and Spottsylvania; but his bright career was forever blighted in this miserable skirmish at the North Anna. Veterans though we were of many a desperate battle, and inured to scenes of human butchery, there were many moist eyes in the Battery when our poor Packard was taken away to die. We all tried to comfort him by telling him that he would pull through and all that, though we knew he couldn't, because he was hit in the abdomen, and his death was only a question of a few days. Just at sundown they loaded him into an ambulance and took him away. We never saw him again. He died two or three days afterward. Poor Packard! All that can be said of him is that he was one of Stewart's best and bravest Cannoneers!

We remained in this position till daylight of the 25th. Then we advanced to the left front until we reached the track of the Virginia Central Railroad. Here we went into battery and some strange infantry came up to support us. We soon learned that this was a division of the Ninth Corps, commanded by Gen. Crittenden, who had just come from the West, and had been temporarily attached to that corps. Part of them were Stevenson's old Division, of the Ninth Corps, which we had known at the Wilderness Tavern May 6, and which had been broken up after Spottsylvania. Our position was just south of the track of the railroad, and near a house called Lowery's. Light intrenchments were thrown up in an incredibly short time, entirely of earth, as there was no convenient timber except a few rails. The house was on our line, the breastworks passing through its front yard. The occupants, an old gentleman and two or three women, stood on their porch and watched our men dig. One of our officers approached and told them they ought to go to the rear, as they would be in great danger when the firing began, as this was not more than 100 rods from the Rebel works. The old gentleman replied, with a perceptible effort to be dramatic, "No, sir; never, sir! I am too old to fight. I can do nothing, sir, for my invaded State but to die in my home!" "But, my dear sir," persisted the officer, "if you should die in your own home it would be by bullets of your own friends, and I don't see what good that could do your State." Finally the old gentleman saw the absurdity of his position, and all the inmates of the house went up the railroad track to the rear. The enemy's works in our front were apparently strong, but he showed no disposition to come out of them, and our infantry did not attack. We fired several rounds of case to make him develop his artillery, but elicited no reply, and after a while we ceased.

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The Rebel infantry kept up a constant fusillade of sharpshooting, which was pretty effective, considering that the range was over 100 rods. No one was hit with us, but the volunteer batteries suffered some, Mink and Hart losing several men. While in this position, as we were not firing, the men were all ordered to keep down behind the little earthwork, but my curiosity got the best of me. I had picked up a small field glass, probably lost by some officer, in one of our movements at Spottsylvania, and was standing up with my body against the tire of the wheel and resting the glass on the top of the tire to survey their works, when a sharpshooter's bullet struck the tire just forward of the top, on the downward curve of the wheel, and "spattered." Thin scales of it went through my cap and lodged in my hair, but none of them cut the skin.

"Probably you'll keep down now, as I told you to," remarked the Captain, who was sitting near the trail of the gun. "Maybe you'll obey that kind of orders, if you won't mine," he added, with grim sarcasm.

This thing seemed to amuse the Old Man excessively, and he asked several times afterward "if I didn't want to sell that field glass?" He was quite right. I "obeyed the orders" of that Rebel sharpshooter implicitly, and my head was not seen above the works again. My curiosity had for once been completely satisfied. I used to have a theory that I "bore a charmed life," as the saying is; that no ball was made for me, and all that sort of thing, and used to brag about it. So, when I got down with alacrity on this occasion, the boys all laughed at me. It was a close call. If the bullet had come three inches higher it would have got me right over the bridge of the nose, and these reminiscences would have remained unwritten.

Bigelow's Battery, in rear of our lines, and Sheldon's, on the north bank, also fired a few rounds during this engagement. The action lasted till after dark, when our lines were well established. Mink's, Walcott's and Richardson's Batteries remained in position on the right of our line. Stewart's and Hart's were advanced to the left about 600 yards, and posted near the Fountaine House to command the Virginia Central Railroad. About dark Maj. Fitzhugh, with the two last-named batteries and Phillips's, reported to Gen. Griffin, commanding the First Division. There was no action during the day. On May 26 the line was extended to the left to join the Ninth Corps. The three batteries with Maj. Fitzhugh—Stewart's, Hart's and Phillips's—were engaged at times during the day on the skirmish line of Gen. Griffin's front, but could elicit no reply from the enemy's artillery, although Hart's and Phillips's suffered considerably from the enemy's sharpshooters. The object of posting the batteries in these positions, however, was gained in partially silencing the enemy's skirmishers in front of the First Division. Cooper's, Breck's and Walcott's Batteries were also in position on the front of Crawford's Division, on the left of the corps, but not engaged. During the whole day of May 26 the batteries were idle, but the infantry was engaged in destroying the railroad. At dark the Fifth Corps withdrew to the north side of the river, and all the batteries were

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ordered to be in readiness to march. The next day they moved to the Pamunky crossing and camped for the night in the neighborhood of Mongohick and Brandywine. Early in the morning of May 28 they crossed the Pamunky at the ford near Hanover Town, the corps taking position on the south bank in front of Dr. Brockenbrough's House and intrenching, the left resting on the Totopotomoy and the right crossing the main road to what was called "Hawes's Store." The following-named batteries were in position from right to left: Cooper's, Stewart's, Bigelow's, Barnes's, Breck's and Phillips's. There was no engagement at this point. On May 29 we moved at 10 a. m. by way of Hawes's Store and formed on the left of the Ninth Corps, the First Division being the left of our line and reaching across the Totopotomoy to Widow Via's Farm.

Maj. Fitzhugh had Rittenhouse's, Richardson's and Mink's Batteries in position at this point, the first of which threw a few shells into the woods toward the Mechanicsville Road. The remaining batteries were parked near headquarters, at the Vorman House. On May 30 the whole corps advanced to the Via House. The First Division was pushed up the Shady Grove Road, accompanied by Maj. Fitzhugh's three batteries, Mink engaging one of the enemy's batteries, which had opened on the head of our column. The Third Division (Crawford's) at the same time moved out to gain the Mechanicsville Pike. Their skirmishers had just crossed it near the Tinsley House, where the enemy charged and drove the division back nearly to the Shady Grove Road. Richardson's Battery immediately took position across the road by which the Third Division was retreating and opened with solid shot and afterward with canister, when the enemy made a determined charge on that battery and was repulsed by it almost unaided, leaving dead within 30 feet of its muzzles. Richardson got great credit from Gens. Griffin and Crawford for the handling of his battery at this point. Mink's Battery was posted on the north side of the Shady Grove Road, immediately in front of the Bowles House, and Breck's was brought up on the left of Richardson's. At the same time Rittenhouse's, Walcott's and Bigelow's were posted on the extreme left of our line, near the Armstrong House, the last named also having a good field of fire over the open ground around the Bowles House should we have to draw back from that position. Later in the day the three batteries were pushed forward about 800 yards across a small run to a ridge, from which they could command the Mechanicsville Road at and to the east of Bethesda Church. All these batteries were engaged during the afternoon in a sharp contest with the enemy's guns posted near the church and the Tinsley House.

During May 31 none of the batteries were engaged. Capt. Cooper started for home with some of his men whose terms of service had expired. There were, however, enough men left to render the battery effective, and Lieut. Miller remained in command of it. In the morning of June 1, by orders from corps headquarters, Phillips, Stewart and Richardson were assigned to the First Division. The left of the corps was swinging around across the Mechanicsville Pike, and during the day pushed through the

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woods to within sight of the enemy's works, at short musket range. While this was being done, Rittenhouse was posted on the wood road to the left of the pike, and Sheldon on the pike itself. The first was able to hold his position for half an hour, but the latter only a few minutes, when they were overwhelmed by the enemy's fire and obliged to withdraw. Both suffered severely. Capt. Sheldon received a very severe wound in the face. Just before dark ours and Richardson's Batteries were advanced on the skirmish line in front of Bartlett's Brigade. On reaching the line of battle we found that our infantry skirmishers had fallen back from the position we were to occupy, and that Bartlett's Brigade was hotly engaged. The batteries were subsequently withdrawn during the night, our line having been advanced up the wood road spoken of to the edge of the woods. Rittenhouse's and Barnes's Batteries were placed in position there, on the left of the wood road, Walcott's and Hart's on the right. Early June 2 the position held by the four batteries last mentioned was found exposed to the fire of a large portion of the enemy's lines, at ranges of from 800 to 1,500 yards. They also obtained an ugly cross fire on them from a detached work opposite the extreme left of the corps, and the Rebel sharpshooters were within 200 yards. About 10 a. m. Crawford's Division was extended to the left; Miller's (Cooper's), Sheldon's, Breck's and Bigelow's Batteries were moved with it and posted, the first two to the front and left of the Jenkins House, Breck's half a mile to our left, filling the gap of 500 yards between our left and Birney's Division, of the Second Corps. Bigelow's Battery, after considerable labor, was got into an excellent position about half way between Barnes and Miller, where they obtained an excellent fire on the enemy's detached work, forcing them to withdraw their guns, as also an enfilading fire upon their skirmish line in the woods in front of the Third Division.

During the afternoon of the 2d of June, the Ninth Corps having moved around by our rear toward the left of the line, our corps was drawn in from the right, Cutler's and Crawford's Divisions were sent down to hold the line toward Beulah Church, and five or six of the batteries went with them, as above described. This left Griffin's Division holding the extreme right of our army, his headquarters being at Bethesda Church. He massed his three infantry brigades about the church, and our Battery dismounted in column in the road just back of the church, where there was shade, the day being very hot and sultry. The road we were in was the turnpike leading to the Chickahominy at Mechanicsville. North of this road was another, called the Shady Grove Road, running nearly parallel to it, the distance between the two at this point being about a mile. The country between was mostly "old field," with a straggling grove about three-fourths of a mile west of the church, and somewhat cut up with small ravines formed by the heads of a creek that flowed toward Mechanicsville, holding its course all the way between the two roads. The ground was dry and dusty, so that movements of large bodies of troops would be indicated at some distance by clouds of dust.

About the time that Griffin had completed the massing of his division,

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as above described, which may have been between 3 and 4 o'clock, clouds of dust rising from the Shady Grove Road on the north indicated a movement of the enemy to get on our right flank. The indications of this movement rapidly extended to the Mechanicsville Road, and Gen. Griffin, seeing that a heavy attack was imminent, deployed his three brigades—Sweitzer on the right, facing the Shady Grove Road; Bartlett in the center, and Ayres on the left, crossing the Mechanicsville Pike and facing west or southwest. In that shape Bartlett advanced, throwing out skirmishers, who soon became closely engaged. While this was going on the Battery remained in its former position in column, standing at ease. There was a

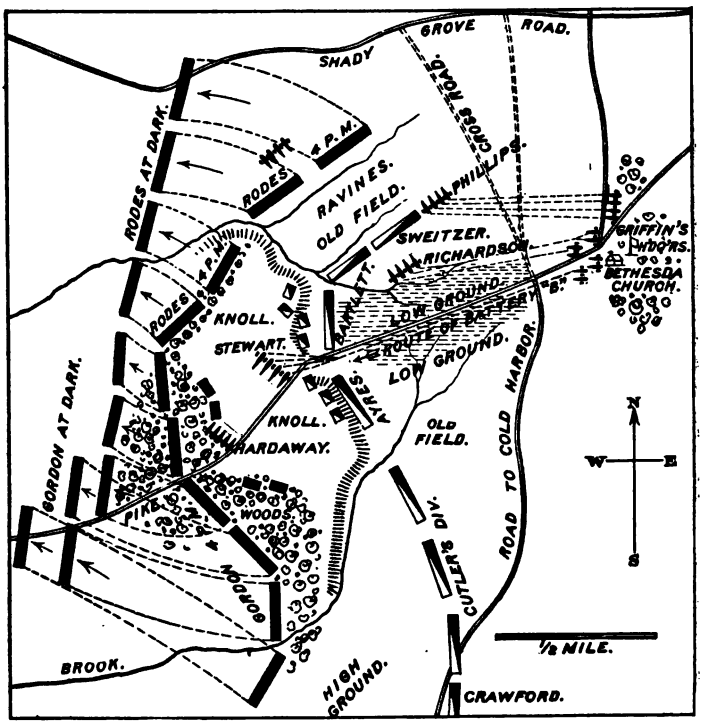

DIAGRAM OF BETHESDA CHURCH, JUNE 2, 1864.

road connecting the two before mentioned, which branched off near our position and ran through Sweitzer's line, so that we were ready to move out either on the main pike to help Bartlett or Ayres, or on this connecting road to help Sweitzer, as occasion might require. The other batteries with Griffin's Division—Phillips's and Richardson's—were farther to the right, and at that moment moving to the front with Sweitzer's line.

Soon after the skirmishing began the enemy developed his main line in the grove in Bartlett's front, on the north side of the Mechanicsville

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Road, and it was apparent from the deployment of his skirmishers and their audacity that they were backed by a main line extending over behind the crest in that direction. He also developed in front of Ayres south of the Mechanicsville Road, but did not display so much vigor there. In a few minutes a cloud of dust appeared rising just beyond the grove. The rapidity of its movements, as well as its volume, betokened the approach of a battery at a gallop along the pike. On came the dust cloud, and the next moment out of the grove and into the clearing, in plain sight, came the head of column of the Rebel battery, which formed in battery by piece on its left piece in beautiful style, unlimbering and opening on Bartlett's infantry quicker than it can be told. In our front, where the Mechanicsville Pike entered the grove or woods, west of the Bethesda Church, there was a clearing which extended some distance into the woods, forming a sort of pocket or recess. This clearing may have been 10 or 15 acres in extent, and was of a triangular shape, so that it was commanded by the woods on both flanks. It was in this clearing, about at the base of the triangle, that the enemy came in battery. Between us and the enemy there was a stretch of low ground, somewhat grown up with small brush, and the old pike was graded up to some extent through this low ground. For this reason there was no eligible place for us to go in battery anywhere in this low ground, but Bartlett's infantry found good cover there, and as soon as the enemy opened with his canister they all lay down and began to dig with their tin plates, etc. It was almost incredible how quickly the veteran infantry would make light earthworks in soft ground — at least enough to cover them when lying down. When the Rebel battery came into position we were "standing at ease" in column just back of Bethesda Church. The Battery was halted in column of pieces, left in front. The Old Man was lounging on his saddle, near the right gun, with his elbow on the pommel and his chin resting on his hand. He had a group of 15 or 20 of the boys around him, and was evidently telling them some of his droll anecdotes about the "Jackass Cavalry" in Texas before the war or killing Indians and capturing squaws in Utah. I could not hear what he was saying, but judged that he was in one of his funny moods from the laughter of the boys around him. Suddenly Gen. Griffin beckoned to Stewart, who left us and rode over toward the General. But, divining what Griffin wanted, he said, as he wheeled his horse round: "This means us, boys. Drivers, mount! Cannoneers, mount! Attention!" A few words passed between the General and Stewart, which I did not hear, of course, being at that moment in the act of mounting the limber-chest, but afterward learned that Gen. Griffin said: "James (he usually called Stewart by his first name in that way), can you go in battery under that fire?"

"Yes, sir; where shall I unlimber?"

"Suit yourself about that, but keep an eye to your supports. I would like to see that battery silenced."

"I will shut it up, sir."

Now, this question as to whether we should unlimber on this side or

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the other side of the low ground spoken of was a very important one. If we unlimbered on this side (that is, the side near the church,) we would have over half a mile range, and would have to fire over Bartlett's head—or, rather, over his men. But if we crossed it, we would have to go in battery within a few hundred feet—feet, mind you, not yards—from the enemy's muzzles, and that was right on Bartlett's skirmish line; in fact, a little beyond it, because Bartlett's skirmishers were taking cover of the slight bank formed by the descent from the high ground. Having his choice, as before stated, the Old Man chose the close quarters! Every man and boy in the Battery saw instantly that this was the finest opportunity of the campaign to show the stuff we were made of. There was, as remarked in a former chapter of this sketch, a strong feeling of rivalry between our Battery and Rittenhouse's, which was Griffin's old battery, and Griffin had an enormous amount of conceit about his old battery. So we all had the same thought that this would be a fine opportunity to take that conceit out of Gen. Griffin, and to show him what "Gibbon's old battery" could do.

Turning from Gen. Griffin, Stewart whipped out his saber and spurred to the front of the Battery column, executing a "right moulinet" as he did so. "Attention—forward, march! Trot!!—Gallop!!!" And then, as the huge wheels began to thunder behind him and the tramp of the powerful horses and the yells of the drivers and cracking of the whips mingled with the "swish, swish" of the enemy's canister down the pike, he bent forward over his horse's neck, and spurring him to a run roared out like a lion: "Come on, boys! Follow me!!—Charge!!!" This was an order not included in the "Light Artillery Manual," but we all knew what it meant. And to this day the surviving veterans of the Fifth Corps will tell you about the "Charge of Stewart's Battery at Bethesda Church!"

Old infantry veterans who were out in the fields along the pike that day, have described the appearance of the Battery as it came down the road. The Old Man was about five or six yards in front, bending over his horse's neck and spurring him with both heels, swinging his saber and shouting, "Come on!" Every driver lying forward on his horse, whipping and yelling; every Gunner and Cannoneer hanging on for life to the guard-rods of the limber-chests, and bounding six inches high from the springless seats as the huge wheels flew over the ruts; a long trail of dust streaming behind, and the very earth made to smoke and tremble under the fierce tramp of the flying steeds! Speed was everything here, because it was necessary to get there quick and get to work before the enemy could get many rounds into us; and, besides, as it was a very desperate enterprise, it was best to go in with all possible "whoop and hurrah!"

When we reached the ground which was favorable for going in battery, Stewart gave rapid orders to "trot" and "walk," and then—"Forward into battery," etc. Then, depending on the perfect discipline of his boys to execute general orders without details, it was, "Action front! Right section load solid shot and case alternately. No. 1, left section, load com-

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mon shell. Cut fuses one second (so they would burst at 1,200 feet, just before reaching the enemy's battery). 'Old Bess' (the left gun), give 'em double canister!" And "fire by piece!" And "sock it to 'em!" All in a perfect torrent of roars!

From that time on it was "Keep that muzzle down!" "Steady, there!" "That's right!" "Keep her there!" and similar directions. Meantime every one of the boys who survived was working for the great day.

Did you ever hear the thump of a rammer on a shot or canister-head when No. 1 was "sending home" while you were getting ready to prick cartridge and hook on the lanyard? And did you ever hear that sound mingled with the close thunder of the enemy's guns and the "skitter and kerchug!" of his canister splintering your gun-carriages or plowing the ground about your feet, to say nothing of its whiz and whirr in the air about your ears, or the occasional savage "plunk" of one that happened to find a poor comrade's bosom in its fierce track? If you have, it is not necessary to describe the scene while we were getting in that first load. If you have not, why then description would be wasted. If there was ever a forlorn hope of artillerymen in battle, it was the old Battery while that first load was being "sent home." But beyond hard breathing through set teeth, lips compressed, nostrils dilated, and eyes hard-tempered in the heat of battle, you could see no change in the expressions of the boys. Almost without exception the men who took the Battery into action there were veterans of from 18 to 20 battles, and they could literally handle 12-pounder Napoleons like horse-pistols! Of course, at that time, when the personnel of the Battery had been winnowed and winnowed in battle after battle, or tried in the test of hungry marches and muddy bivouacks until every man that survived and stood by was as tough as the brass guns that they served; or when by the frightful fatigues, sufferings and privations of that Wilderness and Spottsylvania campaign, which Stewart had shared with us shoulder to shoulder, we had been drawn so near to the Old Man that he had become not only our commander but our comrade, every one of whom would have followed him right into an open grave if he had called to us to "Come on, boys!"

The Rebel battery, which had slackened a little when Bartlett's infantry lay down, reopened furiously on us as we came along the road, firing both case and canister; but their practice was not good, and they did not hit either man or horse until we halted and began to unlimber. As we unlimbered we could see our infantry poking their heads up out of the grass and weeds to look at us, and they encouraged us with loud yells and cheers; while our skirmishers, lying down in the field on our flanks, kept up a crackling fire at the enemy's battery, as the enemy's infantry in the edge of the woods also did at us. Under such circumstances we unlimbered, loaded, and the concert began; and you can bet that from that moment the music was by the full band. We had 13 or 14 men hit altogether in this affair, of whom 10 or 11 went down in the single minute that it

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took us to unlimber and get in the first load. After that our Confederate friends had something to engage their attention beside their own practice. The two batteries were not more than 1,200 feet apart, both in the open, without the slightest cover, and the only advantage we had was that the Rebels were on slightly rising ground, which, of course, was an advantage in practice at that range, as point-blank artillery practice is always best from "the lower hillside." But this trifling advantage was of no account until we could get in position and unlimber and get in one load. In these piping times of peace it would be useless to attempt a description of what it means to jump a battery into position within point-blank canister range of another battery already firing, and that, too, on a broad turnpike road running through open fields, without a particle of cover for at least half a mile. The Rebel battery in this instance was gallantly served, and they got one regular blizzard into us, but it was their last chance.

The day being hot and sultry, with no air stirring, the smoke hung right in front of us, so that after the second or third round we could not see the enemy at all, but we could hear his canister rattling among our guns and wheels like big hail-stones, or whizzing past our heads, or whirring through the grass and bushes. But we had the exact direction by the well-defined tracks of the wheels in the first recoil, so there was no difficulty in pointing, and all we had to do was "keep her muzzle down." In three minutes we could feel the enemy's fire slacken. In seven or eight minutes more he ceased entirely, and then, as the smoke lifted, we saw his deserted guns standing silent in the field! Ordinarily Stewart was more calm and precise in the most desperate fighting than at any other time, but on this occasion, as we gave a cheer, he joined in with us. His face was as black as any of his Cannoneers with burnt powder, and as the day was very hot and sultry and he was quite fleshy, the lively work he had been doing made the sweat pour down his cheeks in comical streaks among the powder stains. At this moment one of the men in the right section — probably Tom Clarke or Bill Bartholomew — shook his fist at the enemy and shouted, "All down! Set 'em up again, —— —— you!" This raised a laugh and another cheer, and the Captain said something to this Cannoneer, to the effect that he was very hard to satisfy, and asked him about how many batteries he would like to clean out in one afternoon! He also declared, with somewhat profane emphasis, that there was not another four-gun battery in any army on Christ's green earth that could stand before his boys 10 minutes in the open field at canister range!

We all regarded this as one of the most noteworthy in the long list of the achievements of Stewart's Battery. It had become a common thing with us to fight charging infantry with double canister at ranges so close that we could almost "smell their breath," and we had frequent contests with the enemy's artillery at fair ranges, in which we had often silenced him or driven him out of position, dismounting some of his guns or blowing up some of his caissons. But this affair on the Mechanicsville Road was unique in its way. It was a fair, square duel between two batteries of

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four guns each—12-pounder Napoleons on each side—so close together that they might as well have been "muzzle to muzzle," and without the least cover for either side. The only question was rapidity and precision of fire. The Battery fired everything that would tell—shell, case and canister; shell and case with fuses cut "point blank" to burst at 1,200 feet from three of the guns, and canister, doubled all the time, from the other one. The result was, doubtless, the most perfect tornado of iron ever delivered from a four-gun battery. When the enemy deserted his guns and left them standing silent in the field near the pike, and his infantry recoiled into the woods, it appeared that we had practically captured a battery from the enemy! About this time Gens. Griffin, Bartlett and Ayres came up into the road where we were, and Griffin suggested that as we had silenced the enemy's battery, and it was too late to make an infantry advance, we might as well limber up and go back to the church.

Stewart asked Gen. Griffin if he was not going to advance his infantry to take in the enemy's deserted guns. He said no, because that would involve too close an approach to the enemy's cover in the woods, which they were clearly holding in force. Then the Old Man said, "if you will advance your skirmish line to cover me, by —— I will take some of my teams and haul them in myself with my men!"

Stewart was very anxious to get those guns. Of course it would have been a very desperate thing to go out there and haul them in, covered as they were by all of Rodes's infantry in the edge of the woods on the north side of the Mechanicsville Pike, but he would have done it if he could have got the necessary support. We had destroyed nearly every man and horse they had. They were waiting for darkness, so as to haul their dismantled guns off by hand. We had lost only 14 men and not more than a dozen horses. We felt that we had really captured their battery, because we had destroyed every living thing in it, and had made it impossible for anyone to approach the deserted guns. But we could not go out and hook on to the guns and fetch them in without the support of a general advance of our infantry. This Gen. Griffin would not undertake; so, after dark, they hauled their dismantled guns off by hand. No doubt Griffin was right. He always was. It would have cost some lives to go out and get the Rebel guns which we had dismantled, but there was not a man in the Battery who would not have jumped at the chance to volunteer with the teams to go and fetch them in. As it was, whenever the enemy's infantry showed up in the edge of the woods from that time till pitch dark, we soon sent them to the right about with a few rounds of case and canister. They kept sharpshooting at us till dark, but did not hit anybody. Finally, when Gen. Griffin decided to draw in his picket line about 9 o'clock, we limbered up and went back to the field in front of Bethesda Church, where we bivouacked for the night.

Stewart was the only commissioned officer of the Battery present in this affair; as, in fact, he had been ever since May 8. Ord. Serg't McBride was commanding the right section, Serg't Thorpe the left, and Q. M. Serg't

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CONFEDERATE BATTERY AT THE FINISH.

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Henry Moore the caissons. With such Sergeants we did not need any Lieutenants.

I shall never forget the behavior of our No. 1 in this action. It was old Griff Wallace, of the 7th Wisconsin. He was certainly an artist at the muzzle of a gun. On this occasion he didn't pretend to sponge, except at about every fifth load. Meantime the hot vent was burning my thumb-stall to a crisp and scorching my thumb, so I would call out:

"For —— ——'s sake, Griff, sponge the gun!"

And he would answer:

"Sponge, —— ——!" "Stick to the vent, you little —— ——!!" "Stick!!!"

Ordinarily I would have resented that epithet, but did not feel called upon to do so then. Toward the last it was really painful. As the leather kept burning through I would pull the thumb-stall down until no more of it was left, and then I appealed to Griff that the vent was burning my flesh. All the satisfaction I got was a fierce growl between his Irish teeth:

"Thumb it with the bone, then, —— —— you!!"

I can see that Irish hero now, his curly hair loose on his bare head, his arms bare to the elbows, as he had thrown away cap and jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves when we unlimbered. After it was all over, and we were sipping our coffee under the shadow of Griffin's headquarters at the little church that evening, I said:

"Griff, suppose I had let go of that hot vent when you wouldn't sponge, and there had been a premature discharge in consequence?"

"Well," he says, "Cub, I had thought of that, and had made up my mind to brain you at once with the rammer-head if that occurred!"

How deliciously Irish that was! The joke of this will instantly be understood by any artilleryman. If I had ever let go of that vent there wouldn't have been enough left of Pat and his rammer to brain a flea with. He would have been blown from the muzzle.

Every one seemed to feel the contagious spirit of victory. It is a pity that the enemy did not develop another battery there, if for no other purpose than to "set 'em up again!" Everybody was ready for it. When the smoke lifted the Rebel battery appeared about as follows: The near wheel of their right gun was smashed, and that gun was to that extent dismounted. Their No. 2 gun of the right section was turned around so that it was almost sideways toward us. Their No. 1 gun of the left section had been knocked out of its trunnion-caps, so that it appeared to be standing on its cascabel-knob behind its carriage. The No. 2 gun of their left section was apparently intact, but it was some distance in rear of the others, indicating either that an effort had been made to haul it off by hand, or else that they had let it continue to go back with each recoil instead of running it up into position after the discharges. Be this as it may, the Rebel guns were all there, and nobody was there with them, except those who were stretched out on the ground. But we were ready for

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another one of the same sort, which, beyond doubt, would have shared the fate of the first.

There was no further serious attack on that position, but on our right, north of the road, the enemy developed a strong force of infantry late in the afternoon. These were repulsed by Bartlett's Brigade after a sharp brush, in which the Battery, or the right section, fired several rounds, the other section watching the enemy's dismantled battery. This concluding part of the action was fought mainly by Bartlett's Brigade against Rodes's Division, and as neither side had any cover it was one of the prettiest little fights of that campaign. It showed that, however well the Johnnies could fight in dense brush, as in the Wilderness, or behind heavy works, as at Spottsylvania, they could not stomach the lead and cold steel of that veteran brigade in the open. They were routed in great confusion and driven back to the Shady Grove Road, about a mile, losing several hundred men, among whom was Brig.-Gen. Doles, of Rodes's Division, killed. This put an end to the attempt to turn our right flank on the 2d of June.

Here it becomes my pleasant task to make particular mention of little Johnny Cook, our Bugler. This was his last battle with the old Battery. It was at least his twentieth battle, and he was only 16 or 17 years old. Literally, Johnny "had more battles than his years." His time was out, he had his honorable discharge in his pocket, and was only awaiting transportation to go home; but his bugle never sounded so loud and clear as it did when he followed the old Captain and blew "forward, trot," and "forward, gallop!" as our gallant horses stretched their necks out for that Rebel battery on the pike! The Captain did not want Johnny to go into action that day. Maybe he had a superstition that a man — or boy — who went into a fight after his time was out would be killed. But Johnny had got that old scent of powder up his nose once more, and nothing could stop him! So away he went, following the Old Man along the pike, and blowing his bugle as lustily as ever, while the enemy's canister cut down the brush by the side of the road or screamed over our heads. He rode a white bob-tailed pony, which we always hated to see in line of battle, because she made a center target for the enemy's shells. Sometimes Stewart would send him to the rear, in order to get that pony out of sight of the enemy. "Get that —— ghost out of sight," the Captain would yell sometimes, when the enemy would begin to reach for little John and his white pony with their shells! But on this occasion "everything went," as you would say, "and the devil take the hindmost." It was simply a case of "do or die," and one white horse more or less made no difference. We either had to wipe out that Rebel battery in 10 minutes or bleach our bones in that "old field" on the Mechanicsville Pike. There were about 65 or 70 men with the Battery in this action, out of about 114 or 116 men who had crossed the Rapidan in its ranks 30 days before!

As the Battery was then reporting directly to Gen. Griffin, who acted as his own "Chief of Division Artillery," and put the Battery into action himself, the report of the action was to be made to him. So, when he rode

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into the Battery, he told Stewart that he wanted him to make a full report of that action, and to mention all the men who had distinguished themselves. Whereupon the Old Man replied: "In that case, General, I will simply have to append to my report the present for duty roll of the Battery, sir!"

After it was all over Gens. Griffin, Bartlett and Ayres came into the Battery and showered congratulations and compliments on Stewart and on the men individually. Griffin and Ayres, being veteran Regular artillerymen, were particularly enthusiastic.

Gen. Griffin, noticing a piece of courtplaster on my eyebrow, and that the middle finger on my left hand was done up in a rag (this was from my fight with Paddy Hart's man two or three nights before, as already stated), said: "I see you have been hit." I replied: "Oh, sir, that was in a previous engagement!" This made the boys laugh, but the General thought it was all right, and I did not take the pains to tell him what kind of an "engagement" it was. Gen. Ayres also made a little speech to us, which was very unusual for him. He said that "if that work had been done by a British battery the Queen would have a special medal struck to commemorate it and every man in the Battery would receive one."

Gen. Bartlett said: "Boys, I have seen a good deal of artillery practice, but I never saw one battery chaw up another as you did that battery this afternoon!"

June 3 all the batteries were in position and more or less engaged. Gen. Warren having decided to assume the offensive against the enemy's left wing and to clear the Mechanicsville Pike, Griffin and Cutler advanced their infantry, and Phillips's, Richardson's, Stewart's and Mink's, parallel to and north of the Mechanicsville Road, were pushed forward by batteries with the line of battle. The ground was gained under a galling fire of artillery and musketry at considerable loss, the enemy's batteries being securely posted under cover. They were, however, at last driven out and their position occupied by our skirmishers. During this time they also charged down the Mechanicsville Road and through the woods to drive its north side, but were repulsed by Ayres's Brigade with the aid of Hart's and Rittenhouse's Batteries. The former looked directly up the road, and the enemy reached within short canister range of the batteries before they were checked. Barnes's and Walcott's Batteries had been brought back from the left, as well as Mink's, and were posted in their old position on either side of the wood road. Together with the batteries on the left they were frequently engaged with the enemy's artillery during the day. After we had wiped out the Rebel artillery and our infantry had driven the enemy's infantry back to the Shady Grove Road we all bivouacked in the position. About sundown copious showers came up, accompanied with heavy thunder and sharp lightning. This rain was most welcome, because it cooled the air, laid the dust and filled the hollows with pure water, which we had sadly lacked for several days. It wet us all to the skin, but we did not care about that; in fact, we enjoyed it as the first "bath" we had had for a fortnight. Griffin's Division held its ground that night and

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the next day (June 4) until afternoon, when, hearing of the great repulse of the Second, Sixth and Eighteenth Corps down to the left, we withdrew to the works about the church.

It has been stated by high military authority that the tactics of the assaults of June 3 on the Second, Sixth and Eighteenth Corps fronts were not well advised. The order was to "attack all along the line." It was delivered to three different corps commanders; first, to "attack in concert," and, when they had failed to do that, they were directed to "attack without reference to each other's movements." If this is true it was not good tactics in the most primitive sense of the term. Even as a private soldier I had learned enough of the art of war to know that true tactical skill consists in the ability to discern the weakest point in a long intrenched line, to assail it with resistless vigor, force it at that point, and then by promptly supporting the attacking column on either or both flanks take advantage of the confusion of the enemy at the vortex of the disaster. Grant did not take this course. He caused his corps commanders to deliver what might be called disconnected, or at least unconcerted, assaults along a line not less than three miles in length. If his purpose was to prevent the enemy from reinforcing any one critical point by making all points critical, he did not succeed; because it is now well known that Lee, in the very hight of the assault, deliberately disgarnished the front which the Eighteenth Corps was attacking to reinforce the front charged by the Second and Sixth Corps. It cannot be said that these assaults were feebly delivered, because the number of wounded men who fell so close up to the enemy's works that they had to be left there to perish during the next three days gives a pathetic lie to any such statement as that. Nothing in the annals of war can surpass the heroic devotion with which the Second, Sixth and Eighteenth Corps assailed the works in their fronts the 3d of June, 1864.

It is true that our own corps, the Fifth, took no part in these bloody and futile assaults. Our work was of a more agreeable character—holding the right of the army in the open at and about Bethesda Church, and from there down among the swamps toward Beulah Church—so that the only considerable part we took in the operations was the summary manner in which we wound up Early's various efforts to turn our right flank.

Suppose that Grant, instead of delivering those assaults "all along the line" to the southward of Beulah Church, had deployed the Eighteenth Corps down there and pushed it up as close to their works as possible, without assaulting, as a demonstration in force, supporting it with the Ninth Corps, which was totally useless as it was handled. And then, suppose he had massed the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps at and about Bethesda Church, and made a break with them along the Mechanicsville Pike, covering the Shady Grove Road on our extreme right with the cavalry. By this movement he might possibly have crushed the left flank of Lee's army by an overwhelming attack and forced him into the "pocket" formed by the Chickahominy, which was unfordable in his rear

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for more than half the length of his line, or at any point below the bridge on the road leading from Gaines's Mill to Richmond. The line of the Mechanicsville Pike was largely in open field, where our numerical preponderance and the superiority of our artillery must have told with fatal power.

The ease with which we (the Fifth Corps) shattered Early's attempt to turn the right flank, and the impunity with which Bartlett followed Rodes right up to his intrenchments after he recoiled, indicates what might have been accomplished by a massive attack on that part of the line the next morning by the combined strength of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps, aided by a strong demonstration of the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps on our left below Beulah Church.

No movement of any account was made during the 4th on either side. The dead remained unburied on the ground fought over during June 1, 2 and 3, and as this ground was now between the two lines many of the wounded remained where they fell, and no relief could reach them. This was not true of the Fifth Corps so much as it was of the Second, Sixth and Eighteenth, to our left. Our fighting had been more in the open, and we had more chance to remove our wounded.

But the other three corps which had assaulted the trenches and had been bloodily repulsed had to leave their wounded where they fell. Those who lay nearest our works were dragged in at night by their comrades, but every effort to get them in by daylight was fiercely repelled by the musketry of the enemy in his works. Several men of the Second and Sixth Corps were shot while they were engaged in this humane work, and this caused a more bitter feeling toward the Rebels than all the fighting.

A KIND OF MURDER.

Gen. Lee had always been regarded by our troops as a humane man, or at least not inhuman, and we marveled that he should permit his troops to fire on our stretcher bearers, when the object of their mission was so plainly apparent. We preferred to believe that Gen. Lee did not know it. The weather was frightfully hot, and excepting thunder showers the night of June 3 there was no rain for 30 days. Three days after the battle there was a truce to collect the wounded men and bury the dead, but it came too late. For the killed, of course, it made no difference; but at least 1,000

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wounded of the three corps who had been left close up to the Rebel trenches perished wretchedly during those three days. Ex-Confederates have told me since the war that they could see the poor wretches moving feebly and trying to crawl toward their (the Rebel) trenches for succor, and they went out themselves as far as they dared go and brought in many of those nearest their works; but they did not dare go far, and so those who lay midway between the lines could get no help from either side. However, the Fifth Corps saw little or nothing of these horrors, and knew of them only by hearsay, as we were withdrawn from Bethesda Church on the night of June 5 or 6 and moved round to the left by roads in rear of the other corps. We arrived at Dispatch Station, where the York Railroad crosses the Chickahominy, on the 7th, and remained there until the 12th.

Our losses in these actions were four killed or mortally wounded and 10 wounded, but it was a miracle that any escaped. Nearly all the men at the guns and many of the drivers were more or less hit or scraped by canister or splinters. The carriages were also splintered up a good deal, but none of them were completely disabled.

After the war a gentleman who was in the artillery battalion of Rodes's Division, under Maj. Hardaway, told me that they had eight men killed and about 18 or 20 wounded, and lost nearly 30 horses, and were so crippled that they could not have hauled their guns off but for the help of their infantry. He would not believe that it was our four-gun battery alone that did the business. He was sure we must have had at least eight guns in position. One reason why Stewart displayed such unusual feeling in this affair was because the terms of enlistment of many of his best men would expire in a few weeks, and were about to leave him, and he was in hopes they would re-enlist up to the last moment. He hated to lose these men, and did everything to persuade them to re-enlist. They did not, however, not because they disliked him or the service of the Battery, but simply because they had been fighting ever since Bull Run, and thought they had done their share; besides, many of them had been wounded in previous battles, and the horrible fatigues and privations of this campaign had made their old wounds troublesome. This was really the last fight in which all the "Old, Old Veterans" took part. Their terms of enlistment expired rapidly during the next few weeks. We all hated to see them go, but could not blame them. They had enlisted in the Spring of 1861, and had been in every battle of the army up to June, 1864. Out of all those originally detached out of the Iron Brigade and Patrick's Brigade there were not more than 45 or 50 left now, and no one could say that they had not done their whole duty; scarcely one of them had had a furlough or hardly a pass to leave the command in three years, except when they had been to hospital with wounds. Singularly enough but one of these veterans whose times were about to expire was killed or crippled in this desperate encounter. This one was poor Charley Fulton, one of the very best and bravest soldiers in the Battery, and also one of the dearest and most delightful of comrades. There were two of the Fulton boys, John and Charley,

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and they had pulled through all our desperate battles together unharmed up to this one. But poor Charley fell here at the very pinnacle of our glory, and every one in the Battery, from Capt. Stewart down, mourned his loss. But if the veterans did not re-enlist they wound up their long, splendid careers in a perfect blaze of glory, and could well afford to retire on such laurels. No wonder Stewart's good old heart ached to see them take their honorable discharges and leave him. They were the pride of his soul. It seemed that he never took quite so much interest in the Battery after they were gone.

Under our system the artillery was a thankless service, and the conditions that prevailed during the war made service in the Regular batteries more hopeless than even in the volunteers. See the service that Stewart did from the Fall of 1861 to the Fall of 1864. It took two years and eight battles to raise him from Second to First Lieutenant; and when he reached the latter rank he could get no further, because Gibbon remained Captain of the Battery in the Regular Army List till the end, though a volunteer Major-General of two years' standing, and finally commanding the Twenty-fourth Corps while still our Captain. The same was true of Griffin's Battery. He remained its Captain even while Major-General commanding the Fifth Corps, and blocked the promotion of Hazlett, Rittenhouse, Kingsbury, and other Lieutenants who fought it — or died among its guns — to the end of the war. And it was even worse with the detached volunteers who made up the rank and file. When they first joined, in 1861, they found the non-commissioned places filled with the old Regulars naturally, because in the beginning the latter were the best qualified; but as the detached volunteers became veterans they were quite as well fitted for the non-commissioned posts as the old Regulars were. In the case of our Battery this was not so manifest as in many others. There were no better men anywhere than our old Regular Sergeants — Mitchell, McBride, Moore, Chapin and Maher.

At any time after Fredericksburg we had at least 20 men of the detached volunteers, Corporals and Cannoneers, besides the old Regulars, any one of whom was perfectly capable of commanding the Battery, and who, from every point of view, would have done honor to the shoulder-straps of any army. But owing to the faulty organization of our artillery service these men had to serve on and on in battle after battle as private Cannoneers, and the only chance of promotion they had was when a Sergeant or Corporal was killed outright, and it used to seem to me that our old Regular Sergeants and Corporals were the hardest men to kill in the world, and that they would carry off more lead to the hospital and then come back smiling in about two or three months than any other men that ever wore chevrons. Take, for example, our Sergeant, Edgar A. Thorpe. This was one of the handsomest, noblest, bravest and most chivalric young gentlemen I have ever known. He enlisted in Company D, 2d Wisconsin, as early as the middle of May, 1861. He served with his infantry regiment at the First Bull Run. Then he was one of the first to volunteer into

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the Battery in the Fall of 1861, when it arrived in the Army of the Potomac from Utah. He was promoted rapidly up to the grade of Sergeant. He was mentioned in general orders for conspicuous gallantry and exemplary conduct at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and Spottsylvania. After the death of Lieut. Goodman Capt. Stewart made every effort to get Thorpe promoted to be Second Lieutenant, which could have been done, as the Battery needed one, and there were two or three vacancies in the 4th Artillery. Stewart's efforts to promote Thorpe were approved by Gens. Wainwright and Hunt. But our authorities would not promote him. Doubtless they wanted the place for some West Point graduate of that year's class, who had been studying and dancing on the banks of the Hudson during the years while Thorpe had been fighting all the way from Bull Run to Bethesda Church. So, after Bethesda Church, when, by other assignments to the vacancies in the 4th Artillery, it appeared that Thorpe's recommendations had been ignored, he quietly pocketed his honorable discharge and went home.

From June 4 to 12 the Fifth Corps made no considerable movement. The corps was considerably reorganized. The Regular brigade was taken from Griffin's Division and put in the Second Division, which was placed under command of Gen. Ayres, and Rittenhouse's, Rogers's (Sheldon's) and Walcott's Batteries were assigned to it.

The old Third Brigade of Wadsworth's (Fourth) Division was transferred to Griffin and took the place of the Regular brigade, under command of Gen. Chamberlain, of Maine. The Pennsylvania Reserves, having been mustered out during the operations about Cold Harbor, a new Third Division was made up for Gen. Crawford. It consisted of Lyle's Brigade, formerly First Brigade of Robinson's (Second) Division; Bates's Brigade, formerly the Second of the latter division, and a Third Brigade composed of the re-enlisted men of the Pennsylvania Reserves, who were formed in two large regiments and called the 190th and 191st Pennsylvania. Cooper's, Barnes's and Bigelow's were assigned to Crawford's. The Fourth Division, under Cutler, was now reduced to two brigades, of which the First (Iron Brigade) was commanded by Gen. Bragg and the Second (Cutler's Brigade) by Col. Hofmann. Breck, Mink and Hart were temporarily assigned to Cutler, while Stewart, Phillips and Richardson remained with Griffin. During this time the only event of importance in our Battery was the return of Lieut. Mitchell to duty on June 7, after a long and severe illness, which had come near using him up. It is not easy to describe the joy with which we all welcomed Mitchell home, or his own gratification at being with us again, Stewart succeeded in "capturing" an extra ration of "commissary" for the boys, so that we could appropriately celebrate the event.

It is doubtless proper to consider these operations about Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor as terminating the "Virginia Campaign of 1864" proper, as the subsequent movements belong to the "siege of Petersburg." Therefore it may be of interest to pause here for a brief resumé of the

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history of the Army of the Potomac from the 5th of May to the 5th of June, embracing an approximate account of its sufferings and a description of its *morale* and physique as it stood ready to move on Petersburg and Richmond. Of course I speak more particularly of the Fifth Corps as to movements, because from my humble station in the ranks I could not be familiar with the operations of the other corps, except fragmentarily and by hearsay; but my observations as to the mental, moral and physical condition of that corps will apply equally to the others.

In 30 days the army had marched from the Rapidan to the James. It had been in battle May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 18, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30, 31 and June 1, 2, 3—19 days in all. This refers only to more or less serious

MITCHELL'S RECEPTION.

fighting by part or all of the army, as there was not a day when there had not been more or less skirmishing on some part of the line, either by infantry or cavalry. It had built altogether trenches and breastworks enough, if stretched out in a straight line, to have reached from Culpeper to Petersburg. It had lost from all causes—killed, wounded, prisoners and disability from sickness caused by its incredible fatigues and privations—over 70,000 men. It had received reinforcements, counting the Ninth Corps,

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amounting to perhaps 40,000 men. It had started from its Winter camps at Culpeper with 100,000 in round numbers of all arms. It had arrived at the James perhaps 70,000 strong, including the Eighteenth Corps, which had joined it at Cold Harbor, though returning to the Army of the James soon after. It was now about to lose, say, 20,000 of its best men by the expiration of the terms of three-years volunteers who had not re-enlisted; in fact, these had begun to muster out rapidly when we reached the James, several leaving our Battery early in June. The army was receiving recruits all the time, but they were to a considerable extent conscripts, substitutes and "big-bounty men," on the whole much inferior in quality to the old volunteers of 1861 and 1862. Still they "kept up the racket," and eventually helped wind up the business in good shape at Appomattox. What these recruits of 1864 would have done with the Rebel army in its prime, as when the veterans first had to deal with it, no one can say; but they at least proved equal to the task of confronting and whipping and capturing it in its decay, and that was enough. For of the 60-odd thousand men who closed around Lee's remnant at Appomattox there were not more than 20,000 who had been at Gettysburg, not more than 12,000 who were at Antietam, and probably not 300 who had fought at the First Bull Run. Few people reflect how completely the personnel of the Army of the Potomac was changed between Gettysburg and Appomattox — between the "high tide" of the rebellion and its last ebb. That army was fighting from July 21, 1861, till April 9, 1865. One hundred thousand was about the greatest force it ever had "present for duty equipped" at any one time. But the muster rolls of the Government show that over 700,000 names passed through its rosters during that time.

I also desire at this point, in concluding this humble recital of the great Virginia campaign of 1864, to refer to another subject. It has become fashionable of late years for writers to dwell upon "the enormous disparity of numbers" and "the great inequality of equipment," etc., between the armies of Grant and Lee in that campaign. We were superior in numbers, it is true, but not more so than was fair in view of the advantage they had all the time from the Rapidan to the James of being the assaulted force. With rare exceptions the history of that campaign was that of assaults by us on works varying in strength from field breastworks to regular fortifications, we always attacking with no protection except the woollen blouses that covered our bosoms, they crouching behind "head logs" or covered in rifle pits. On this score we may safely appeal to the history of a few assaults or sorties that they made against us. Whenever they assaulted us in fieldworks, as at the Plank and Brock Roads the 6th of May, or when they attacked us in the open, as the 5th of May in the Wilderness, or on the Mechanicsville Pike at Bethesda Church the 2d and 3d of June, they came quickly and profoundly to grief.

No one more cordially accords the meed of courage to our Rebel countrymen than I do; no one — not even themselves — can be prouder of their splendid prowess, because we are all Americans. But I am not willing to admit that they were so much our superiors as fighting men — so much

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better soldiers than we were, man for man, as their writers claim, and as some of our writers seem to admit. They never had a battery that could have stood in front of Stewart's in the open at point blank range 20 minutes, when our old boys were all at their posts! They never had a battery that could have unlimbered under our canister as we did under theirs at Bethesda. They never had an infantry brigade that could "down" the old Iron Brigade, man for man, on any field; nor Bartlett's Veteran Brigade, nor Lewis Grant's Vermonters, nor Upton's Brigade, nor Webb's Philadelphia Brigade, nor Sprigg Carroll's, nor Cutler's Brigade, and so on. It is not my purpose to "rub it in" on the Rebels. Frankly, they fought better and suffered worse than sensible men had any right to fight and suffer in such a cause.

But without discussing the merits of the cause, and viewing them from the true, soldierly standpoint of their risks, privations and sufferings alone, we must forever face the fact that, with the single exception of Gettysburg, they always defended their cause from behind cover, while we always vindicated our cause with bosoms bared! These things are said in no unkind spirit — in no spirit of triumph over a fallen foe — but simply because they are the truths of history, and, taking its whole military work from Bull Run to Appomattox, the sober verdict of impartial historians for all time will be that the Army of the Potomac never had an equal in soldierly quality and in fullness of martial virtues.

The casualties of the Union forces in the operations about Cold Harbor and Bethesda were as follows:

SECOND CORPS.		
First Division	1,561	
Second Division	1,674	
Third Division	221	
Artillery Brigade	54	
General staff, etc	10	
		3,520
FIFTH CORPS.		
First Division	481	
Second Division	473	
Third Division	194	
Fourth Division	157	
Artillery Brigade	*35	
		1,340
SIXTH CORPS.		
First Division	1,125	
Second Division	653	
Third Division	915	
Artillery Brigade	22	
		2,715
NINTH CORPS.		
First Division	409	
Second Division	804	
Third Division	488	
		1,701
CAVALRY CORPS.		
First Division	156	
Second Division	36	
Third Division	238	
Horse-Artillery Brigade	19	
		449
Grand total Army of the Potomac		9,725

* Of this loss 25 was suffered by Phillips's, Richardson's and Stewart's.

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EIGHTEENTH CORPS.		
First Division	1,264	
Second Division	1,156	
Third Division	591	
Artillery Brigade	8	
		3,019
Grand total		12,744
RECAPITULATION.		
Total in the Wilderness		17,666
Total at Spottsylvania		18,399
Total at North Anna		3,986
Total at Cold Harbor, etc		12,744
Grand total in 30 days		52,795

There is no convenient means of ascertaining exactly how many left the ranks in consequence of sickness or exhaustion, but it was fully 20,000.

The losses in our Battery were, in both days' fighting, as follows: Killed or mortally wounded, Gustavus Saxey, Charles L. Fulton, Henry Powers, John F. Hubbard; wounded, Warren Givens, Henry Beecham, James H. Lewis, Tom Price, John McLaughlin, Wm. Funke, George C. Barrett, John C. Barthe, George Bowers, William Kelley, Richard Tea and Abe Velie.

JAMES H. LEWIS.
[From a photograph.]

Some of these were not hurt badly enough to leave the Battery. There were five or six others who "showed blood," but not enough to be returned as wounded. Jim Lewis had a close call, but got off without serious injury. His time was out anyhow, and it would have been pretty hard luck for him to be killed or crippled at the end of his term of enlistment, after three years of such service as he had done.

The usual difficulty in arriving at an accurate estimate of the Confederate strength and losses, already referred to, appears with extraordinary clearness in this campaign; and, doubtless, in view of the fragmentary character of their returns, through destruction of papers, etc., it will forever be impossible to get at the exact figures. But enough is known to demonstrate that the so-called "disparity of force" was by no means so great as has been popularly supposed, and that the "disproportion of losses," though necessarily great in consequence of the vastly different conditions under which the two armies operated, is still less than was to be expected under the circumstances. On this point the author has to renew his expressions of obligation to Maj. E. C. Dawes, of Cincinnati, late of the 53d Ohio, for a most careful and

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laborious compilation, based upon profound research of the Confederate data extant. Without following the gallant Major through his exhaustive survey, it suffices to give here his resultant summaries, which are as follows:

The return of the Army of Northern Virginia for April, 1864, shows "present for duty" in the corps of Gen. Ewell and A. P. Hill, the cavalry command of Gen. Stuart, the artillery and the "Maryland Line":

Generals and staff officers	366
Regimental and company officers	3,717
Enlisted men	50,174
Total	54,257

Hoke's Brigade, of Early's Division, and two regiments of Rodes's Division, on detached service, are not included.

Maj. Dawes then carefully computes the strength and composition of each reinforcement received by Lee between the Rapidan and the James, and concludes that in the aggregate during the whole of that campaign Gen. Lee's line of battle strength was:

Return of April 20	54,617
Longstreet's command	15,480
Twentieth South Carolina (estimated)	600
Rodes's regiment	380
Hoke's old brigade	1,707
Breckinridge's Division	3,100
Pickett's Division	6,805
Hoke's Division	6,703
Artillery with Pickett and Hoke	762
Reinforcements to cavalry (estimated)	5,500
Finnegan's Brigade (estimated)	1,500
Total	97,154

The return of the Department of Richmond May 31, 1864, shows an "effective total" of 5,386 troops in addition to those specified above. All of these were available to reinforce the army of Gen. Lee, and some of them were in the lines at Cold Harbor. It is within bounds to say that Gen. Lee had between the Rapidan and the James, in the months of May and June, 1864, not less than 100,000 men for battle.

By cognate methods of calculation and from similar data Maj. Dawes deduces that "it is a fair conclusion from the figures given that the Army of Northern Virginia lost in the campaign from the Rapidan to the James, in May and June, 1864, in killed, wounded and missing 35,000 men." He also calls attention to a fact which has hitherto seemed to escape the notice of military writers; that is to say, the more consistent system of organization which prevailed in the Confederate army than in ours. On this point Maj. Dawes says:

In making any comparative statement of the strength of the Union and Confederate armies some differences in their organizations should be noted. In the Confederacy after 1861 all soldiers were enrolled "for the war." There was scarcely a single new regiment organized after 1862. Recruits and conscripts were assigned to old regiments, whose ranks were thus kept full. Promotions were promptly made to fill all vacancies. Each infantry and cavalry company had three Lieutenants. Brigades, divisions and army corps were commanded by officers of appropriate rank. Brigades, as a rule, retained the same organization from the beginning of the war to the end.

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In the Union Army there was perpetual change. Men were enlisted for all periods — from three months to three years. Under each call for troops new regiments were organized. Each infantry and cavalry company had but two Lieutenants. Promotions were not permitted in old regiments if the number of officers on the rolls was proportionately greater than the number of enlisted men. The chances for promotion were, therefore, in inverse ratio to the service performed. Brigades and divisions were changed with each campaign, and seldom commanded by officers of proper rank. The Army of the Potomac, including the Ninth Corps, at the opening of the Wilderness campaign contained 41 infantry brigades, of which 26 were commanded by Colonels. The Army of Northern Virginia, including Longstreet's Corps, contained 35 infantry brigades, 31 of which were commanded by Brigadier-Generals. Of the brigades in the Army of the Potomac which took part in the battle of Gettysburg but six, in May, 1864, were composed of the same regiments as in July, 1863. All of the advantages of organization were clearly with the Confederate army.

At dusk on June 12 we began crossing the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and moved out on that road during the night, our head of column — Griffin's Division, with our Battery, Richardson's and Phillips's — reaching Riddle's Crossroads before daylight on the 13th. We at first thought this was an advance on Richmond, and the men hailed with enthusiasm the idea of a direct assault on the main works of that place, which they hoped would end the war. There can be no grander tribute to the pluck and resolution of the Army of the Potomac than the fact that, after all the privations, fatigues and slaughter of the past 35 days, unparalleled in history, the troops of Warren's old Fifth Corps were not only ready but anxious to assault the formidable main works of Richmond straight in the face.

However, it soon turned out that this was nothing but a heavy demonstration, calculated to cover the movement of the army to the James River; and so, as soon as the rear of the Ninth Corps was clear of the Chickahominy, we retraced our steps, the cavalry bringing up our rear, and moved rapidly off to the James, where we arrived at a place called Wilcox's Landing the 14th of June. Here we found pontoon bridges, the Second Corps already across, and a fleet of steamboats and tows with supplies, which were very welcome. I shall never forget the joy with which I here quaffed a glass of icewater from a cooler on one of the boats where I was sent with a detail to help unload ammunition boxes.

There hadn't been much icewater in the Wilderness campaign. The fabled "Nectar of the Gods" was insipid in comparison with it. Probably there was not at that time a man in the Army of the Potomac who would not have chosen a glass of icewater in preference to any other beverage that could have been offered him — provided, of course, that he could not have both.

Marching from Windmill Point with Griffin's Division we arrived in sight of the enemy's works in front of Petersburg in the afternoon of the 17th, and found that we were to take position to the left, and that it was expected to assault the works at once. We did not get into position until it was too late to assault that day; but during the night Gen. Griffin got his batteries up into the Norfolk Railroad cut, which at that point curved to the north,

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and ours was disposed so that we could rake the cut for a considerable distance. Richardson's took position to our right and near the Avery House, while Phillips's came up on the left. This position was about 600 yards from the enemy's main works at that point. These were new works in a second line, and the outer intrenchments that he had abandoned on the day before ran along near our position.

But at daylight it was found that the enemy's new position required us to get on the other side of the cut to have a good range on it, so we pulled into the cut, and remained there out of sight, pending the infantry dispositions for the grand charge. The infantry was a long time getting ready, so that it was past noon when we got the order to get out of the cut and go into battery on the knoll above. We had just got to work with case shot when the infantry — Bartlett's Brigade, in our immediate front — rose up and started forward. As far as we could see to the right were long lines of infantry rushing toward the works. The ground was much broken, and as the lines conformed to the ground it had the appearance of great waves of men. In our front the infantry had farther to go than those to the right of us, but we were too busy to see much of it. As both our guns and the Rebel works were on the highest ground, we could easily fire over the heads of our infantry until they got pretty close up. The Rebel infantry in the works reserved their fire, and only a few guns that they had back of their trenches replied to us slowly; but we fired very fast, and our practice was the best in our history. Our work here was literally that of an artillery skirmish line, as we first opened the assault and then covered the retreat of the infantry when repulsed. Nearly every shot grazed their works, and we knocked off a good many of their head logs. But the ammunition was some that we had got out of the barges at Windmill Point, and, to speak after the fashion of an exasperated Gunner, it wasn't worth a——! Not more than half our case exploded, though the common shell did better.

However, our three batteries soon silenced the guns the enemy had in his works. The practice of Phillips's Battery (three-inch rifles) was superb on this occasion. Twice in succession he hit their guns plum center by firing into the embrasures, and the way his percussion shell made the sandbags fly was a caution. Of course our smoothbores could not compete with Phillips's rifles, but we kept our little end up somehow. As they had made these works hastily, and there was little or no brush in the neighborhood, they were not much abatised; but the infantry said the ditches were unusually wide and deep. The last shot we fired could not have cleared Bartlett's men's heads by more than 20 feet, if that, which is pretty risky practice with smoothbore guns. This last shot from our guns caused me the most serious accident I had while in the service. I had got careless about "standing clear," and on this occasion the trail slewed a little on account of striking some obstruction, the wheel struck me and knocked me down, and severely bruised my left instep and ankle. I thought at first that my leg was broken, but the boys helped me up, and I could stand on my foot, though it was badly bruised and began to swell.

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In a few minutes I had to rip the whole front of my boot open, and soon took it off altogether. Lieut. Mitchell then ordered me to the rear, or rather back to the spare caissons. We remained silent here for nearly an hour, when, the infantry having been repulsed and taken cover in the ravine and the low ground in our front, we commenced a slow cannonade, which we kept up till near dark. The infantry meanwhile straightened out the old Rebel works, refaced them, and by midnight were securely established in the lines, which we held at that point during the whole siege that followed. We were withdrawn after dark behind the railroad, and the siege of Petersburg was begun. Capt. Stewart writes me concerning the operations of June 18 as follows:

"When the corps reached Petersburg the morning of the 18th of June Gen. Griffin came to me and told me that he wanted me to move my Battery forward, and that he would cover my advance by the other two batteries. After moving a certain distance, and Phillips and Richardson having joined me, I was directed to move forward again, the General pointing out the place where he wished me to form the line of batteries, but when I reached the place I found there was no protection for either men or horses, but that there was a good position about 200 yards in advance of it. I moved forward to that point, the other batteries coming up on my left. You will recollect the place. It was in the front and a little to the right of the Avery House, where Gen. Warren had his headquarters. The enemy had substantial works in our front, with embrasures for their guns. While advancing to our position the enemy opened upon us with a very heavy fire of artillery and infantry, but our artillery fire was so very effective that they closed up their embrasures with bags of sand and withdrew their guns. I do not remember how many men I lost that day, but it was not many. Capt. Phillips's Battery lost pretty heavily, his First Lieutenant (Blake) being killed. Phillips was one of the best artillery officers I ever met, a thorough gentleman and an officer who always looked out for the best interests of his men. After that attack of June 18 it was quite a common saying that the batteries assigned to Griffin's Division were always used as skirmishers, and such was the fact."

Let us now see what our comrades were doing in this memorable action of the great assault on Petersburg. During the evening of June 17, when Cutler's Division went into position to prolong the left of the Ninth Corps, Mink and Breck went with Cutler, who posted them in position to the left of the Suffolk Pike and in front of the house between this road and the Norfolk Railroad, where they engaged the guns on the enemy's right. About dusk Cooper's Battery (Capt. Cooper had returned and resumed command of his Battery) was also brought up and posted south of the Avery House, opening on the enemy's works around that house at 500 yards. The other batteries were not engaged during the evening of the 17th. June 18, at sunrise, Cutler's Division advanced from the Avery House to the edge of the woods beyond. Breck's, Mink's and Cooper's Batteries were pushed forward with them and took position to the right of the woods along a ridge, opening on the enemy's batteries and troops beyond the railroad. Soon after Barnes's, Bigelow's and Hart's Batteries were brought up on the right of these and also opened. Meanwhile Ayres's Division, with Rittenhouse's, Rogers's and Walcott's Batteries, had passed around to the left of Cutler and crossed the railroad. The three batteries

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went into position 900 yards in front of the great salient of the enemy's works and opened fire. As soon as the enemy's skirmishers were driven out of the woods on the farther side of the railroad Mink's Battery was thrown forward and formed at right angles to, and about 500 yards from, the railroad, firing up the track and driving the enemy out of the clump of woods in his front. Barnes was removed to within 100 yards of Mink's right, and Cooper was also brought forward.

Having gained the railroad along the whole front of the Fifth Corps, about noon the Second and Fourth Division, with a portion of the First, being established beyond it, Mink's Battery was moved to the edge of this cut, to the right of the Taylor House, engaged two of the enemy's guns immediately in his front at 500 yards and kept them silent nearly all the time. Bigelow's and Hart's Batteries were taken across the railroad and halted behind the crest with Chamberlain's Brigade, of Griffin's Division, while slight lunets were being thrown up on the crest held by our skirmish line. At 3 to 4 p. m., when the general attack was made, these batteries were shoved up on the crest and opened on the enemy's works as our troops passed down into the intervening ravine. Barnes's Battery was soon after brought over and posted about 75 yards to the left of the others. The attack failing, the batteries covered the withdrawal of our troops. The position held by Mink's, Bigelow's and Hart's Batteries was within easy canister and musketry range of the enemy's works, and all suffered severely. Their practice was excellent, and reflected great credit on their officers and men. After dark Barnes, Bigelow and Hart were withdrawn. After June 19 Mink's Battery remained in position near the Taylor House until the morning of June 24, firing occasional shots during the time, when he was relieved by a battery of the Ninth Corps and camped with the Reserve. Bigelow's Battery returned to its position beyond the railroad on the 19th and 20th. On the 21st this battery was assigned to Crawford's Division, and took position on the 24th to the left of the Jerusalem Plank Road, in front of the Gregory House. Hart's Battery relieved Bigelow's in its position of the 18th beyond the railroad on the morning of the 21st, where it remained until the 28th, on which day it went into reserve until July 13, when it occupied the smaller redoubt back of the Cheever House. Cooper's and Breck's Batteries held their positions near the front of the woods in front of the Avery House until the 20th, when they were assigned to Crawford's Division, and on the 26th relieved two batteries of the Second Corps in the small works west of the Jerusalem Plank Road. Breck was moved into the large redoubt on the 12th of July. Rittenhouse, Rogers and Walcott remained in their positions of the 18th.

Summing up the work of the Fifth Corps batteries in the great Virginia campaign, Gen. Charles S. Wainwright, chief of the corps artillery, says in his official report:

Excepting in the engagements on the North Anna, May 23, and in front of Petersburg, June 18, the campaign covered by this report afforded but little opportunity for the legitimate and successful use of artillery. There were but few days, to be sure, in which some of the batteries were not engaged with

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the enemy's artillery, but as they (the enemy) were always well protected, the most accomplished was a temporary quieting of their fire. Hardly a charge was made either by or upon our lines which was not made through the woods where artillery could do almost nothing. In the few opportunities that there were of bringing a single section or battery into play, as near Bethesda Church on the 30th of May by Lieut. Richardson, and again on the 2d of June by Lieut. Stewart, the work was quickly and well done. At the North Anna the prompt movement of Stewart's, Hart's, Mink's, Walcott's and Mathewson's Batteries of light 12-pounders undoubtedly relieved the corps from great danger, if they did not save it from defeat. The ground moved over by the corps in its advance on the 18th of June was mostly open and intersected by gentle slopes, affording the very best chance for the manuvering of light batteries, which I believe I may say was taken full advantage of. The losses of the brigade in material has not been heavy, but in officers and men it has suffered materially, especially in the former. Capt. H. N. Davis and Second Lieut. De Motte, 1st New York Artillery; First Lieut. Blake, of the 5th Massachusetts Battery, and First Lieut. Thomas Goodman, serving with B, 4th United States Artillery, were either killed in action or died of wounds. All of them were officers of great promise and who stood high in the estimation of those who knew them. To Maj. R. H. Fitzhugh, 1st New York Artillery; Capt. J. A. Cooper, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, and Capt. A. P. Martin, Massachusetts Artillery, the senior officers of the brigade, and who frequently held detached commands of two or more batteries, I have been indebted for most valuable services. I regret to say that both the last-named officers since left the service after having for three years held the positions of Captains of artillery and participated in all the actions of this army. The false organization of the artillery arm in our service provides no way of rewarding such officers by deserved promotion. In every case during the campaign I have found all the battery commanders prompt to perform the duties required of them and fully seconded by their subordinates and men. Where all have done so well I can have no particular individual to bring to the notice of the commanding General.

It is proper to say at the close of this chapter that it has been found impracticable to keep wholly within the scope of personal observation and at the same time write properly the history of our own Battery from individual memory. During the whole campaign from the Rapidan to the Jerusalem Plank Road the Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Corps was worked as a united command, the batteries being operated very much as companies of a regiment would be; wherefore any attempt to follow the career of any one of them without adverting frequently to the others would be ridiculous, and would also in many cases produce a false impression. Therefore, in preparing the foregoing chapter relating to the great Virginia campaign, the author has freely consulted and used the unpublished official reports.

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CHAPTER IX.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG — "SHOVEL AND SHOOT" — NIGHT FIRING — MAGNITUDE OF THE WORKS — ENGINEER DUTY — CONSTANT EXTENSION TO THE LEFT — CUTTING THE WELDON RAILROAD — DIVERSIONS IN THE TRENCHES — POKER — A GREAT "DRAW" — FINE MORALE OF THE TROOPS — RECRUITS COMING IN — BOUNTIFUL SUPPLIES.

THE effort of the Second Corps to extend its lines to the left of the Jerusalem Plank Road brought on an encounter on June 22, which for a time bid fair to assume the proportions of a general engagement, but finally resulted in the retirement of the enemy from their outlying works to their main line, and the Second Corps took up the ground it desired. After this the army settled down to siege operations proper.

At first the guns of the light batteries were mounted in the redoubts, but as soon as the siege trains came up our guns were gradually replaced by the 20-pounder Parrotts and four-and-a-half inch Rodmans. Meantime the caissons were parked and a caisson camp established some distance back from the main lines, which at this point were only a few hundred feet apart. It was in the edge of a grove, on high, dry ground, where there was good shade. Here we made very pleasant Summer quarters. Our left flank rested on the bank of a little ravine, formed by one of the headwater brooks of the Blackwater, and in our rear, at some distance, was the "fresh beef corral" or herding ground of the Fifth Corps. The other batteries of the Artillery Brigade of the corps made similar camps in our vicinity. Proper siege operations now progressed rapidly. The infantry furnished every night large working parties, under whose busy spades and axes the lines soon grew into regular approaches of the heaviest character. The artillery furnished gun crews for their own guns or

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the siege pieces in position, or helped to strengthen the redoubts. I was now employed with gangs of infantry and heavy artillerymen in the redoubt to the right of Fort Sedgwick, my work being mainly to aid in the revetting of the parapet with logs and flanking the embrasures with "gabions." These last were made of branches of trees interwoven so as to form large round baskets about the size of a salt barrel. They were set close together on top of the parapet and filled with earth. I was every other night relieving and being relieved by a Corporal of the New York Engineers, and was very proud of being assigned to engineer duty. It was not only hard work, but dangerous, as the enemy, knowing that we were working on top of the parapets during the nights, kept up a constant fusillade, by which several men were hit in our gangs from time to time, some of whom were killed. I disliked this very much, as it was a cold-blooded business and required much more nerve than to work a gun in close action, where the excitement holds a man to his post. This work was always done at night — as a squirrel could not have lived on the top of that parapet in the daytime — and the sensation of watching their works a few hundred feet away, to see their rifles flash in the darkness, was the most trying thing I had ever experienced. I used to be thankful that it was dark, so that the men of our gangs could not see how "white I was around the gills." If I looked as white as I felt at times, it must have been something ghastly. Our infantry would reply to this night firing from the "curtain works" — that is, the plain breastworks connecting the redoubts — and also from the outlying rifle pits, where we had any; though, at this early stage of the siege we had not begun to push out rifle pits much. However, on the night of July 1, about 10 o'clock, I was standing on the top of the "return" of our right bastion, just above and a little in front of the flank of the curtain. The top of the bastion was probably six or seven feet higher than the top of the curtain. I had two infantrymen with me, and we were replacing gabions knocked off in a slight cannonade during the day. I noticed that the curtain was full of infantry clear up to the re-entrant angle. Suddenly they commenced firing on their right, and the fire ran rapidly down toward us. They were safe enough, as they were firing through loopholes under their head logs, but the flashes of their rifles lit up the whole place and brought out the forms of my two men and me in bold relief on top of the main works.

Quicker than thought there came a volley of, doubtless, 200 or 300 rifles from the Rebel curtain, rifle pits, redoubts, etc., all aimed at us three. The bullets thumped in the earth under our feet and sent splinters from the gabions flying about our ears before we could collect our senses enough to get down. We were all three hit. One ball tore through the collar of my jacket, making a red welt on the left side of my neck; another tore my left sleeve near the shoulder, and the third struck the heel of my boot, knocked it loose, and glanced. This shocked my foot so I thought I was hit sure enough until I examined it after we got down. One of the men with me, named Simmons, of the 6th or 7th Wisconsin, was badly

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hit, and I think I remember his comrades telling me sometime afterward that the poor fellow died of his wounds. He was struck in the right groin and left shoulder. The other man — Flack, probably from the 24th Michigan — was hit about as I was, but one ball laid his right cheek open just below the cheek bone. Pretty good shooting that for a dark night, at about 30 rods distance, with nothing but the flash of a volley to take aim by! I complained about this to Gen. Warren in person when he came into the redoubt, and he gave orders that when the infantry intended to open in the night at any part of the curtain close to the redoubts or bastions, they should first give notice to the working parties in the redoubts to clear the tops of the parapets.

The firing this night was very sharp and lasted a long time. Several of the guns also opened at different points, but not from the redoubt we were in. The enemy's fire was so persistent that some of our officers thought it was the prelude to a night assault. But we afterward learned that it was only a way the Johnnies took to celebrate the anniversary of the first day of Gettysburg. However, it caused most of Cutler's Division to be turned out and double quicked into the trenches on that part of the line, and they lay there till near daylight. Gen. Warren came into the redoubt in person, accompanied by some of his staff, and ordered the guns in position to load and be ready. The General sat down on the banquette by the embrasure and chatted with us very pleasantly. One of the men from Bigelow's battery asked:

"How long are these siege operations going to last, do you think, Gen. Warren?"

"That depends entirely on you, boys," replied the General, and Bigelow's man got himself laughed at.

Then he related some funny anecdotes about working the Cadets' Battery at West Point. I suppose Gen. Warren staid there chatting with his private soldiers for half an hour or more. He then went out of the gorge and passed on to some other part of the line. You will never hear any soldier of Warren's old Fifth Corps say anything but the kindest and the most admiring words about him.

The devices for securing accuracy of fire in this night shooting were ingenious. The men on both sides would each select a particular part of the opposing works nearest his own front. They would then put down a forked stick, and arrange it so that when the muzzle of the rifle was poked through the loophole under the head log and the barrel just forward of the trigger-guard rested in the fork of the stick the gun would be sighted just right to sweep the top of the enemy's parapet. This they would do in the daytime, when they were not firing, and so when they wanted to fire at night all they had to do was to place the musket as above described, and they had as good aim as they could get by day. Of course they could not see the individual men working at night, but they could keep a storm of balls sweeping the tops of the opposing works at random, taking their chances on a man being in the track of the bullet. In this way the night casualties on both sides

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were severe among the working parties. During these days and nights in the forts many funny things occurred. On one occasion one of Bigelow's Corporals was bragging about what his battery did, and how fearfully it had suffered at Gettysburg.

"We lost 28 men," he said, "out of 120."

"Well," said I, "we lost 40 out of 97. How is that for high?"

And then I twitted him that his battery was only a mushroom organization, anyhow, while ours was eternal; and I also reminded him that we had lost 44 men out of 102 at Antietam, and even after that we routed the Rebels out of the Cornfield with our canister alone. I then began to tell him how "we fought under O'Brien at Buena Vista," etc., and he could not stand it any longer.

"Oh, of course you get cut up," he exclaimed. "That's what you are for. You are nothing but common Regulars, hired to die! It's your trade! But we Massachusetts boys are citizen-soldiers, fighting for our principles and to save the Union! I'll bet a wormy hardtack there aren't three of you —— Regulars in Battery B that can explain intelligently what this war is for, anyhow!"

The absurdity of this was that Battery B was at this time almost wholly manned by detached volunteers, and they were far above the average at that.

No one who has not seen the "Petersburg lines," as they were called, before they began to fall into decay, can form any idea of the work of log-cutting and digging that we did between June 18 and July 15. The Fifth and Ninth Corps held the line from the Appomattox on the right, beginning with Fort McGilvery, to the Jerusalem Plank Road on the left, a distance of over four miles, our (Fifth) corps resting its left flank on the heavy redoubt, known afterward as Fort Davis, in front of the Cheever House, and its right joining the left of the Ninth at the Suffolk Road. The redoubt in which, on the night of July 1, as before described, poor Simmons, Flack and I were made the innocent cause of such a display of fireworks was to the left of what afterward became Fort Rice, half way between the Avery House and Fort Sedgwick — nicknamed by the troops "Fort Hell." It was at the apex of the slight salient which our line made at that place, and was then the nearest point to the Rebel main line on the Fifth Corps front, though the Ninth Corps line at Fort Morton was still closer.

They had, as early as July 1, many rifle pits not 30 rods from our parapet. Well, when you bear in mind that these works were not mere "breastworks" or field trenches, but regular fortifications; that the curtain or connecting work was in many places scarped eight or 10 feet, including the depth of the ditch in front; that the redoubts were either diamond-shaped salients or bastions, and some of them, where there was the least chance of a reverse fire or enfilade, were elaborately traversed; that in some of the redoubts and forts it was frequently 12 or 15 feet from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the ramparts, counting the hight of the gabions, revetted with logs, banquetted for infantry on the inner slopes and provided with proper platform approaches to the embrasures where

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needed — when you take account of all this, I say, you must know that the Army of the Potomac had to work hard as well as fight hard, and that it did both well. I took great personal pride in "The Redan," because I worked on it a good deal, and my youthful vanity was excessively flattered by being made "walking boss," and having small parties of infantry and heavy artillerymen under my command. The worst part of the work was hoisting the earth from the ditch onto the parapet. The men shoveling in the ditch could easily keep their heads down, and were in no danger except from a surprise, which was not likely to be attempted. But the men who had to stand on top of the parapet to place the earth were truly what the French call *enfants perdus*. Gen. Warren, who was himself an engineer officer, and one of the most accomplished engineers this country has produced, either military or civil, used to visit us almost every night and sometimes during the day.

Having been an attentive student of the history of the war for a quarter of a century, I have often remarked how little attention has been paid to the details of the siege of Petersburg. By this I mean, not the operations in the field against Lee's flanks, resulting in battles of more or less magnitude, but the solid, hard work of building the tremendous earthworks which finally formed one continuous fortification from Fort McGilvery on our extreme right at the Appomattox River round to Fort Fisher on our extreme left, between 11 and 12 miles long, or perhaps 15 miles, measuring along the top of the parapet, besides heavy reverse works to our rear, extending from the Blackwater Creek round to the Weldon Railroad, at Globe Tavern, a distance of seven or eight miles; thence south a mile and a half to Fort Dushane, covering that portion of the Weldon Road which we used as an adjunct to our "military railway," and thence westward from Fort Dushane to Armstrong's Mill, near the Vaughn Road Bridge across Hatcher's Run, a distance of about eight miles more — in other words, 32 to 35 miles of earthworks — that it would be absurd to call mere "field intrenchments," but which were, on the whole, regular fortifications quite equal to those I have since seen in Europe at places on the Franco-German and German-Russian frontiers, which their engineers considered permanent strongholds.

In the strict military sense, Petersburg was not besieged. A true siege is an operation against an enemy inclosed in a fortified place, with all avenues of escape cut off. Vicksburg and Port Hudson were true sieges. In the strict sense of military terms, Petersburg was simply attacked by regular approaches, the objective point being to force the enemy to evacuate it so that we could get at him in the open. However, for brevity, we say that Petersburg was besieged. At sundown on June 18, 1864, it was evident to the humblest private in the Army of the Potomac that we could not force the Petersburg lines by direct assault. Everything that flesh and blood and lead and iron and steel could do in that direction had been done by the troops of the Second, Fifth, Ninth and Eighteenth Corps from the extreme right of our fighting line that day to the cross-

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ing of the Jerusalem Plank Road on our left, and the Army of the Potomac settled down to the grim conclusion that they had struck the "last ditch" of the Confederacy here, and would stay by it until the end. The dispositions were about as follows: The Ninth Corps held the line from the bridge head on the Appomattox to the "old turnpike" or Blackwater Road (leading to Suffolk). The Fifth held along the Jerusalem Plank from the left of the Ninth Corps as far as the Cheever House. The Second Corps joined onto the left of the Fifth, and was "refused" at first to the left, but in a day or two swung round to a point near the Globe Tavern, which was on the Weldon Railroad, or rather on the old Meherrin Turnpike or Hicksford Road. The Sixth Corps was in reserve to the Fifth and Second, and spent most of the time till it was sent to Washington, in July, in laying out the rear and reverse works from Blackwater Creek to the Jerusalem Plank, except as it was engaged in support of the Second Corps, at or near Globe Tavern, June 22. The length of the line held by the Ninth Corps was about two miles, and that of the Fifth Corps about two and one-fourth miles, and this covered the east front of Petersburg City from the Appomattox at the mouth of Harrison's Creek to the Cheever House on the Jerusalem Plank Road. I do not know what were the divisional dispositions of the Ninth Corps, but the Fifth was disposed as follows: The First Division (Griffin's) holding what was known as "the Avery House front," from the Blackwater Road to the high ground south of the Norfolk Railroad Cut—about one mile in a direct line. The Second and Third Divisions held the left of the line in front of the Cheever House, and reaching as far as the forks of the Globe Tavern and Jerusalem Roads. The Fourth Division (Cutler's) held from Griffin's left to the Jerusalem Road, at the point where Fort Sedgwick was built. Up to this time the batteries of the corps had been distributed among the divisions; ours, Phillips's and Richardson's having been with Griffin since about the last of May. But as soon as the siege operations began the Artillery Brigade was massed together again and put into camp, as elsewhere mentioned. At the start the infantry simply made ordinary field breastworks to cover themselves, the same as they had been during all the way from the Wilderness, and the Rebels, who had been forced back into their second line, strengthened that as well as they could, the two lines on Bartlett's front being not more than 200 yards apart in some places. The Norfolk Railroad cut was the key of the position on our front when the assault was made. It is the cut by which that road gets through the ridge on which the Avery House stands, this little ridge forming the watershed between the brook that forms the head of the Blackwater, flowing eastward, and a small creek which heads just south of the old Blackwater Road and flows northward, emptying into the Appomattox just in front of Fort McGilvery, its entire course being between the two lines, and its sloping banks forming the elevations from which the two sets of earthworks frowned at each other during the rest of the war.

This cut is about one-third of a mile long, its deepest part being directly

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in front of the Avery House, and not more than 200 yards distant from it, at which point it may be 30 to 35 feet deep perpendicularly. It was in this cut that Griffin massed his division for the last assault about 4 o'clock p. m., June 18, and from the southeast end of it our Battery, with Richardson's and Phillips's, debouched onto the knoll above to fire over the heads of our charging infantry.

Our line of works curved round the head of the little brook flowing into the Appomattox, and then crossed the cut at a point about due west from the Avery House. The approach of our works on the north side of the cut was by a heavy curtain or infantry parapet, terminating on the north bank of the cut in a small redoubt, with obstructions in the bottom of the cut forming cover for two guns mounted, so as to rake it as far as its curvature would permit. On the southwest bank of the cut our works began with a strong salient, one parapet of which was simply a continuation of the scarp formed by the slope of the cut itself. The north bastion of this work commanded the whole length of the cut, and to some extent enfiladed the salient of the Rebel works at the point where they enveloped the Norfolk Railroad embankment, as it trended to the west to enter the city, though at a range of a mile or a mile and a quarter, which point was in front of the Ninth Corps, near where Fort Haskell was afterward built.

The redoubt on the side south of the railroad cut was laid out by Gen. Warren in person, assisted by one or two of his staff, and he had to expose himself to the enemy's fire at a pretty close range. While indicating the lines of this redoubt Gen. Warren had to crawl on hands and knees in some places in front of the trenches held by our infantry, who, while he was out there, kept the whole line fairly ablaze with musketry in order to cover him from the enemy; so that, as he crawled along staking out the angles, there was almost a solid sheet of lead going over him not 10 feet above his head. He was not in so very much danger from the Rebels, however, as the fire that was kept up from our breastworks to cover him swept every inch of the Rebel works on our front, so that a squirrel could hardly have lived on the top of their parapets, and their fire was kept down most of the time.

As the General needed the assistance of men to carry and place the stakes to mark the outline of the proposed work, volunteers were called for, and, as I recollect, every man in that part of the trenches held up his hand as a signal of his readiness to go. The men in this particular part of our trenches that day were the New York Sharpshooters, attached to Cutler's Division, and the Michigan Sharpshooters, from Gen. Bartlett's Brigade, of Griffin's Division, together with a detail of artillerymen. I suppose that Gen. Warren had put his sharpshooters all in there because he intended to expose himself, and wanted good cover. The Johnnies soon found out what sort of fellows they had to deal with, and remained strictly on their good behavior.

As soon as these preparations had been made working parties were told off and the business of fort-building began. These "working parties" con-

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sisted of half of the infantry and the light artillery of the corps, and they stood "watch and watch," relieving each other every 24 hours, just before daylight. At a later date, after the heavier works were completed, the reliefs were easier; but from the 21st of June to the middle of July, while the main lines were building from the Appomattox to the Jerusalem Plank Road, the whole of the Ninth and Fifth Corps stood "watch and watch," 24 hours on and 24 hours off, half of each corps being on duty at a time. The "connecting curtains" or infantry parapets which stretched from one redoubt or redan or fort to another were heavy field earthworks, thrown up from an outer ditch, loopholed for musketry and crowned with head logs, having rifle pits for the pickets at suitable distances in front, and these pits, whenever the ground admitted, were connected with the curtains by zigzag or covered ways. And later the pits themselves were connected to form an advance line.

In front of all was thrown an abatis, which on our part of the line was a work of art, meriting detailed description. The conventional abatis was simply the tops of trees with their upper branches lopped off and sharpened, the points being turned toward the enemy. But the ingenuity of Benham's New York Engineers made an improvement on this system of *chevaux de frise*. They took small logs, about eight inches in diameter and 16 feet long, and bored one-and-one-half or two-inch holes through them every 12 or 16 inches. Then they bored the same number of alternate holes at a right angle to the first ones. Through these holes they drove stakes about seven feet long, sharpened at both ends, so that when finished the thing looked like the head of a revolving horse-rake with two sets of teeth. These bristling affairs were then placed by night about 100 or 150 feet in front of the works, and the ends locked up together with wire, so they could not be cut apart easily. The mode of working was as follows: As soon as the lines had been laid out the whole of the infantry and artillery were divided into two grand reliefs, plentifully supplied with intrenching tools, and when it was dark they lined their trenches from end to end and rapidly built the parapet with earth excavated from the ditches in front. Everybody had to work. In addition, hundreds of thousands of logs were required for revetting, for making palisades, *chevaux de frise*, etc., and the smaller limbs of the trees were woven into baskets for gabions. The region in the rear of the lines was heavily timbered with medium-sized pine and oak trees, just suitable for that use, and the teams of the fighting trains, and also many of the artillery teams, were brought to haul these logs, etc., from the woods to the works. They would haul the stuff in daytime as near the works as it was safe to come with the teams, and then run it into the intrenchments at night. Meantime the fire on both sides was incessant night and day, varying from spattering pot-shots between the outlying pickets in the rifle pits to a perfect blizzard all along the line, which generally occurred two or three times a day. The Avery House redan was finished and mounted with two siege guns ready for action about 2 o'clock in the morning of July 4, Gen. Warren being

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present in person when the gun detachments were told off for the heavy guns. I was assigned to the right gun in the southwest bastion as No. 4, Serg't "Chet." Phillips, of one of the New York batteries — Richardson's, probably — being Captain of the gun. This was a four-and-a-half-inch Rodman, bran-new, and a perfect beauty. Gen. Warren had decided to have our gun bear on the Rebel salient diagonally opposite us, which they called "Fort Rives." And just before daylight he came to the embrasure in person, pointed out to us the proper "lay" of the gun as he wanted it to bear, and then personally superintended the replacing of the gabions, so as to close up the embrasure as narrowly as possible, and the hanging of the mantelet of coiled rope to protect the Cannoneers from sharpshooters. While engaged in this he thought there was too much slope of the platform to the rear, which would let the gun recoil too far, and said, "I think, boys, you will have trouble in running your gun up. There is still half an hour before daylight, and as there is quite a pile of timber outside the postern, I think you had better lug it in and place it so as to elevate the rear of your platform." So in about 15 minutes we had leveled up our platform by some two feet at the rear end, and had secured two heavy beams by stakes driven in the ground so as to catch the wheels and stop the recoil; otherwise, as we afterward found, the gun would have recoiled clear off the platform after it got hot.

With the first gray streak in the east, enabling us to see the Rebel works dimly, the Acting Gunner, who, as I recollect, was Stillman, turned the screw of our big Rodman down till her sight line just cleared the throat of an embrasure in Fort Rives, cleared the wheel, and, as Serg't Phillips gave the signal, I pulled my first siege gun lanyard. The shot — a percussion shell bolt — went right into the Rebel embrasure, exploding as it struck, and disabled one of their guns the first pass! At all events, they did not begin to fire from that embrasure till more than an hour afterward, and when they did we repeated the dose, after which that embrasure was silent for the rest of the day. Our fire was very slow and deliberate, not more than 10 rounds an hour, as Gen. Warren had told us that the object of that day's bombardment would be to establish the ranges of various points in the Rebel lines and drill the men who had never before handled heavy siege pieces.

The Rebels did not reply with much vigor on our part of the line, because, as I have since been informed by their men, they had no guns mounted in the works opposite us except field pieces, which were no match for the artillery we had in our redoubts. But to our right, nearer the river, and in the Ninth Corps front, they had heavy guns mounted, and on that part of their line they held their own pretty well. This bombardment ceased generally about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, though occasional shots were fired until dark.

Our works were not damaged, except that some gabions were knocked down, but these were replaced that night. No guns were dismounted or injured on our part of the line, and there were no casualties in our redan.

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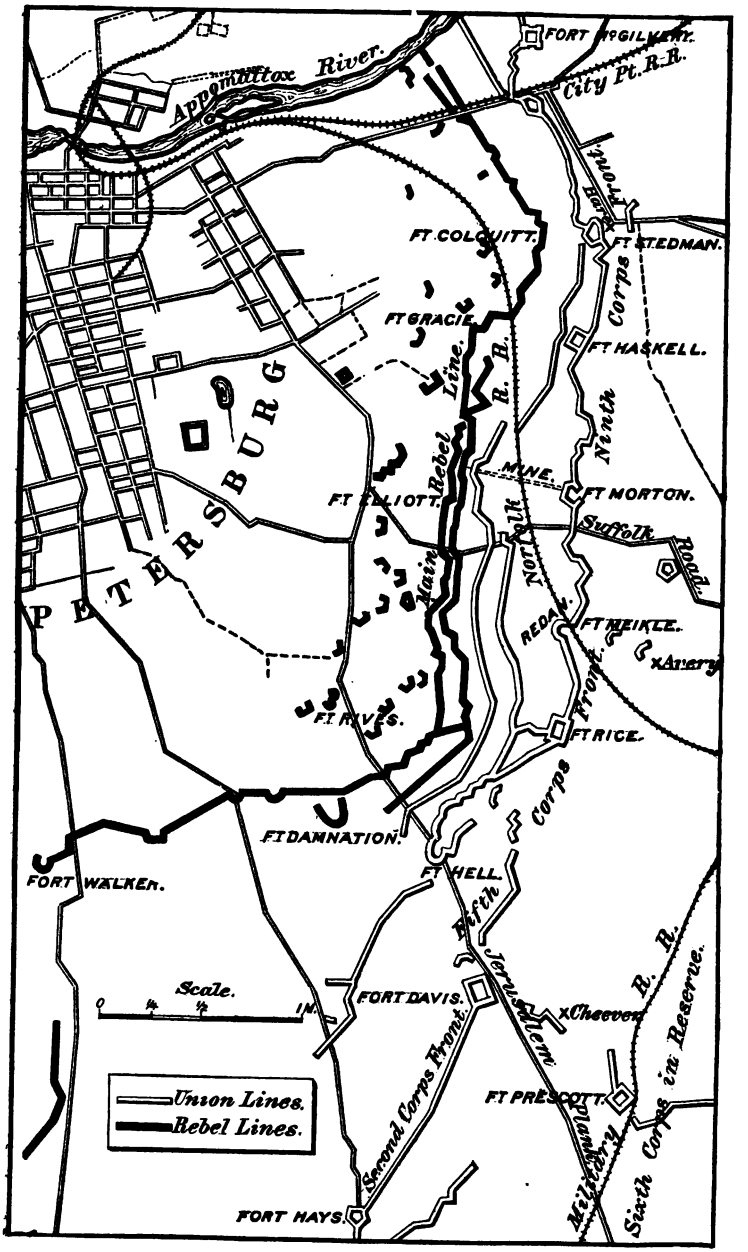

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The four-and-a-half inch Rodman was a superb weapon, perfectly reliable up to a range of 2,500 yards, and easily handled for its weight, but it was pretty light in proportion to its load, and recoiled sharply.

The main line of works built by the Fifth and Ninth Corps in June and July, 1864, from the Appomattox River to the Jerusalem Plank Road, were usually termed "The Old Lines," to distinguish them from the later works erected from time to time farther around to the left. They were much stronger and more elaborate than there was any need of, viewed as mere "approaches," but there was a reason for that. They were made of extraordinary strength, and practically impregnable, because they were intended as a "place of arms," or base of operations, and to form an impenetrable cover for our communications.

The soldiers had a habit of describing their battles, attacks and sieges in their own phrase, and in making my maps and diagrams I have usually followed the soldiers' designations instead of the official ones. In the estimation of the troops the "Old Lines" embraced all the works built on the east and southeast fronts of Petersburg up to the movements of Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 25 by the Fifth and Second Corps against the Weldon Railroad at Globe Tavern and Ream's Station. Generally speaking, the "New Lines" west of the Weldon Railroad were not siege works proper, but simply covering works designed to protect our continuous movements against Lee's right flank. They were never shoved up close to the enemy, as the Old Lines were. They were well built, though by no means of such elaborate description as the original works. In another place I speak of the almost incredible labor expended on these lines, performed, as it was, under constant fire, where literally Toil and Death went hand in hand. But, while the work was very hard and trying, we were not wholly without diversion.

One night the infantry picket relief brought in a copy of the Richmond *Examiner*, which they had got from the Rebel picket. We fellows in the redoubt chipped in and paid $2 for this paper. It had a description of the Cold Harbor assault, and also of the assaults on Petersburg the 18th of June. There was an editorial reference to these articles which, among other things, remarked that "the Yankee hordes have now for the second time learned what it is to beard the Southern lion in his den!" There was truth in this, because both of those affairs had been bloody repulses of the most frightful character, where our losses had been simply sickening, with no corresponding damage to the enemy. But the tone of the editorial stirred us up, and finally, at the instance of the other men, I wrote out a "communication" to the editor of the *Examiner*, which we sent through the picket line the next day. It was as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR: We have your valuable paper of the — instant, and have read with interest your accounts of our assaults on your works at Cold Harbor and also on this front the 18th instant. We presume that from your standpoint the accounts are accurate, but your informants are in error as to our losses. We lost men enough in both assaults, but not 22,000 at Cold Harbor, nor 16,000

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on this front the 18th; in fact, not the half of what you state in either case. But we lost enough. There will be no dispute between us about that. We also note what you say about "bearding the Southern lion in his den." Believe us, Mr. Editor, we have a profound respect for "the Southern lion in his den" or out of it. But permit us to call your attention to the fact that when you fellows struck us at Gettysburg last year about this time you disturbed the Northern grizzly in the bosom of his interesting family, and if you happen to have a volume of natural history about your office, and will consult it, you will learn that while the grizzly bear is not so handsome or graceful as the lion, and does not put on so much style, yet it is a much more solemn thing to disturb him in the bosom of his family than it is to "beard the lion in his den," etc. If you have any doubt about this, we respectfully refer you to any one who was with your Gen. Heth the 1st of July last year, or with your Gen. Harry Hays the evening of July 2, or with your Gen. Pickett the afternoon of July 3. Besides, permit us to call your attention also to the fact that while, as you say, this is "the second time we Yankees have bearded the Southern lion in his den," etc., you fellows have not as yet disturbed the Northern grizzly but once, and according to present appearances are not likely to do so any more!

With great respect, your obedient servants,

MANY YANKEES OF THE FIFTH CORPS.

This "communication" was duly directed to the editor of the Richmond *Examiner* in an open envelope, marked "by courtesy of the Confederate picket in front of the Avery House redoubt," etc., and sent through the lines in the usual channel. Our pickets gave it to their friends in the Rebel rifle pits the same day, and the latter promised faithfully to forward it to its destination, which I have no doubt they did, as they were honorable men in matters of that kind. We had no means of ascertaining whether it was published or not, because, while frequent readers of the *Examiner* at that time, we could not conveniently subscribe for it regularly, and so missed a good many of its numbers. But the presumption is that it never saw the light of the types.

Shortly after we got settled down to the siege the troops were paid off. Old Maj. Sheridan used to pay the Fifth Corps. He would always begin with the batteries of the Artillery Brigade, because they were directly attached to corps headquarters. On this occasion some of the batteries still had their own guns in the forts and redoubts, and could not be mustered conveniently in the rear for payment. Among these were Paddy Hart's Battery and Rittenhouse's — then commanded by Lieut. Van Reed — who were on duty at Fort Sedgwick, which had even then earned the nickname of "Fort Hell," from the almost constant fighting between its garrison and that of the Rebel Fort Mahone opposite, known among the troops as "Fort Damnation." So, as Hart's and Van Reed's men could not come to the rear to be paid, Maj. Sheridan decided to go to the front to pay them. Accordingly about daylight one morning the gallant old Major set out for "Fort Hell" with an escort of artillerymen from the camp and his greenbacks stuffed into an old valise. He got into the fort through one of the "covered ways" or sunken roads, and Hart's Cannoneers were mustered for payment. Just then the Rebels commenced a furious cannonade on Fort Sedgwick from Mahone, Rives and other salients within range. Of course Maj. Sheridan "suspended payment" and retired in

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good order to the bombproof, where he was content to remain the most of the day, while the Cannoneers had to go to their guns. He succeeded in paying the two batteries toward night after the cannonade had ceased, but he was telling some of the officers the next day that, "as there was nothing in the regulations requiring troops to be paid off under fire, he did not think he should repeat the experiment." Maj. Sheridan's clerk at this time was a boy about 16 or 17 years old, named Jim Young—he was a brother of John Russell Young, the celebrated journalist. He thought it was a great lark to be in Fort Hell during a bombardment, and would not stay in the bombproof, but insisted on going out to the embrasures to "see the fun." Fortunately he was not hit. If he had been it would not have been so agreeable an entertainment. "Jim"—or rather the Hon. James R. Young—has been for many years Executive Clerk of the United States Senate.

Shortly after we went into this camp—it was Sunday, June 26, 1864—an incident occurred which illustrates the sly humor of Mitchell. That morning we had got a big mail, which contained several letters for me, among which was a note from a schoolmate and neighbor at home, who had recently enlisted from Binghamton, N. Y., in Capt. Ed. Rogers's 19th New York Battery. This battery was in the Ninth Corps, and was then occupying the salient on that part of the line afterward known as "Fort Morton," where, though only a week had elapsed since the beginning of the siege, a formidable work was already built. So I approached Mitchell and asked for a pass to go over into the Ninth Corps lines that afternoon, explaining the case. He was at that moment sitting in the doorway of his tent, of which the front flaps were thrown clear back, as it was very hot. He had one of those old-fashioned, little looking glasses in a round metallic case hung up on a nail on his tent pole and was shaving himself with a razor, which, judging from the expression of his countenance, was very dull. Upon hearing my request he said hesitatingly, "well, yes, I will give you the pass, but as a friend I would not advise you to go in that fort at this time!"

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, it is understood that the Rebels are mining that work, and it may be blown up at any moment!!"

The pass question was not pressed any further. Of course he did not want to give the pass, and at the same time he did not like to refuse point blank. So he resorted to "strategy." I took it all in dead earnest, which was not to be wondered at in view of his seriousness. But it has often made me smile since.

Simultaneously with this work on the fortified lines, wharves were being established at City Point for landing provisions, ammunition, etc., and a railway was built in rear of the lines from City Point to the Weldon Railroad at Globe Tavern, and thence the Weldon Road was used as part of the "railway system of the army" down to the crossing of the Vaughn Road near Wyatt's House, from which point it was afterward extended

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westward as far as Armstrong's Mill, on Hatcher's Run, besides a branch extending from Globe Tavern in the rear of Fort Wadsworth to the Squirrel Level Road near Fort Fisher, which, just before the final movement, constituted the extreme left of our fortified line. So that, besides constructing the enormous lines of works before described, the Army of the Potomac also built about 25 or 28 miles of quite respectable railroad during the first 60 or 90 days of the great siege.

With some 20-odd years' experience as a civil engineer, I would not indorse that road as a suitable one for heavy traffic or "limited express" trains of Pullman palace cars. The grades were mainly those of nature, and the "road bed" itself was moved once or twice in places which were found to be within shell range of some heavy Whitworth or Brooke rifles that the enemy got into position later on. Some of the grades were, therefore, pretty heavy, and the locomotives in crawling up them would have to "carry a good deal of sand," but the fact was that everybody had to have "sand" in that vicinity at that time. That little railroad was a huge factor in the sum total of crushing the rebellion.

During all this time a great drouth prevailed. Day after day the sun blazed down on us through the longest days of the year, without a cloud in the sky, and not a drop of rain fell from the time we left Cold Harbor, the first week in June, until after the Sixth Corps left for Washington to attend to Mr. Early, the middle of July. All the swamps and brooks dried up. The earth became a dust heap for several inches below the surface. In all the camps in rear of the lines we had to sink wells, sometimes as much as 25 feet deep, to get water. In our Artillery Brigade, Bigelow's boys sunk a well which struck a vein of cool water about 20 feet down. They walled this up nicely with oak logs, cobhouse fashion, made a well curb, rigged a "well sweep" to haul the bucket up with, and all the troops for half a mile around used to patronize the famous well of the 9th Massachusetts Battery. Doubtless this dry weather was really a good thing for the troops, as it prevented them from drinking the surface water, which was always injurious, and it also facilitated the construction of the works. Some of the veterans who had dug trenches in the mud at Yorktown two years before said that the building of our works in the dry ground at Petersburg was a regular picnic compared with Yorktown.

The Army of the Potomac at this time was at a low ebb numerically. The Fifth Corps, which had crossed the Rapidan about 27,000 strong on the 4th of May, did not muster more than 11,000 muskets at the beginning of the siege, and the Second Corps was even worse off. Many three years' men in all the corps had their times expiring in June, July and August, and some whole regiments which had not "veteranized" were mustered out in bulk. The 18th Massachusetts and 44th New York disappeared from Bartlett's Brigade at this time, and the 7th and 19th Indiana and 2d Wisconsin from the Iron Brigade—all of them regiments of the highest distinction. When these regiments were mustered out such of their men as still had some time to serve were transferred to other com-

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mands. The 2d Wisconsin had a considerable number of such men, and these were reorganized into what was called the "Independent Battalion," numbering about 160 men ; in fact, the Iron Brigade ceased to exist under its old organization, and its remaining regiments, the 6th and 7th Wisconsin and 24th Michigan, were incorporated with the remains of the "Keystone Brigade," composed entirely of Pennsylvania troops, which had been Roy Stone's Brigade at Gettysburg, and the consolidated brigade was now commanded by Gen. Bragg, of the 6th Wisconsin. This transferring, remodeling and consolidating went on throughout the army, so that by the last of July, 1864, you might say that the Army of the Potomac had been completely reorganized.

Recruits were coming in all the time to all regiments of the army, but they were mostly conscripts and "big bounty men," many of them young boys or old men who would not have been looked at by a recruiting officer in 1862, or even in 1863; substitutes, foreigners of every nationality brought over by the bounty-brokers for the purpose of enlisting them to "fill quotas" — in short, a motley collection of the odds and ends of the earth. There was no opportunity whatever to drill these recruits or "season" them. As fast as they arrived at City Point they would be herded in the "bull-pen," a stockade built near the landing for the detention of squads of recruits en route to the front, and from there they would be drafted off into the commands for which they had enlisted, and sent directly into the trenches. It often happened that a regiment or battery thus "recruited up" would not have more than enough veterans to make up its list of non-commissioned officers. In the infantry this did not make so much difference, but in the artillery it simply disabled the battery until the new men could be broken in. Because, while raw recruits can easily be taught the manual of arms, the manuvers of a company, and how to load and fire a musket, the complicated mechanism of a battery cannot be mastered so easily, but requires something of an apprenticeship like learning a trade. Hard and trying as the work was the army had to do at this time, and demoralizing as may have been the radical changes in its personnel, it had never in all its history been so well and lavishly fed, clothed and equipped as it was now. The matter of supplying his troops had always been a strong point with Gen. Meade. I have stated in a previous chapter, dealing with the operations immediately after Gettysburg, that Meade's first care after driving Lee back into Virginia was to thoroughly reequip, reclothe and pay his battered, ragged and poverty-stricken troops. This he did at his leisure, while all the editors in the North were screaming at him and demanding his removal. Now, with his army fairly settled down to the operations of a great siege, with abundant transportation, unlimited supplies, and opportunity to establish permanent methods, Meade's genius in the art of supplying an army had full scope. The James River became the route of a veritable procession of steamboats, bringing every imaginable resource that an army could require. The general depot at City Point resembled a great mart of commerce, with its wharves, stores,

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tents and sheds, and its fleet of often 50 or 60 vessels constantly discharging cargoes. The "Military Railroad," which had by this time been completed as far as Aiken's Crossroads, toward the Weldon Railroad, with a branch down the Jerusalem Plank nearly to Lee's Mills, teemed with trains carrying every sort of supplies. The whole country south of the James, as far as Prince George Courthouse, was turned into a pasture for vast herds of cattle, which were guarded by cavalry and butchered from day to day to afford fresh meat for the hard-worked troops in the forts and trenches. Huge piles of baled hay and oats in sacks for the cavalry and artillery horses lined the railway or were accumulated in the camps. The camps in the rear of the works became villages. Every company or battery had log cookhouses. Every regiment had a bakery, from which the troops got abundance of cooked rations, including soft bread every day, fresh beef three or four days in the week, with bean soup or pea soup or dessicated vegetable soup, and coffee and tea on tap all the time. In a word, the Army of the Potomac "lived like fighting cocks," as the saying is; and whatever may have been the demands on their strong muscles in digging trenches, or upon their gallant bosoms in battle, there could be no complaint of empty stomachs or bare backs in front of Petersburg so long as old Meade was on hand to shake up the Quartermasters and Commissaries!

All this was due to the care and energy of Gen. Meade. They used to say that he was "slow," and all that sort of thing, but he certainly fed, clothed and paid his troops better and more promptly than any other commander the Army of the Potomac ever had. The way he would sometimes "whoop-up" his Quartermasters and Commissaries was a caution. Ordinarily he was a somber, taciturn man, but on occasions — particularly when he had a delinquent Quartermaster, Commissary or Wagonmaster to deal with — his profanity would be something elaborate and artistic. One day at the Artillery Brigade headquarters he sent a message to the Acting Chief in reply to a complaint that had been made about moldy hay or sprouted oats in one of the shipments of forage for the battery horses. The messenger said that the General Commanding would be at the Artillery Brigade headquarters in half an hour, and would personally examine the defective forage! Punctually at the moment old Meade appeared. He had some bales of hay broken and some sacks of oats cut open.

"Well," said he, "in a dry time like this there can be no excuse for the delivery of forage in such a condition. It may be well enough, Colonel, for the laws of war to require the President's approval to shoot a deserter from the ranks! But, by ——, I think the Commanding General ought to have discretionary power to hang Quartermasters without benefit of clergy!! Reship that forage to City Point. I will have it thrown into the river there as soon as it is properly receipted for. And, by ——, I would throw the distributing Quartermaster in with it if I had the power!!"

About this time there were stories current in the ranks that officers in the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments high in rank had com-

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plained to Gen. Grant of Meade's severity of language toward them, and that Grant had censured Meade — or at least requested him to be more formal and less emphatic in his verbal communications with his subordinates. I do not know that these rumors were true; but I do know that the troops had an idea that old Meade kept his eye on the Quartermasters and Commissaries, and we all heartily sympathized with him, for our experience under other commanders had taught us to regard our officers of the supply department as enemies more to be dreaded than old Lee or Stonewall Jackson!

The last of the forts on the original main line — Fort Davis — was finished about the middle of July, and then the troops of the Fifth Corps got a rest. The work from the middle of July to the middle of August was simply to man the works, for which purpose one-third of the men were told off at a time, so that they now got two days off duty for one day on, instead of day on and day off, as had been the case while the works were building.

Cannonading between the forts went on more or less every day on some part of the line, but the infantry fire pretty much ceased about this time, and the infantry pickets in the advance rifle pits, which were in some places within easy speaking distance, got quite sociable. One day a young fellow named Gorman, belonging to the sharpshooters, was out in one of the pits a little to the right of our immediate front. His pit was on the edge of a little ravine formed by the head of the brook which ran between the two lines, as before described, and as this ravine would give opportunity for the enemy to steal right up into our lines, or for our men to steal up into theirs, it was more closely watched than any other part, and so there were two or three men in each pit. This was before the rifle pits were connected so as to form a complete line. The Confederates had their pits lower down the ravine, and on the opposite bank of it, and they were not more than 200 feet apart, if that far. As daylight came on Gorman and his companion called out to the opposite pickets:

"Say, Johnny, come over and take breakfast with us!"

"Can't leave just now, Yank; but why don't you call on us?"

"Why, Johnny, that wouldn't be good manners! You fellows are old residenters here, and we've only just moved in. It's your place to call on us first."

So, after considerable chaffing, they agreed to meet in the ravine, half way. As this sort of thing frequently happened, though forbidden by officers in command, the other pickets on either side paid but little attention to it. At all events they met, exchanged coffee, tobacco, etc., and sat down on the ground at the bottom of the ravine for a talk. Gorman began to argue the utter uselessness of further resistance. He told the two Rebels that Grant's army was 250,000 strong, and getting about 2,000 recruits every day. He said that the troops had beefsteak or ham and eggs for breakfast every morning, and roast beef for dinner, and that plum pudding and mince pie had been made part of their regular ration. He declared

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that large dairies of cows were kept herded out on Blackwater Creek, just in the rear of the camps, to supply the army with fresh milk, and a great deal more of the same sort. This Terry Gorman was a fat, jolly Irish boy, with just a bit of brogue, and he could tell his whoppers with a perfectly straight face and "without batting an eye." He was so serious about it that the Johnnies, who were honest North Carolinians and conscripts, actually believed him. They looked at one another, and their mouths watered when Terry told them about the roast beef and plum pudding and fresh milk. Finally one of them said to the other:

"Say, John, 'pears like it ain't no use, sho' nuff; don't it?"

"Looks so, Bill; but, d—— it, I've bin thinkin' thet way, sort of quiet like, ever since Gettysburg. My heart wuz broke thar."

"What d'ye say, John, to goin' home with this yere Yank? He 'pears like a nice feller."

"All right, Bill; I'm agreed. Say, Yank, will you be here arter dark?"

"Yes," says Terry, "we'll hold this pit all night."

"Well, now, soon's it's dark, so thet our other fellers won't see us and twig, you'll hear somethin' rustlin' right about here. Then don't say 'halt,' 'cause our fellers in the next pit might hear that; but just cock your rifle and let the lock down agin twict. We kin hear the cluck of the lock. Then you lis'n close, and you'll hear somebody whisper 'roas' beef.' That'll be the countersign, an' then you'll know it's us."

So that night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Terry came back into the redan with two gant Johnnies in tow, and he had even forgotten that they had their muskets with them.

"What's this?" inquired Maj. Marshall, who was in command in the redan that night; "have you captured these two men, or they you?"

Then the Rebels themselves noticed that they still had their guns, and laid them down on the ground. After a brief explanation Gorman shook hands with the two Johnnies, wished them good luck and crawled back to his pit. Maj. Marshall gave the Rebels some supper, and then spent about two hours interrogating them, after which they were left to go to sleep. In the morning they were sent to City Point, where, as they told us, they intended to ship in our navy, both being seafaring men from the North Carolina Sounds. They would not enlist in our army for fear of being recaptured, but they wanted to enlist in the navy. I don't suppose Gorman ever got the "recruit money" to which a man was then entitled for "bringing in recruits." These two men interested us very much by their recital of the condition of affairs in the Rebel camp. The stories they told of hard work, incessant fatigue, awful privations, cruel discipline, brutal punishments and a long list of other horrors in the Rebel army would hardly be believed now. They had gone on duty before daylight that morning, and their 24 hours' rations were a piece of green-looking bacon about the size of a man's four fingers and a hard-baked corn "pone" a trifle larger than a man's whole hand, together with a canteen of water.

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How men could work, march and fight as they did on such fare will forever be a mystery!

Maj. Marshall considered the information he got from these men valuable, because he took copious notes of what they said, particularly with reference to the numbers and dispositions of the Rebel troops in our front. They said they belonged to Lane's Brigade, of Wilcox's Division, Hill's Corps, and their regiment was either the 28th or 38th North Carolina. At breakfast in the redoubt our boys vied with each other in dividing with our guests in gray. As luck would have it, our meat ration for that day was boiled fresh beef of better quality than usual, and as we had plenty of soft bread, and some of the boys had condensed milk for their coffee, the Johnnies really believed that Terry Gorman had been telling them the truth! I never saw two men stow away so much provender as they did that morning; and how they relished it!

It was lucky they struck us at the end of our relief instead of at the beginning, for they literally cleaned our haversacks of every crumb! When we were relieved Maj. Marshall told off a Corporal and two men to guard them.

"We don't need no guard, Major. Do we, Bill?" said one. "Jess give us a pass for City Point, Major. We'll git thar."

If the Rebels could have known how methodically and in what a "come-to-stay" manner the Army of the Potomac set about its tremendous task, I think they would have given up the game then and there. We not only had wharves at City Point, and a railroad to carry our supplies all along the line, and a vast cattle ranch in the rear to furnish fresh beef, but the woods out on the Blackwater were full of portable steam sawmills squaring timber to be used in revetting the works, sawing plank for gun platforms, or boards for building shanties, hospitals, quarters, etc. The army contained within itself abundant skilled labor to meet all these requirements. The engineers, firemen and brakemen on the Military Railway, the engineers and sawyers in the sawmills, and from that to the "freight-handlers," receiving clerks, shipping clerks, and all that sort of thing at the wharves, were all enlisted men detailed for those purposes. There was never an army in the world like the grand old Army of the Potomac. History does not afford a parallel to the siege of Petersburg with regard to the amount of work done, the extent and quality of ingenuity displayed, the volume of National resources called into play, or the skill and vigor with which they were employed. When a boy I had always been fond of reading the histories of European wars, but after Gettysburg and Spottsylvania and Petersburg all that sort of literature lost its interest for me.

Speaking of the cattle herds out on the Blackwater, I got an opportunity to see something of them one day. There was a detail to take out to pasture some horses which had sore backs or were lame or otherwise run down, and as there was no likelihood of the batteries being called on for field service for some time, it was determined to "turn these horses out"

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for a while in charge of a detail of men who also "needed rest" and country air. Much to my regret, I did not get on the detail to take care of the horses, but as we took them pretty well over into the "cattle ranch" we saw how the herds were managed. The cattle were generally shipped by boat to the corral at Windmill Point, where they were landed and put in charge of the herders, who were all enlisted men detailed for that duty. There was an "army headquarters herd," which furnished beef to all troops not attached to the various army corps. Then each corps had a herd of its own. Whenever cattle were to be slaughtered to issue fresh beef rations, which was sometimes twice and sometimes three times a week, as many as were required would be "cut out" of the herd and driven over to the place of slaughter. Here they would be taken in charge by butchers detailed from the army, and in a few hours their meat would be seen in wagons at the brigade commissary depots. In very hot weather, such as we had that Summer, a few hours would suffice to make this meat look rather blue, but the practice was to boil it as quickly as possible in the big camp kettles in water well salted, and when so cooked it would "keep" in pretty good condition for a day or two.

It was apparent that the cattle herders had a pretty good time — at least so long as the whole Cavalry Corps was there to guard them. But after the bulk of the cavalry was sent up into the Valley to attend to Gen. Early the Rebel cavalry under Hampton "raided" our cattle ranch and got away with a good deal of the stock, besides capturing most of the herders, who, during the Fall and Winter of 1864, at Salisbury, Andersonville and other "Southern Winter resorts," found plenty of opportunity to reflect upon what a soft thing they had when they were living on the fat of the land out there on the Blackwater.

The Fifth Corps remained in these lines from the end of the great assault on the 18th of June until the 15th of August. By this time the men had got thoroughly rested, and our thin ranks had been filled out again with numerous recruits who, if not equal to the men of earlier periods, as before stated, could fill up the regular space in a company alignment; could punish their rations in grand style, and, as the subsequent history of the corps proved, were quite as capable of stopping a Rebel bullet as the oldest veteran! It may have been somewhat more difficult to get them to face the aforesaid bullet than it had been to get the veterans to do so; but, as we would say now, "they got to Appomattox all the same!" During this time "a day in the trenches" would have been a picturesque affair to a novice. In the forts and redoubts, wherever siege guns were mounted, there would be details from the batteries to man them, together with detachments of infantry in support. In the curtains connecting the redoubts there would be infantry only, with pickets in the outlying rifle pits. Sometimes these pits were not manned at all in the daytime, but were occupied at nightfall and held all night to guard against a surprise. But in July it was tacitly understood that both armies were taking a rest, and the men had very little disposition to disturb each other.

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The men used to lay poles on top of the parapet at one end, supporting the other by forked sticks, and over these poles they would stretch their shelter tents or blankets, so that there would be a complete awning the whole length of the curtain. The infantry parapets were made high enough so that a man of average hight could stand straight up to fire through under the head log, and these were generally squared timbers, about 10 by 10 inches, so that the cover was complete and the men could move about in the works with perfect security; so, as there was nothing to do except watch against a possible *coup de main*, and there was little firing from the main line, at least in the daytime, the men had plenty of time to loaf, sleep, read, or play poker for Sutler's checks, as suited their fancy. Many a sultry day have I whiled away under these extemporized awnings, struggling with the vicissitudes of the "fascinating game," and frequently parting with several hard-earned dollars in Sutler's checks or 10-cent shinplasters. I recollect a five-handed game one Sunday, July 3, 1864, in which our Nell Graham and I were engaged with three infantrymen belonging to one of Bartlett's regiments, 83d Pennsylvania. There was a Jack pot on the board, everybody was "in," and one player had a "pat hand." Just as the betting began the Rebels fired a shot from their fort (Rives), which swept across the top of our parapet, knocking a big gabion all to pieces and burying our poker party, shinplasters, Sutler's checks and all, under an avalanche of dirt and splinters that came rattling down on our heads. As soon as we could extricate ourselves we pawed the dirt over till we had recaptured all, or nearly all, of the shinplasters and Sutler's checks in the pot, put them together again, shifted our position to another spot, dealt the hands over again and played it out. This must have been for my special benefit, as I had only two small pairs in the original hand, and there was a pat hand out against me. But in the hands as reconstructed I opened the Jack pot with two Queens, drew another and "got away with the cake," about $2.50 worth of Sutler's checks, shinplasters, etc., all told. And one of the infantrymen by the name of Alston declared that, while he had heard of a man drawing to a shoestring and filling his hand with a whole tannery, he had never before seen a man who could "draw the Rebel fire" to help out a poor hand! Those were

A LUCKY "DRAW."

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great days in the trenches! The stories the Petersburg veterans could tell of the total disregard of danger, the utter *sang froid* under fire, or the devil-may-care jollity and tomfoolery of our battered and rugged veterans in those death-haunted earthworks would be thought incredible now, and so I will not multiply anecdotes. The artillerymen had a somewhat easier time than the infantry, because they did not have to take their turns in the rifle pits; but when the siege guns had to be fired they had to get down to business and take their share of the medicine.

In addition to the four-and-one-half-inch Rodman and 30-pounder Parrott siege guns mounted in the new forts and redoubts about the 1st of July or last of June, 50 or 60 mortars, ranging in caliber from 10-inch down, were distributed along the line. Most of these were on the Ninth Corps front, but some of them were put in the redoubts south of the Norfolk Railroad and in Fort Sedgwick. These mortars were generally worked by special detachments from the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery. The fire of these mortars was very annoying to the enemy, and they soon mounted some mortars of their own, which tended to impair the desirability of our forts as Summer residences. While the Fifth Corps remained in these lines from the Avery House front to the Cheever House (or Fort Davis), on the Jerusalem Plank, no one would now believe me if I should attempt to summarize even the enormous work they did during those two months.

I suppose the corps had an average of 11,000 to 12,000 enlisted men present for duty during that period. These men built three miles of the most elaborate and massive siege works known to military history. They moved many million cubic yards of earth. They cut many million feet of timber, which they fashioned into revetments for the faces of the works, into gabions to crown the parapet, into platforms for the heavy guns, into postern-gates and draw-bridges for some of the heaviest forts; and, in addition to all this, they built their share of the "Military Railroad," cleared ground for camps of the most regular and elaborate description, dug deep wells for water — and a thousand of other things of toil — all under the broiling sun and brazen sky of the hottest, driest Summer that was ever known in Virginia.

The operations of the great mine were carried on by the Ninth Corps directly in front of Fort Morton during this time. As I never saw anything of it personally, and as it has been elaborately described by more capable pens, I shall not attempt any extended comment upon it. Of course efforts were made to keep this mine a profound secret; but soldiers will talk, and so, long before July 31, it was well known all along our lines that the mine was being driven, and its exact location was known to many of the troops. It would have been pretty hard to keep an operation like that concealed from the sharp eyes and inquiring minds of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac at that time.

On the night of Aug. 15 the Fifth Corps was drawn out of its lines, being relieved by an extension of the Ninth Corps to the left, and moved by back roads way round near Lee's Mill, and thence across the

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country to the Weldon Railroad, which they struck at and below Globe Tavern early in the morning of Aug. 18. This was the beginning of the second epoch of the siege. It resulted in desperate battles about Globe Tavern on the 18th, 20th and 21st, in which the Fifth Corps, and at Ream's Station on the 25th, in which the Second Corps, bore the brunt, and the success of the movement extended our left to the Weldon Railroad, and permanently cut that Rebel line of supply.

During these battles one of our men, Horace Ellis, greatly distinguished himself. I think it was in the first assault on the Rebel intrenchments covering the railroad below Globe Tavern, Aug. 18. Horace had served with the Battery about a year, joining it about the time I did, or a little before. He had been with it at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and had made a fine record. He was a detached man from the 7th Wisconsin, and when that regiment veteranized in the Winter of 1863-64, he was temporarily by the Orderly Sergeantcy of his old company to leave the Battery. Everybody was sorry to lose him, as he was a noble fellow, and one of our very best men in every respect. There were many of us who did not consider it a promotion at all for a Cannoneer in the Battery to become an Orderly Sergeant in infantry; but I presume Horace expected a commission before long, and so he went. His exploit at the Weldon Railroad was taking the colors of the 16th Mississippi right out of their trenches in the assault and bringing the color bearer with them clean over the parapet and into our lines by the hair of the head. Of course I did not witness this, but I know that the story as told by his comrades was true, because it will be found mentioned in the official reports when published, and he received the Medal of honor. I do not know whether Horace ever got a commission, but to the best of my recollection is that he did not.

The result of these operations from the 18th to the 25th of August was to prolong our main line from the Jerusalem Plank at the Poplar House to Globe Tavern, and thence down along the Weldon Railroad to the "White House," where Fort Dushane was built — named after Dushane, who was killed there in command of the Maryland Brigade. The Ninth Corps was now left in charge of the whole old main line from the river to the Jerusalem Plank, and the Fifth and Second Corps from the Plank to the Globe Tavern. This extended line was held during the remainder of August and September, though not quite so heavily as the old main line. But it was a very strong line. The old line was about three-and-a-half miles on the front, from Fort Dushane to Wadsworth, a mile and a half along the railroad, from Wadsworth to Dushane, and the reverse works extended from Dushane back to Jerusalem Plank near "Finn's House," a distance of about four miles. The front line embraced Forts Hays, Howard, Wadsworth and Dushane, and several redoubts, and there were four or five small forts in the line, and one that was quite large — Fort Stevenson. These were built in the same manner as those hitherto described, but as they were at a much greater distance from the enemy's works than the

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was, and we always kept a strong picket line well out in front of the working parties, it was by no means so perilous. The Military Railroad was extended to connect with the Weldon line at Globe Tavern as rapidly as the covering works were completed, the Fifth Corps made new camps, and the routine went on about as before until October. In the latter part of that month a strong movement was made by portions of the Second, Fifth and Ninth Corps to extend our left, with a view of completely encircling Petersburg south of the river and cutting the South Side Road. This operation resulted in the battles of the Boydton Road, Burgess's Mill and Hatcher's Run, and to hold the ground thus gained our main lines were extended about three miles west of Fort Wadsworth, terminating in the tremendous works of which Fort Fisher was the key, and which inclosed altogether nearly a mile square. This was the last extension of our main line, though numerous fieldworks were thrown up from time to time away out to the left, reaching, at the beginning of the Appomattox campaign, as far to the westward as the Boydton Plank Road, and to the Vaughn Road on the south. During the Fall of 1864 and Winter of 1864–65 the Artillery Brigade was comfortably camped near Fort Dushane, and its duties were similar to those previously described in the Old Lines. As Winter came on log huts were built, and the troops took as much comfort as the severity of their duties would admit. That Winter was colder than usual in that climate, but there was not a great deal of snow, and altogether the season was not unfavorable, though the occasional cold rains were pretty trying.

Among the curiosities of the skill of our men was a good-sized chapel or small church, which the Engineer troops built near Meade's headquarters. This was in the Gothic style, and was constructed entirely of poles with the bark on, placed vertically like a "battened" house. It was a fine piece of work, and the Engineers took great pride in it. I have been told that the colored people of that region used it as a place for their simple worship after the war. The great signal tower near Fort Fisher was another monument of the skill and industry of our troops. I do not now recollect its hight, but it commanded the country for miles around, and from its summit every movement of the Confederate troops in their lines or in the city, and away up toward Richmond, could be distinctly observed. Most of the men who did this marvelous work and suffered these unexampled toils are gone now. Of the fortifications themselves, only the rounded outlines and half-filled ditches, rank with weeds and grass or growing full of small brush, with crumbling parapets full of rotting logs, remain now to tell the story of what our soldiers did and dared and suffered. But their fame can never decay — their glory cannot fade!

Whatever may have been the exposures, fatigues, privations and other and nameless horrors of that Virginia campaign, I wish to say one thing for the old Battery, and that is that when it camped in front of Petersburg and settled down to the great siege there was not one "army grayback" in the seams of the clothes of any man in its ranks! This, to veterans of

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that unique campaign, may seem incredible, but it was a fact. Whatever our boys suffered, or how they stood up to be killed or mangled in battle, this much must be said of them, they kept themselves clean and tidy. One day not very long ago, while "fighting our battles over," at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, with Comrades George Deering, a soldier in the 16th Maine, and now Paymaster in the Navy; Robert G. Carter, a soldier in the 22d Massachusetts, and now Lieutenant of the 4th Regular

"HAD THEM DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION."

Cavalry, retired, and others, I made this statement. All of them had been through that campaign, and they said that they couldn't stand anything like that; they declared that when Brigadier-Generals had inhabitants in the seams of their undergarments it would be the hardest kind of cheek for an enlisted man to deny the impeachment — "even if he was in Stewart's Battery!" So I said, "wouldn't you believe the Captain himself on that subject?" They all agreed that they would believe any statement

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Stewart might make, or at least they would be satisfied that he believed it himself, conscientiously, to be true. So I wrote these things to him and this is his reply:

In regard to any of the men being infested with insects, on which subject you invoke my testimony, I am satisfied that there never was a case in the Battery of that kind. I well remember ordering some of the recruits to be taken down to the creek and scrubbed (of which you speak), but that was simply because of their not having washed themselves. When the squad of recruits from the New York heavy artillery regiments were sent to me at Petersburg in July, 1864, the Battery at that time occupied Fort Hell. When the men reported I had them drawn up for inspection, with their knapsacks on the ground, and had the knapsacks opened. I found that scarcely any of the men had a change of underclothing. I told First Serg't McBride to keep them from the rest of our men, and I had the ordnance wagon hitched up and, mounting my horse, started for City Point. When I got there I went to the Sanitary Commission and also to the Christian Commission, and to them I stated the condition these men were in. I told them that I had made a requisition for such clothing as they required, but that it would be several days before I could get it, and in the meantime they could be of no use to me, as I could not allow them to mix with my men. I had given orders before I started to have these men's hair cut and the men themselves thoroughly washed. Both of the Commissions that I called upon acted at once upon my request and gave me one undershirt, one pair of drawers, one pair of socks for every man; also quite a number of pairs of shoes, two five-gallon kegs of pickles, five gallons of lime juice and, if I remember correctly, about 50 pounds of tobacco. With these supplies I got back to my caisson camp the same afternoon and issued the supplies, and found that Serg't McBride had made quite different looking men of them. The Sergeant when I got back told me a little incident which impressed me with the privations they had undergone. He said when the dinner bugle sounded the men were very much astonished to find they were going to have soup for dinner; they told Serg't McBride that they never had had any soup from the time they had left the fortifications around Washington, and that was over two months. You can safely say that we never had any lousy men in the Battery.

The Captain might have added that such of the old boys as happened to have more than one complete change of underclothes also divided their surplus among these poor recruits. In my own case, I had three suits of fine merino underwear, which mother had sent to me, and they must have cost in those days of high prices at least $7 or $8 a suit. I gave one suit of this to one of those recruits, and he was very grateful for it.

The Engineers were a very important body of troops in these operations. They consisted of the Regular Engineer Battalion, Capt. George Mendell, about 400 strong, and the 15th and 50th New York Engineers, composing what was known as the Volunteer Engineer Brigade, under Gen. Henry W. Benham. A member of the Regular Engineer Battalion, Comrade Gilbert Thompson, a topographical draftsman, says:

The Regular Engineers were essentially made up of volunteers, as there was but one company (A) of about 60 men in the Spring of 1861. Two new companies were created, so by Jan. 1, 1862, there were over 400 men in line, and any one who has followed the Cannoneer through his experiences as a detached volunteer in a Regular battery can appreciate how the "old Regular Sappers and Miners" made Regulars of these 350 volunteers. I will say that the story

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of the old Regular soldier in 1860 and 1861 is one of the greatest glories of the American army, and I trust it may be sometime put on record.

The battalion, for similar reasons, could not be kept up at full strength by even transfers from the volunteer troops, and they were as good if not the best men ever in the Engineer troops. They were seasoned old fighters. Some from the 8th Michigan were splendid men; all of them were adopted right in and made to feel that they were "Regulars."

When the investment—this is the right word, not siege—of Petersburg began the Engineer troops were out night and day, the temporary fieldworks gave place to an extensive line of rifle-pit batteries and forts, some of the latter of immense size and strength. I was in the battalion from Yorktown to Petersburg, inclusive, and it was not uncommon for a non-commissioned officer to have from 800 to 1,200 men under his charge during a night's work. But for all this, I have felt that, in spite of all our duty performed, if we could have been in one square fight, so as to have had a chance to "show up" for once, we would be thought of in a more appreciative way by the fighting men. We made scaling ladders, and expected to be called upon for a "forlorn hope" at Yorktown. Some of the men under Capt. C. E. Cross, while destroying a corduroy bridge on the Chickahominy, June 28, 1862, did drop some of Jackson's advance. We were in line supporting a battery at Antietam, also at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Guinea Bridge and Hatcher's Run, but as an organization never made or repulsed an attack, fired either a volley or at will; but we were fired at anyway, did our duty, and went where we were told to go. In Mexico Company A was mixed up in a fight every time, and was in the attack at Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico, leading the storming party in some of these engagements. Of course it is reasonable to see that it would be as great foolishness, except in an emergency, to use up Engineer troops in any engagement as to put in the Signal Corps or any specially trained men. But for all that, let me say that we felt at times as though we ought to go in anyhow.

The Volunteer Engineers from New York were made up mainly of railroad hands and mechanics. The 50th was raised principally along the line of the Erie Railway and in southwestern New York. The 15th was recruited in the central and eastern parts of the State. In field campaigns both the Regular and volunteer battalions were employed superintending the construction of bridges, repairing railways for the use of the army and kindred employments. The only time I ever knew them to be in action was in the Wilderness, where Gen. Warren put them in temporarily to fill a gap, and they fought there as well as any troops could. But when Gen. Meade heard of it he ordered that they should not be put in line of battle any more, as they could not easily be replaced if cut up. Consequently they were not much employed during the rest of that campaign till we got to the James River, where their exploit of building the great pontoon bridge at Windmill Point—about a mile long—in one night stands to their credit without rival in military history.

Comrade John T. Davidson, Captain of Company H, 50th New York Engineers, furnishes an entertaining description of the "little church."

The 50th was noted for its engineering and mechanical skill, and while it could not lay a bridge across a stream or build corduroy roads to keep the army from going through the mud into China any better than the 15th, without intending to reflect in the least upon the 15th, because it was an excellent regiment, still it was an admitted fact that the 50th contained many more skilled

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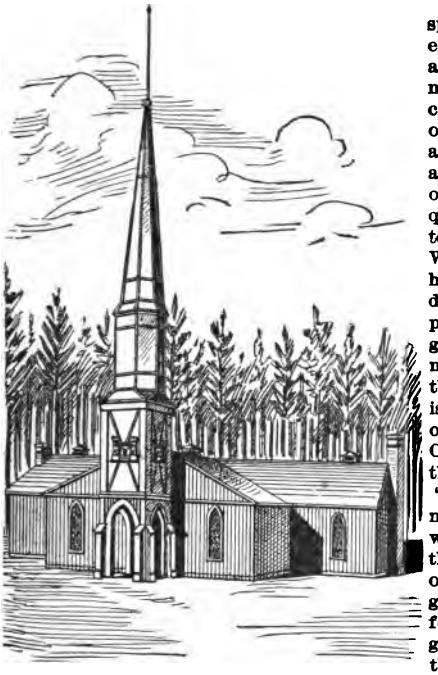
mechanics and civil engineers than did the 15th. The brigade had shops in Washington, where at least one company always remained, for building new pontoons and the paraphernalia thereunto belonging, and, if my recollection is correct, such company was always taken from the 50th during the entire war. The 50th was noted for its beautifully laid out camps and pleasant quarters, thereby making soldier life as agreeable and home-like as possible.



THE CHURCH MADE OF POLES.

It also had an eye to its spiritual welfare, and hence the erection of a church for the accommodation of all whose minds were religiously inclined. Capt. M. H. McGrath, of Company F of the 50th, was a carpenter and joiner by trade, and to him was given the honor of constructing the church in question. He was the architect, and "bossed" the job. Whether his mind towered as high toward the heavenly kingdom as did the spire which he projected and erected, is not generally known to the rest of mankind. Having a photo of the edifice as it was when finished, I propose to give a cut of it to the readers of "The Cannoneer." The badge of the Engineer Brigade was a "castle," and by close examination this badge will be found worked in the front, and about the center of the second story of the "steeple" from the ground. It will not be difficult for any one to discover at a glance that the architecture of this place of worship is neat and tasty, and was a credit not only to the regiment, but especially to the man who "bossed the job." Maj. McGrath has been a resident of Elmira, N. Y., nearly all of the time since the close of the war. The church near Gen. Meade's headquarters is not the only monument of his skill and enterprise. Indeed, he has always been counted as one of the best mechanics in this section of the State, and has erected many monuments of this character, but his poor health and years are now creeping over him to such an extent as to render him unfit to perform but little, if any, manual labor. The 72d mile stone of his life having been passed, and now depending mainly upon a small pension for the support of himself and aged wife, he is patiently waiting for the time to come when the last pontoon will be laid and he and his be safely landed upon the golden shore, from whence no traveler ever returns. The only wish of his comrades is that the old Major may live long, prosper and be happy.

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CHAPTER X.

DETAILED AT ORDNANCE WHARF — ATTACHED TO MCKNIGHT'S BATTERY — SIXTH CORPS GOES TO WASHINGTON — RELIEF OF THE CAPITAL — BIDWELL'S BRIGADE FIGHTS A SMALL BATTLE FOR "OLD ABE" — EARLY DRIVEN AWAY — MARCH TO THE VALLEY — SHERIDAN TAKES COMMAND — BATTLE OF OPEQUAN — FISHER'S HILL — ROUT OF EARLY'S ARMY.

My share in the siege of Petersburg was brief. On the 7th of July an order came to detail a man who could keep accounts for ordnance duty at the Ammunition Wharf at City Point. This detail fell to me, by the grace of Mitchell. I believe the Old Man winced a little at this proposition, because I had been on "soft duty" the whole Winter previous, from Oct. 10, 1863, to April 10, 1864 — a clean stretch of six months — and had now been only three months with the Battery. But what months they were! Embracing the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor and the assaults on Petersburg!! Anyhow, Mitchell had his way, as usual. I reported promptly to the wharf, and was assigned as "Acting Ordnance Corporal" to the duty of tallying the deliveries of ammunition as it was unloaded from the boats, and also checking off the issues to the corps ammunition trains.

Artillerymen were preferred for this work, as they were more accustomed to the handling and care of ammunition in large quantities than infantry or cavalrymen were. Arriving at City Point we found squads from the artillery brigades of the different corps and also from the reserve, the whole forming a working force under the Chief Ordnance Officer of the Army of the Potomac. This would have been pleasant duty, but before we had got fairly settled down an order came to draft off about 80 men to reinforce some of the batteries of the Sixth Corps, which was under orders to embark for Washington at once. The Division of Gen. Ricketts, of the Sixth Corps, had sailed for Baltimore several days before, and some of the batteries of the corps had gone with it. I do not know what became of those batteries afterward, as they never joined Sheridan's army in the Valley. Perhaps they went back to Petersburg. The batteries that embarked with Russell's and Getty's Divisions for Washington direct were McKnight's Regulars

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(M, 5th Regulars,) and McCartney's 1st Massachusetts; Van Etten's 1st New York, which had been Cowan's Battery at Gettysburg, and was in the vortex of Pickett's charge there; Adam's and Lamb's Rhode Island Batteries, and Greenleaf Stevens's Old 5th Maine, which had been comrades with us in the old First Corps at Gettysburg and elsewhere.

These batteries had been much reduced by the Wilderness and Spottsylvania campaign, and also by muster out of the three-year men who had not re-enlisted; and as it was probable that the campaign against Early would be in Northern Virginia or Maryland, where there would be plenty of work for artillery, it was deemed advisable to reinforce them to full strength. Ordinarily when the batteries were to be reinforced in this manner the custom was to detach men from infantry regiments in the corps or divisions to which they belonged. But on this occasion, no doubt because they were expected to go immediately into action at or about Washington, so there would be no opportunity for the infantrymen to learn artillery drill, the reinforcements were drafted from the artillerymen on duty at City Point, which really was much more sensible than to detach infantrymen, who in that sort of emergency might easily have to go into action as artillerymen without a single opportunity for battery drill. The artillerymen at the wharf were mustered, and Capt. James McKnight, of Battery M, 5th Regulars, accompanied by his First Lieutenant, Henry M. Baldwin, and two or three other officers, came along the line. Capt. McKnight was Acting Chief of Artillery for that part of the Sixth Corps, Col. Tompkins being on duty elsewhere. There may have been 150 or 160 artillerymen in that muster, and of course being detailed at the rate of one or two from nearly all the batteries in the army they were literally a "select lot." Capt. McKnight's eyes glistened as he surveyed the line — all stalwart young fellows, clean, trim and well set up, and every one a veteran! How Gen. Gibbon and Stewart would have liked to pick a reinforcement out of that line! There was no volunteering about this business. It was a case of "conscription." In the old days, when the artillery officers used to get recruits out of the infantry regiments, the men had a choice in the matter. But here it was simply "step out!" So when they came to my place in the line Capt. McKnight surveyed me from foot to head, and when his eyes rested on my cap he said, "4—B; that is Stewart's Battery. Step out! I want you!!" which goes to show that a "reputation" is sometimes inconvenient. The work of drafting off the required number of men was quickly done, and they were ordered to report at once with whatever accouterments they had to the new wharf below Gen. Grant's headquarters, which was about a mile from the ammunition wharf. Arriving here they at once began to distribute us among the various batteries which needed men.

Stevens did not need any men, McCartney and Van Etten only about eight or 10 each, so there were about 60 to distribute between McKnight, Adams and Lamb. I had taken a fancy to Capt. McKnight and his First Lieutenant, Henry M. Baldwin, who reminded me very much of our Lieut.

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Davison, crippled at Gettysburg; and so, partly on this account and partly because Battery M was the only Regular battery with the brigade, I requested Capt. McKnight to assign me to it. Then he said to Lieut. Baldwin, "Take care of this boy, Henry." Baldwin took me in hand, and asked me whether I was Driver or Cannoneer. I told him that I had been both, as a matter of course, and had once or twice acted as Gunner temporarily, so that I would prefer being put on a gun, if convenient, and that most of my experience in action had been in the "breech numbers;" that is, Nos. 3 and 4. So he assigned me to be No. 3 in his center section. I was delighted with Lieut. Baldwin. After the boat got under way he went round among his new men, talked with all of them, ascertained their previous records, and had some agreeable thing to say to every one of them. To me he said that he should expect a great deal from a boy hailing from Stewart's Battery, saying that, while the two batteries had never served in the same corps together, he had often met Stewart, and also Mitchell, and considered that any man who had had the benefit of their training must be a good one. The Sergeant of our gun, Daniel Yoder, was a jolly, good-natured "Pennsylvania Dutchman" from Reading, Pa., and I lost no time in making friends with him. Yoder was a trump, as will appear later on. I speak of him as a "Pennsylvania Dutchman," but he was really a thorough American, his family having been in this country for several generations. My subsequent experience confirmed my first impressions of him. He was one of the best natured, most generous and bravest men that I have ever known. That "4—B" on the cross cannons of my cap was a "letter of introduction," good anywhere in the Army of the Potomac. Everybody in the Sixth Corps seemed to know the old Battery quite as well as it was known in the First or Fifth Corps; and when, upon circulating around among the detached men, I found myself its only representative in the Sixth Corps Artillery Brigade, I felt very large. The trip from City Point to Washington was an agreeable diversion from the marching, fighting and fort building of the last three months. My first impressions of Battery M were very pleasant, and all the experience of the ensuing four months increased those impressions. It was a beautiful battery in every respect. Its officers were all kind hearted and good natured, its non-commissioned officers, without exception, fine, manly types of the American soldier, and its Cannoneers and Drivers were "thoroughbreds" in every sense of the word.

Battery M as an organization needs no eulogy beyond the statement that it served with the old Fourth Corps in the Peninsular campaign, and from that to the end of Sheridan's campaign in the Valley with the Sixth Corps, when, having been almost totally cut to pieces at Cedar Creek, it did not return with the Sixth Corps to Petersburg, but was left at Camp Barry to recruit its shattered ranks. It had at this time (July, 1864,) some detached volunteers, as all Regular batteries had, but its proportion of "Old Regulars" was much larger than usual. Nearly all its men, whether Regulars or volunteers, were Pennsylvanians or Jerseymen. A fine spirit

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of comradeship prevailed among the men, and the officers were everything that could be desired. Capt. McKnight and Lieut. Baldwin had been appointed to the Regular army from civil life upon the organization of the 5th Artillery, in 1861, and Lieut. Robinson had been promoted from the ranks at the instance of Gen. McDowell, with whom he had served as Clerk or Private Secretary. Robinson had been a Sergeant in Griffin's Battery (D), of the 5th Regulars, before Gen. McDowell employed him as Private Secretary. McKnight was a Civil Engineer of distinction before the war, and Baldwin was a graduate of the Kentucky Military Institute, where he had been a classmate of Gen. H. V. Boynton, now a famous journalist. All three of them are dead now — Baldwin and Robinson from wounds received at Cedar Creek, and McKnight from the effects of wounds in several battles.

The roll of Battery M, of the 5th Regulars, when it embarked for Washington in July, 1864, was as follows :

Captain, James McKnight.
First Lieutenant, Emory Upton, detached, Brigadier-General of volunteers.
First Lieutenant, Valentine H. Stone, detached, commanding another battery.
Lieutenants—Henry M. Baldwin,
Frederick D. Robinson.
Orderly Sergeant—Jack Davidson.
Sergeants—Philip Weidner,
William Beckhardt,
Daniel Yoder,
Joe Gerhardt,
Frederick Volkman.
Corporals—William H. Kennedy,
Charley Knorr,
William Morton.
John Wesley,
John Miller,
George Hussey.
Buglers—William Bowman,
Ernest Hartmann.
Privates—Louis Bachman,
Lorenzo Berger,
Charles Bourquin,
Samuel Bookwalter,
William Cuthbert,
Thomas Collins,
Washington Dengler,
Jacob Dannahower,
Jacob Drayer,
Levi Engelhardt,
John Fahrenbach,
Richard Fisher,
Samuel Gamler,
Peter Gerome,
Jerry Gerrish,
Conse Gresser,
Oliver Himerhitz,
Bill Hopkins,
Jacob Hummell,
Privates—John Berringer,
Louis Blumenroth,
Martin Boyer,
Valentine Bush,
Edward Clewell,
Eben Davis,
George Delaney,
Merritt Downer,
Erastus Day,
Albert Eyrich,
George W. Fingland,
Dave Fox,
John Gechter,
Peter Glass,
Jacob Gabriel,
David Hoffman,
Augustus Hoffman,
Alvin Hubbard,
Israel Hummell,
Carl Hartmann,
William Kline,
David Lessing,
Charley Le Van,
Anthony Magee,
John Mullan,
Henry C. O'Neill,
Henry Rausch,
Charles Reigel,
Henry L. Ryder,
William Schilling,
Jacob Schroeder,
William Shappell,
Jacob Shipman,
John Sweitzer,
Charles Schild,

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Privates—Israel Hartmann,
John C. Hall,
Godfrey Kropp,
William Lessing,
Lewis Leib,
Frederick Miller,
Martin Nadel,
Albert Price,
Israel Rausch,
Levi Rodenburg,
Henry Rothenberg,
Privates—John Signer,
Daniel Smeck,
William Trayner,
Chris. Volkman,
Martin Wickliffe,
John Seaman,
William Small,
Henry Snyder,
Edward Van Bruhl,
John Weidner,
Augustus Yost,
William Ziegler.

MEN ATTACHED BY SPECIAL ORDER.

Ordnance Corporals—
Dan'l Glazier (acting),
Charles Seaton,
William Murphy,
The Author (acting).
Privates—Marvin Barbour,
John H. Carroll,
Charles Creamer,
Patrick F. Hunt,
Jesse Hyde,
Privates—John Cox,
James M. Watley,
William H. Wheeler.
James H. Rittenhouse,
Joseph Stephens,
George McGee,
Edward Callahan,
Henry Holmes,
Daniel W. House,
Ben F. Keyser,
Augustus Patterson.

Of the above-mentioned men several belonging to the original strength of the Battery, perhaps six or seven, were absent and did not go to Washington. The total number actually present on board the boat, including "the conscripts," as they called those "drafted" at City Point, was three officers and about 107 men. This was a fair complement at that time for a six-gun battery, and every man was a veteran artilleryman. (It is proper to state that the six batteries which went with the Sixth Corps to the Valley in July, 1864, were raised to the full equipment of six guns each, except one of the Rhode Island batteries, all the other corps batteries of the Army of the Potomac having had only four guns since May 17.) Many of these men on the original strength of the Battery had come out with Capt. McKnight when he brought his old militia battery, called the "Ringgold Artillery," from Reading in the three months' service in May, 1861, and they had re-enlisted for the war when his Battery was merged in the 5th Regulars at the special request of Gen. McDowell. It is worth while to remark that McKnight's old "Ringgold Artillery" was the first battery of volunteers to reach Washington in 1861. It also has the distinction of being the only militia organization that was ever transferred bodily to the Regular Army. It may have been forgotten, but it is a fact that Battery M, of the 5th Regulars, is really the old "Ringgold Artillery" of Reading. Capt. Stewart, in a recent letter to me, has this to say of Capt. McKnight and his Battery:

I knew Maj. McKnight well, and a more thorough, conscientious officer and high-toned gentleman never entered the army. His old battery from Reading Pa., was the very first to reach Washington after Lincoln's first call for troops, and I have been told by Gen. Gibbon that Gen. McDowell, seeing his worth as an artillery officer, persuaded him to accept a Captaincy in the 5th Artillery.

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which was then being organized, he leaving a lucrative profession because he thought the country needed his services. His old militia battery from Reading was called the Ringgold Artillery, and did excellent service during the war as Battery M, of the 5th Regulars. After the surrender he resigned and went to his home to resume his profession.

Capt. McKnight was perfectly devoted to his Battery. Several times he declined promotion which would have separated him from it. On one occasion his devotion to his Battery was subjected to a test. This was the 10th of May, at Spottsylvania, when Gen. Upton made his great assault. Upton was McKnight's First Lieutenant in the Regular Army, though Brigadier-General of volunteers and commanding the assaulting column. He had asked for two batteries to report to him, and the commanding officer sent Kimball's 4th Maine and McKnight's 5th Regulars. When Upton went to dispose the batteries he said to Capt. McKnight that he was surprised that Gen. Wright should have made such an assignment, because he (Upton) was only his (McKnight's) Lieutenant, and there were plenty of other batteries which could have been sent to him. Capt. McKnight replied: "This is no time for questions of precedence, Upton! Let me have your orders. Tell me what to do!!" That was the kind of soldier that James McKnight was. From the Teutonic sound of many names of the men it might be inferred that it was a "German Battery." But those men with German-sounding names were native Americans for generations —"Pennsylvania Dutchmen"—all stalwart, powerful fellows, bronzed and rugged from many campaigns, good natured, jolly and generous, and, when it came to fighting, as will soon be perceived, they were stayers from away back.

The trip from City Point to Washington was uneventful. Our boat had only artillery on board, and so we had a very quiet time. But the next boat was loaded with some of Upton's Brigade, of Russell's Infantry Division (First Division, Sixth Corps), embracing the 121st New York and the 96th Pennsylvania. Shortly after we got under way these troops got to quarreling about the space assigned them on the boat, and from that a fight ensued, which came near being a regular riot. One of them was knocked overboard, but he was a good swimmer, and was rescued from a watery grave.

It was wonderful how quick the troops of the Army of the Potomac would reason out the meaning of the army movement. As our old paddle-wheel steamboat floundered along toward Washington the boys would sit or lie down around the deck and plan out the campaign for which we were destined. We had no news and no knowledge except the rumors that Early, with a considerable force of all arms, had been detached from Lee's army and had invaded Maryland, wiping out our garrisons in the Shenandoah Valley as he went along. It was known to us in a general and indefinite way that he was threatening Washington, and every one of us hoped that we might, as turned out to be the case, get there just in time to save the Capital. Everybody hoped that the old Sixth Corps would get an

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opportunity to fight a great battle within sight of the dome of the Capitol Building and under the eye of Mr. Lincoln. So with these discussions, interspersed with occasional frolicking and little games of poker between times of duty, we whiled away the long trip down the James and up the Bay and the Potomac from City Point to Washington. I had always cherished a profound admiration for the Sixth Corps, and the opportunity of sharing its glorious history in such a splendid battery as McKnight's quite reconciled me to the abrupt termination of my "soft snap" at the ammunition wharf. I had not been in the Sixth Corps a week before I was as proud of the "Old Greek Cross" as if I had worn it all my life.

The infantry of the Sixth Corps was much reduced at this time, the First Division (Russell's) having not more than 4,000 muskets in its three brigades, the Second (Getty's) about 4,200 and the Third (Ricketts's) about 4,000. In other words, the corps was not above 12,000 strong, which, with the usual deductions, meant that it could put about 11,000 muskets in line of battle. The six batteries had between 650 and 700 men present for duty. Ricketts's Division had sailed for Baltimore nearly a week before Gen. Wright embarked for Washington with the other two divisions and the batteries. Ricketts also took with him what was termed a "Provisional Brigade," made up of odds and ends of dismounted cavalry, convalescents, etc., which had gathered in what we used to call "Condemned Camp." This "Provisional Brigade" was a motley crowd, as many as 30 or 40 different regiments from a dozen or more different States being represented in it.

OUR RECEPTION.

Reaching Washington, we landed at once and moved out toward Silver Springs. We marched first up Sixth and Seventh streets, and our Battery halted in Sixth street, near Judiciary Square. The regular Guidon being absent sick, Lieut. Baldwin had assigned me as Lance Guidon that morning, which was a high compliment considering the short time I had been in the Battery. When we halted in Sixth street a great number of women and girls gathered about the Battery, and seeing me with a little flag cavorting about on my pretty mare and putting on more style than an Adjutant-

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General, they thought maybe that I commanded the Battery. The infantry of Russell's Division had disembarked lower down, and were moving out by other roads, so our halt here was for instructions as to co-operation with them. As the day was very hot we stood at ease, and got in the shade as much as we could. Battery M presented a beautiful picture. It had been newly equipped just before leaving Petersburg. Nearly all the men had new clothing, and they were as fine a lot of young fellows as you could see in a whole County. I don't suppose the girls, accustomed at they were to soldiers, had ever seen anything quite as pretty as Battery M. The place where we halted in Sixth street was from D to F streets, so that the center of our column was abreast of Secretary Chase's house, on the corner of Sixth and E. Among the ladies who came out to greet the Battery was Miss Katharine Chase, then a young lady in the early prime of a beauty famous all over the world. She was accompanied by perhaps 20 other girls, and they moved about among the guns saying pretty things to the boys and fastening roses in the buttonholes of their jackets. Among our visitors was a matronly lady, who came up to me as I dismounted and led my little mare under the shade of a tree. She asked my name, where I was from, wanted to know about my mother and said many other pleasant things.

Receiving orders to advance, we moved out Sixth street to the Boundary, and thence to the top of the hill on Seventh street, where Howard University is now, and halted again. All around this place was a "Contraband Camp" of colored people who had escaped from slavery. Many of the men of this camp were employed building the forts, and some of them had enlisted in the various negro regiments; but the camp was full of colored women and children, and they gave us a reception also, not so elegant but quite as impressive as the other. Nearly all these poor people had experienced the horrors of slavery, and the freedom they had found in that old contraband camp was a joy of new birth to them. They had heard that Early's army was coming, and in a vague way they realized the defenseless condition of the Capital. They had also heard that the "Sixth Corps was coming," for those magic words of good cheer had been trembling on every loyal lip in Washington for two days. To the poor refugees the advent of Early's army was the synonym for a return to bondage, and therefore in their simple minds the Sixth Corps was a veritable host of deliverance.

There was one old "Aunty," black as the ace of clubs, and so old that her wool made a "white border" for her ebony face, who came up to me as I sat on my mare by the roadside waiting for the bugle to sound. By this time the leading brigade of the Second Division (Bidwell's Brigade) had begun to file out on the road and its regiments were then passing the Battery — the 7th Maine, 61st Pennsylvania and 43d, 45th, 77th and 122d New York — and the Vermonters were closely following. It is useless to attempt a description of those troops. No one who did not see them can even faintly appreciate their appearance, no matter how vivid the descrip-

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tion! Stalwart forms; rugged, swarthy faces, tanned by many a hot sun and blackened by many a battle smoke; their "baggage" tied up in blankets rolled round their shoulders, dusty haversacks, old canteens, battered cartridge-boxes filled until the covers wouldn't shut down; bright rifles at "right or left shoulder shift;" their gray socks pulled up over their trousers legs and their stout shoes sounding a steady "tramp, tramp," to the beat of the bass drum as they trudged along the hard

"THANK GOD FOH DE SIX' CO'!"

macadam road! When this poor old "Aunty" saw those iron-clad veterans filing past she came to me by the side of the road and asked, in a voice quivering with emotion:

"Young Mostah, Honey, is you all de Six' Co'?"

"Yes, Aunty, we are the Sixth Corps."

"Fo, God, Mostah, Honey, how bu'ful yo' all is! We's safe now. All night long an' yistiddy we's been skeered 'bout dem dar malishus troops dat wuz in de fort, 'cause eberybody said dey couldn't stan' agin Moss Jubal's ole Rebel sogers ef dey kum in. But de Six' Co' am pow'ful dif-

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frunt! Praise de good an' merciful Lawd foh de Six' Co'!" And then the old Aunty knelt down right in the dust and the hot sun in front of the Battery and with hands stretched aloft and eyes streaming offered up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty for "Massa Linkum, Freedom and de Six' Co'!"

It was a great day for the chivalric Bidwell and his invincible brigade — to be selected for the head of column, to go forth to battle under the eye of "Father Abraham" himself, in plain sight of the dome of the Capitol, and under the shadow of the emblem of that Universal Freedom for whose defense they were in arms!

Without further incident we moved rapidly out the Seventh-street Road and went into battery on high ground to the left of Fort Stevens, where we stood at a ready and witnessed a sharp skirmish between Bidwell's Brigade and some of Rodes's Division. President Lincoln witnessed this skirmish, and it was the first and only time he ever actually saw the smoke of Rebel powder.

When the Battery reached Fort Stevens Mr. Lincoln was sitting in a barouche with Secretary Stanton, and, I think, Judge Advocate-Gen. Holt. Gen. Wright was on horseback by the side of the carriage, and he "ordered" the President to have the carriage moved to one side to make way for the Battery. Mr. Lincoln immediately recognized Capt. McKnight, called him to the carriage and cordially greeted him.

One of the things he said to Capt. McKnight was, "Captain, you are quite as welcome now as you were three years ago last May, when you came down here to help us with your Ringgold Artillery."

"Thank you Mr. President," replied Capt. McKnight, "permit me to say that about 30 of the men with me now were with me then."

"They are noble men, Captain," responded Mr. Lincoln, "and I want you to give them my most affectionate regards. I wish I could take the hand of every one of them personally!"

After Bidwell deployed and got in action we went in battery on the knoll to the left of Fort Stevens, got out ammunition, stood by to load and waited for the enemy to develop his main line. Meantime Mr. Lincoln got out of his carriage and went with Gen. Wright into the fort, where they stood up on the parapet until a Surgeon standing near the President was hit in the knee by one of Rodes's Sharpshooters, when Gen. Wright peremptorily ordered Mr. Lincoln to get down, which he smilingly obeyed. It was said that Mr. Lincoln remarked to Gen. Wright that, "as Constitutional Commander-in-Chief, he thought he had a right at least to watch a battle fought by his own troops," and that the General retorted that "there was nothing in the Constitution authorizing the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief to expose himself to the enemy's fire where he could do no good!" But I had no means of verifying this "camp story."

Comrade George W. Keyes, a Sergeant of the 150th Ohio, a 100-day regiment called to the defense of Washington in that emergency, was in garrison at Fort Stevens that day, and he writes to me as follows:

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Yes, Lincoln was there, and Stanton too. I was Sergeant in charge of the party that burned the dwelling outside of the fort. While we were waiting for the order to fire the house President Lincoln and a Surgeon and others stood on the parapet watching the Rebels come over the hill from Blair's place till the bullets began to fly lively. We could not bear to see President Lincoln risk his life in that way, so we urged him to get down. A moment later the Surgeon got a bullet in his leg, and the rampart was cleared in a hurry. One of the Rebels who was captured said that with their fieldglasses they could see the President from the cupola of the Carberry House, in the valley, and that

"CAPTAIN, YOU ARE WELCOME!"

they fired at him. Fortunately they missed him. I have often thought that it was fortunate that Early did not know how defenseless Washington was the night before, or he would have gone right into the city. There were only two companies of us 100-days men in Fort Stevens. I tell you we were mighty glad to see those veterans of the Sixth Corps file by about noon that day. We were well drilled in heavy artillery, but so few that we could have offered but little resistance to Early's veterans.

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I might add to Comrade Keyes's interesting comment that when Battery M went in battery there on our left on the Seventh-street Road, on the high ground about 80 rods northwest from Fort Stevens, I presume we had the honor of being the only light battery which ever "unlimbered for business" under the eye of Old Abe Lincoln himself! Gen. Wright and Gen. Lewis A. Grant have informed me personally that many of the stories told about Mr. Lincoln's "military experience" at Fort Stevens were apochryphal, but that the statements of Comrade Keyes are substantially correct.

The advent of the Sixth Corps put a quick and eternal end to Early's hopes of capturing Washington, and he fell back to Rockville as rapidly as he had come. We followed him, crossed the Potomac at Poolsville, and from there struck out for the Valley by way of Leesburg. On the 19th or 20th of July we came to Snicker's Ferry, where the West Virginia Division — or Eighth Corps — under Crook, had had a fight the day before. Some of us went and looked over the field. The dead — about 200 — lay where they fell. I remember thinking that if I ever had to die in battle I wanted it to be in some big affair that would be immortal in history, and have some name more euphonious than "Snicker's Ferry." I said to Corp'l Kennedy, who was with me:

"Bill, it is pretty tough to be killed and left for buzzards in a —— skirmish like this!"

"Well," says he, "if you are killed, what's the difference?"

"Oh," says I, "it's this: now, suppose you had to be killed, but were allowed to take your choice of battles, which one would you select?"

"In that case, B——," he said, "I would choose the first battle after the war."

So I had nothing to do but agree with him.

By the way, at this time there was really brutal neglect about burying the dead. In the earlier battles we used to have flags of truce, when necessary, to bring in the wounded and bury the dead, but in 1864 we used to lie down near each other and shovel and shoot, while the poor wounded were dying and the happier dead were swelling up and rotting in the hot sun between us.

We did not advance beyond this place, but the next day faced about and made two or three days' march back to Washington in clouds of dust, and on July 24 or 25 camped near Tenallytown, with the understanding that we were to embark for Petersburg the next day. These marches and countermarches were very severe, the weather being the hottest I have ever known, before or since, the roads ankle deep with dust, and no relief from the heat night or day. It was astonishing how few men fell out of ranks in the Sixth Corps during this terrible season of toil and privation. Truly they were men of iron. We did not embark as expected, but lay in this camp several days, during which there was plenty of the customary diversions of the Sixth Corps. I had always thought that the old First and the Fifth Corps were sufficiently "tough," as far as fighting among the men

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was concerned. But a few days' service in the "Bloody Old Sixth" convinced me that the First and Fifth were Sunday schools by comparison. The Sixth Corps men were always fighting. The Artillery Brigade was comparatively peaceable, but there were feuds in that, notably between McCartney's 1st Massachusetts and the two Rhode Island Batteries. McKnight's Battery, manned mainly by good-natured Pennsylvania Dutchmen, was the most pacific organization in the Corps, but even they shared the combative spirit of the command and took their share in the "scrapping." The toughest crowd in the whole Sixth Corps was the old Vermont Brigade. Every one of those regiments had a number of big, stalwart, raw-boned "Green Mountain" bruisers, and they used to travel on their muscle everywhere. The 96th Pennsylvania, made up of miners from the Lackawanna; the 102d, composed largely of Pittsburg iron molders; the 121st New York ("Upton's Regulars"), sturdy Mohawk Valley farmer boys; the 122d, salt boilers from Onondaga and farmers from Cayuga; the Irish 65th; the Green Bay lumbermen, of the 5th Wisconsin, and the Kennebec and Penobscot lumbermen, of the 5th, 6th and 7th Maine, all these made up about as "hard a crowd" as could be found anywhere under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner. Those fellows were in the army to fight, and it made but little difference to them what sort of fighting it was.

After inspection the Sunday morning before we left the Tenallytown camp to return to the Valley I noticed some very mysterious conferences between Serg't Charley Wilcox, of one of the volunteer batteries; Corp'l Bateman, of Battery E; Pat Hunt, of ours, and several infantrymen of the Vermont and Wheaton's Brigades. As soon as the "preliminaries" were completed some of the "Rhodies" got out a coil of spare picket rope and started down toward the valley of Rock Creek in rear of the camp of Getty's Division, and then Pat informed me that a prize fight was on between Charley Austin, of the Vermont Brigade, and a man named Purcell, from one of the Pennsylvania regiments in Wheaton's Brigade, catch-weight, for a purse of $500, made up by subscription. Austin belonged, I think, to the 1st Vermont Heavy, though he had sailed two or three whaling voyages out of New Bedford. Purcell was a Pittsburg iron molder, and my recollection is that he was from Col. Jim Patchell's 102d Pennsylvania, though I won't be sure about that. At any rate, he was tough enough to be a member of that regiment! The Rhode Islanders pitched the ring on a small level plat of ground near Rock Creek, a short distance below Blagden's old mill, and Austin and Purcell "shied their castors" a little before noon the last Sunday in July, 1864. Austin was seconded by one of his infantry comrades and Pat Hunt, of our Battery, while Corp'l Bateman, of the artillery, and a Pittsburg comrade groomed Purcell. The referee was Serg't Wilcox, of one of the batteries. Nearly 1,000 spectators were at the ring side, among whom were several officers, who, in parade uniform, would have worn eagles on their shoulder-straps, and one who was entitled to wear a star. But, of course, they were not

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present "officially!" It was a fearfully hot day — thermometer about 96 in the shade. The two men stripped down to their gray drawers, socks and shoes. When they shook hands in the ring I thought I had never before seen such a handsome pair. They were of the same hight, about five feet 10. Austin was the lighter of the two, and his skin was white as snow. You could see the great masses of muscle work under his shoulders as he moved about in the cat-like way characteristic of a man who has been a sailor. Purcell's skin was red, and he showed considerably more "beef" than Austin did, but his muscles stood out in big knots, and I remember thinking that he had the finest neck I had ever seen on a man.

As they were going into the ring Pat came to the rope and whispered to me, "Put your stuff on the sailor!" (meaning that I should bet on Austin). To cut a long story short, Austin went for Purcell's head from the jump, while Purcell seemed to care nothing for punishment in the face, but kept working away as best he could at Austin's heart, ribs and stomach. Austin got the first knockdown and first blood, sending Purcell clean off his feet in the first round by a tremendous left hander on the right cheek bone just under the eye. The ensuing rounds, up to the eighth, were practically repetitions of the first, but in the eighth round Purcell got in a rib-roaster which sent Austin to grass all in a heap, and from which he barely recovered within the call of time. In the ninth and 10th rounds Austin was more cautious, and did not lead the fighting as he had previously done, being evidently impressed with the grim nerve of the iron-headed Pennsylvanian, who, though his face had been made to look like a badly-carved joint of roast beef, still came up smiling every time and took his punishment with a heart that I have never seen equalled. At the end of the 10th round I said to a Vermonter standing by my side at the ropes:

"Your man is the better boxer of the two, but the Pennsylvanian is going to win by clear game and bottom!"

"Twenty to 10 that he don't!" was the reply, shaking the greenbacks between his fingers in my face. I pulled a 10 and we tied them around the rope in front of us.

As they came up for the 11th round I observed that Austin was changing his tactics. He had got tired of wearing his fist out against the cast-iron head of the Pittsburger and began to reach for his vitals. This was his fatal mistake. My judgment was right. The New Bedford whaleman was quick as a cat, a rapid and powerful hitter, but the Pittsburg iron molder was a stayer from away back, and as soon as his grim stoicism and invincible resolution impressed the mind of his adversary, the latter was gone! I could see Austin weaken from the 10th round. He had expected to win quickly by his cat-like activity and sailor tricks. But when he found that the tough Pennsylvanian kept staying with him he got rattled. At this time they had been fighting 38 minutes by my watch. When they came up for the 12th round Austin led for Purcell's heart, but was cleverly countered on the chin and barely escaped a knockdown. I

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could distinctly hear his teeth chuck together as Purcell hit him. From that time on Austin lost command of himself and struck out wildly, and all at once Serg't Wilcox called time and allowed a foul in favor of Purcell.

"Withdraw that judgment, please, Mr. Referee," said Purcell instantly, "I don't want to win this fight that way! I can whip him on my merits, and that's what I want to do!"

But Wilcox said: "The men will observe time. This fight is under the London rules, and I am here to see that they are carried out. I decide that Mr. Austin has lost the fight by a foul. I am capable of enforcing that decision. The fight is ended. If the principals agree to it, side bets may be declared off, but the fight must stop here. It is a clear case of foul."

There was no dissent from the judgment of Serg't Wilcox, and the fight terminated. I wanted to see it fought to a finish, because I was being impressed with vast admiration for the game and bottom of Purcell, and wanted to see him win, as he said, "on his merits." After it was over a match was arranged between Pat Hunt and Serg't Wilcox for $300, but before it could come off we were in motion again for the Valley, and we "fought it out" at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek!

Hunt and Wilcox would have made a fine match. Hunt had fought several ring-battles while in the English army. In one of these, which, I believe, occurred in India, his antagonist was no less a master of the art than Tom Allen, then a soldier, and afterward champion of the world. Pat said Tom bested him, but no one else had ever done it. Charley Wilcox had been a volunteer fireman in Providence, R. I., and also had made a sea voyage or two. He was a fine physical specimen, six feet high, and weighing about 180 pounds. Pat was about five feet 10½, and weighed about 155. He was quicker than Wilcox, and a better sparrer, judging from glove bouts that they had, but Charley's comrades said he was more clever with bare hands than he ever let on when sparring with gloves, and that he would stay all day, if necessary.

After the war I saw first-class professional prize fights between Mace and Allen, Mace and Coburn, Allen and Hogan, Allen and McCoole, Allen and Joe Goss, together with several middle and light weight fights, including Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron, but I never saw a better or a braver fight than that one between those two Sixth Corps soldiers, Purcell and Austin.

Shortly before Sheridan took command we got news of the burning of Chambersburg, and the belief was that Early would invade Pennsylvania, so the Sixth Corps broke camp and advanced from Tenallytown by a forced march into the Valley, and marched and countermarched and manuvered a good deal for some weeks without special incident until the middle of September, except various cavalry skirmishes at Winchester, Moorfield and other places, in which we took no part; so, without tedious detail of these events, I will "assume the offensive" at once from our positions on the Berryville Pike Sept. 17, 1864.

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As soon as the three divisions of the corps got together in the field the six batteries were assigned, two to each division, Lamb's Battery (C, 1st Rhode Island,) and McCartney's 1st Massachusetts going with Russell's; Van Etten's (Cowan's) 1st New York and ours with Getty's, and Adams's (G) Rhode Island and Stevens's 5th Maine with Ricketts's Division, thus giving each division one rifle battery and one of 12-pounder Napoleons. On the night of the 17th we got marching orders, but stood fast all night, it being understood that Wilson's cavalry was to clear the pike and secure the fords and bridges of Opequan Creek for an advance on Winchester, the idea being to strike Early in the rear, who was said to be advancing on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Martinsburg. During the afternoon of the 18th we marched, crossed the Opequan, and at night took up a position on the extreme left of the Sixth Corps, Grant's Vermonters supporting, where the pike crosses a deep ravine formed by Abram's Creek. Here we halted till perhaps 3 o'clock in the morning, when we crossed the ravine and climbed up a steep bank to a position on the sharp crest formed by the confluence of a little brook with Abram's Creek, our position being to the left of the pike, two or three miles east of Winchester. Our Battery on the left and Van Etten's in the center were in line with this division, while McCartney's was in the interval between our right and the left of Russell. Our division held all the ground to our left (south side) of the Berryville Pike. The only troops farther to our left were Wilson's cavalry, dismounted and stretched out through the fields, as day broke on the 19th of September. The Rebel position was on the next high ground, nearly a mile from ours, and as the Sixth Corps began to deploy at daylight their batteries opened. This range was pretty long, so we advanced along the ridge, keeping pace with the infantry, until we got within easy "case range," when we went into battery and opened. McKnight and Van Etten soon sickened the two four-gun batteries they had on the other side of the brook, and when they limbered and went off the Sixth Corps infantry began to advance on both sides of the pike, and we limbered and followed them closely. In this first artillery affair we had two men hit, both by pieces of shell, but not seriously enough to be reported wounded. Others were hit about their clothing, myself included, my left jacket sleeve being torn by a piece of shell while I was thumbing vent.

Toward noon we took up our second position, about a mile in advance of the first, but in this position we did but little, the main brunt falling on the infantry, who pressed close up to the enemy and broke him about 1 o'clock, with heavy losses on both sides, among whom was the Rebel Gen. Rodes and our own Gen. Davy Russell, commanding the First Division. This was all desperate infantry fighting, in which, owing to the closeness of the combatants and the fact that our own infantry were on high ground in our front, we could take but small share. But about 3 o'clock we advanced again and went into battery on a high spur on the north bank of Abram's Creek and cleaned up a battery they had in the edge of a cornfield just south of the left-hand branch of the pike leading into Winchester.

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This was the prettiest practice we had that day, it being good case range; but, as they had only four guns to our six, we wiped their troublesome battery off the face of the earth in about 12 or 15 minutes, dismounting one of its guns, blowing up one of its caissons and destroying many of its horses and about a third of its men, so that what remained of it retreated toward Winchester. The pike being now freed from the raking fire of this battery, our infantry advanced again, and we followed them to the fourth and last position of the day, which we took up about 5 p. m. Here we became engaged again with two Rebel batteries on a high knoll, right at the northeast corner of the town of Winchester, at a pretty fair range; but, just as we began to get the range down fine, these batteries limbered to the rear and went off pell-mell through the town, followed by their infantry on both flanks in something that, from where we stood, looked very much like a panic.

This sudden collapse was due to the flanking movements of the cavalry on our left, which had got so far round toward the main Valley pike that they threatened Early's line of retreat, while Crook's "West Virginia Army" drove in their left flank, and so he went, as Sheridan said in his report, "Whirling through Winchester" about sundown. There can be no doubt about the services of the cavalry in this battle. For the most part they fought dismounted; and armed, as they chiefly were, with Spencer seven-shooting carbines, their musketry was something fearful.

As we had all been marching or fighting since long before daylight, with hardly a chance to nibble a hardtack, it may be imagined that we were pretty much "done up" when we got into our last position near Winchester about dark. So we went into battery on a round knoll just to the left of the Berryville Road, overlooking the town, and bivouacked there for the night, in the interval between Grant's and Wheaton's Brigades. The cavalry continued pursuit through the town, and as far up the pike as Milltown, where they halted some time after 9 o'clock. Battery M's share in this battle was very creditable and gratifying. We had had three handsome bouts with the enemy's artillery, cleaning him out every time. Our ammunition account showed that we had fired about 90 rounds per gun during the day, and none of our men had been killed or severely wounded.

This battle of Winchester or Opequan had been a victory from start to finish. On our part of the line — the extreme left, in line with Getty's Division — there hadn't been a waver or a flicker from daylight till dark. We had driven the enemy from three positions, one after the other, pell-mell, routing his infantry and smashing up his batteries wherever he attempted to make a stand. Farther to the right there had been a little flurry about 1 o'clock, when Rodes's Division made its grand charge, but the line there was quickly restored by Russell's Division, of the Sixth, and Stevens's, Lamb's and McCartney's Batteries, but it was done at the heavy cost of the gallant Russell's life! This sort of fighting was very delightful to the poor devils of the Sixth Corps, who had been assaulting earthworks so long that they could hardly believe their senses when they actually saw the Rebels in the open field in front of them.

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"Great God!" said the old boys, "if we could have got this kind of a lick at them last Spring! There wouldn't be no war now if we had!" and so on. Early the next morning we went into the town and camped just in the south edge of it, in an orchard. The houses were full of Rebel wounded, and they had left all their dead for us to bury. During the day I was on "safeguard" at a house just back of our camp, and there was a Rebel Lieutenant of artillery there, who had been wounded in the battery which we had smashed up in our third position. This was one of Braxton's batteries. He said that they were short of men, having only about 20 Cannoneers for their four guns when they went into action, and not more than 50 rounds of all kinds of ammunition. And he said it was so plain to his men that they were overmatched that he couldn't get them to stick to their guns after we dismounted one and blew up the caisson. Of course I was forced to admit that we had a pretty full complement and plenty of ammunition. I gave this Rebel my three days' rations of coffee and sugar and begged some brandy for him from Dr. Carter, one of our Surgeons, whom I knew. He had been hit by a piece of case shot, which tore his left shoulder and neck badly, but broke no bones. Early in the morning of the 21st we moved up the pike, following the Second (Getty's) Division, which had gone up the previous afternoon. Arriving at Strasburg just as our infantry had cleared its streets of the enemy's pickets and skirmishers, we passed through it and halted half a mile beyond, near the track of the Manassas Gap Railroad.

We went into battery in the morning of the 22d and cannonaded his position for an hour or so with shell and case, and about 3 or 4 in the afternoon the infantry went over and through his works from one end to the other at the first dash, in a manner that astonished even ourselves. This forcing Early's lines at Fisher's Hill — done as it was "right from the jump," without a single mishap or error — was one of the finest assaults ever delivered. The works were very strong, the position was a commanding one, and the approaches difficult both by nature and by art. From the position of the Battery, which was formed on the highest ground on the north bank of Tumbling Run — a bluff, in fact — we could see the whole line as it went up the slope. The flanking attack of the Eighth Corps on the Rebel left, which was most gallantly made under great difficulties, contributed largely to the demoralization of the enemy, but nothing could dim the splendor of the assault of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps. The ground in front of the Rebel works was so steep in many places that it amounted to a natural scarp, and from where we were we could plainly see the infantry digging their bayonets into the ground to climb up by. It was a regular escalade on more than half the line. Some idea of the suddenness of the success and the completeness of the rout may be formed from the fact that they had four four-gun batteries in the strongest part of their works, above the pike bridge, over Tumbling Run, and they did not have time to get these away, the whole of them being captured in the grand rush. This made two complete routs of Early's army in three days.

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The flank attack by the Eighth Corps, or "Army of West Virginia," was a most creditable performance. It is briefly described by Comrade John T. Booth, of the 36th Ohio, in a letter to the author. He says:

In my office some months ago I talked with a former playmate, who served in a Pennsylvania regiment in the Sixth Corps. He remembered distinctly of the Sixth Corps marching by where we were encamped along the pike in the evening of Fisher's Hill. We were getting supper when the Sixth Corps marched by, and you may recall the fact they gave us some lusty cheers in recognition of the part we had taken in routing Early's forces. The Sixth Corps boys, in their turn, did not hesitate to say that the Army of West Virginia was the chief factor in routing the enemy out of his stronghold. The historian of the 8th Vermont, of the Nineteenth Corps, realized and plainly states the case on pages 199 and 200 of the regiment's history. The historian says, page 200: "At 5 o'clock Gen. Sheridan's plan of attack becomes apparent. While the movements in front had engaged the attention of the enemy, Crook, with the Eighth Corps, had executed a successful flank movement, surprising them and winning their left. Col. Thomas, with his regiment, pushed forward with the rest of the Nineteenth Corps toward the base of the bluff that looked so formidable, bristling with blazing guns. But it seemed incredible that Crook could actually be in the enemy's rear, or that the strong works would yield to assault. Just then, however, Capt. Wilkinson, of Gen. Emory's staff, came darting along, waving his hat and shouting: 'They've left their guns and are running like cowards!' Gen. Sheridan, too, was all along the line with his Aids, impatient of delay, and commanding everything to be hurried forward."

'Twas thus they saw it in the Nineteenth Corps. If you will visit the enemy's position at Fisher's Hill and carefully survey the ground and the remaining works even at this date you will see how readily a skilful engineer could restore them to the strength they then possessed, and realize the utter impossibility of making the assault of the Sixth and Nineteenth without the aid which the Army of West Virginia gave.

On the 3d of October McCartney's 1st Massachusetts Battery was mustered out and went home, leaving quite a number of re-enlisted men and recruits who had still some time to serve. Of these the following were assigned to temporary service with our Battery:

Sergeant—Matt Adams.
Corporals—Mike Lynch,
Charles Edwards,
Dan Benham,
John Esler.
Privates—George Appleton,
Joseph Barnes,
Dan Brown,
John Carter,
Reuben Charteris,
John W. Carroll,
Chester Ellis,
Edwin Eaton,
James Gordon,
John C. Gordon,
Privates—Sylvester Horton,
Richard Isaacs,
William Isaacs,
George Goliffe,
Fred Higgins,
Mitchell Lawrence,
Joseph Marean,
John Neale,
Charley Pike,
Robert Reade,
John Richardson,
Frank Smith,
Andrew Sturdevant,
Alonzo Sackett,
John A. Wright,
Henry Hall.

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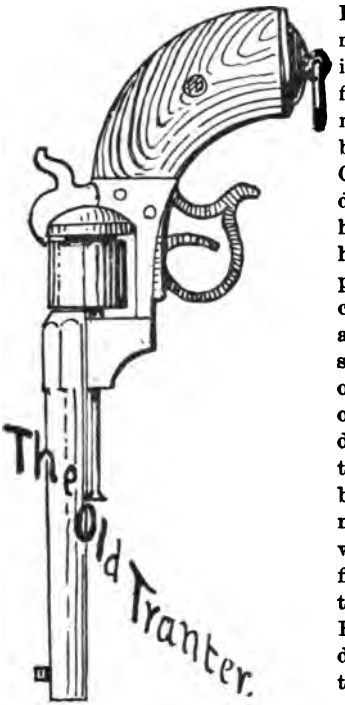
CHAPTER XI.

DEVASTATION OF THE VALLEY — SIXTH CORPS STARTS FOR PETERSBURG — RECALLED TO THE FRONT — CEDAR CREEK — ADVANCED TROOPS SURPRISED AND OVERWHELMED — THE SIXTH CORPS TAKES THE BRUNT — DESPERATE FIGHTING BY GETTY'S DIVISION — FREE USE OF THE COLD STEEL — THE UNCONQUERABLE VERMONTERS — THEY RESCUE BATTERY M — WE ARE COMPLIMENTED BY GEN. LEWIS A. GRANT — TOTAL WRECK OF EARLY'S ARMY — BATTLE-FIELD AMENITIES.



ROM Fisher's Hill Sheridan's army moved rapidly up the Valley, encountering no resistance worth mentioning. As for ourselves, we did not go beyond Harrisonburg, but halted until the army began to retrace its steps to Kernstown. Concerning the devastation of the Valley during this retrograde movement I have little to say. We of the artillery had no hand in it, except to kill a few pigs and chickens for our own use. Of course it was a proper military measure, and was designed to prevent the subsistence of the Rebel army there. But one of my saddest memories is the recollection of the poor women and children looking hopelessly at the destruction of everything they had to eat, the burning of their grain stacks, barns, mills, and frequently their houses, which, though not intentionally set on fire, would frequently be involved in the conflagration of their outbuildings. However, the most of this business was done by the cavalry which brought up the rear, and was stretched across the whole Valley, from mountain to mountain, and absolutely left a desert in its track. Returning to Kernstown we lay there until about the 10th of October, when the Sixth Corps got orders to return to Petersburg, and the next day we marched to Berryville. Here, just as we were about to cross the fords in front of the gap, en route

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to Washington, we were halted. It soon flew through the ranks that we had been recalled. All sorts of rumors prevailed now. The most common and plausible one was that Longstreet had come to the Valley with his Corps, and had superseded Early, also that every man and every gun the Confederacy could then muster was to be turned loose on Sheridan's army to avenge the devastation of the Valley. At all events, we rapidly retraced our steps, passed through Winchester, Kernstown, Newtown, and so on, until Oct. 14, we halted just south of the little hamlet of Middletown. Here we camped in front of Getty's Division, or rather in the interval between that and the First Division, then commanded by Gen. Frank Wheaton, who had succeeded Gen. Davy Russell, killed at Opequan.

The Valley campaign had now been going on for two months since Sheridan took command, and more than three months since the Sixth Corps came to Washington. Two considerable battles had been fought, both brilliant victories, and all the soldiers thought they should have been decisive. So that, when the Sixth Corps started back for Washington en route to Petersburg, no one dreamed that the chief battle of the whole campaign was impending, or that it would be one of the most remarkable combats in the annals of warfare.

The ease with which we had defeated Early at the Opequan, and the feebleness of his resistance three days later at Fisher's Hill, had convinced us of the total collapse of his army, which fact, I presume, was the chief reason why he so easily surprised our advanced troops at Cedar Creek. But we also knew that the recall of the Sixth Corps, under the circumstances, must mean business, because the presence of that corps on any field meant that there was to be fighting. It was never known to be on hand for any other purpose. So, as before stated, we marched back to near Middletown, and encamped in the open field to the right rear of the intrenched camp of the Nineteenth Corps, which was in turn camped to the right rear of the Army of West Virginia, sometimes called the Eighth Corps. Those two corps had their camps intrenched, but the Sixth camped in the open.

Here we remained the 16th, 17th and 18th of October without incident of special note. But it was well known in the camp that the Rebels had been heavily reinforced, and it was believed that Longstreet had taken command; indeed, there was a rumor on the 17th or 18th that Lee himself was there. At all events, we all expected to fight another battle — though we "didn't expect that it would come in such unexpected shape," as my Irish blanket-mate remarked after it was all over. The 18th of October had been a warm day for the time of the year, but the night was cool and the result was a dense fog in the valley of the creek from midnight on. I remember this distinctly, being on the camp guard that night, and having the "trick" from 11 till 1 a. m., and when I was relieved at the latter hour you couldn't see a hundred feet in any direction on the lower ground near the creek, though the moon was shining brightly upon the mountain in our front.

In order that the situation at this time may be more clearly under-

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stood, it is necessary to offer a brief survey of the ground and the dispositions of the troops. The army was camped in the irregular angle bounded by Cedar Creek on the west and the Shenandoah on the south. Cedar Creek flows in a general southerly direction, and joins the river just above McIntorf's Ford. The course of the river at this point is approximately east and west, and the mountain comes abruptly down on its south bank. There is another ford (Bowman's) about a quarter of a mile below McIntorf's, and still another about a mile and a half below the latter called Buckton Ford. All these fords were supposed to be picketed. Through the angle formed by creek and river the Valley Turnpike holds a general southwesterly course toward Strasburg, crossing Cedar Creek by a substantial stone bridge, having difficult approaches in consequence of steep banks. A small stream, called Meadow Brook, heads west of the pike and flows parallel with it for about four miles, emptying into Cedar Creek about three quarters of a mile above the pike bridge. Another brook, called Middlemarsh, heads about even with Meadow Brook, and flows parallel with it for about three miles into Cedar Creek. On the series of ridges or the rolling plateau between these two last-named brooks the battle was principally fought. The army was camped with a view to the pike as a line of operations and Cedar Creek as the proper front. Crook's command had the left of the army and held all of the line south of the pike bridge, its extreme left terminating about a mile below the bridge in a fortified camp fronting Roberts's Ford, and held by Thoburn's Division. The Nineteenth Corps held all the ground between the pike bridge and the mouth of Meadow Brook, its camp also being fortified. The Sixth Corps was camped on the north side of Meadow Brook, to the right and rear of the Nineteenth, but was simply bivouacked in the fields with neither fortifications nor shelter. The artillery of the Sixth Corps was camped together along the crossroad which runs from Middletown Hamlet on the pike to Cedar Creek at Hottle's Ford. Owing to a bend in Meadow Brook it happened that some of the batteries were south of the brook, and a short distance beyond was Belle Grove Mansion, which was army headquarters. As before stated, the proper frontage of all these camps was toward Cedar Creek, no provision having been made to refuse the left flank in anticipation of a possible attack from the direction of the river. The attack did come from that quarter, and the enemy got in the rear of Thoburn's camp before daylight, attacking his men in their tents, his intrenchments and artillery looking toward Cedar Creek being of no use whatever. The result of this attack was the temporary dispersion of Thoburn's Division, he himself being killed in a desperate attempt to make a new front in accordance with the situation as developed. The enemy, following this advantage rapidly, soon flanked the other (R. B. Hayes's) division of Crook's command out of its position, and then assailed in the same manner the rear of the intrenched camp of the Nineteenth Corps, supplementing this rear attack by assailing the left flank of that corps, perpendicular to its line, with Kershaw's Division. These operations had begun about 5 o'clock in the

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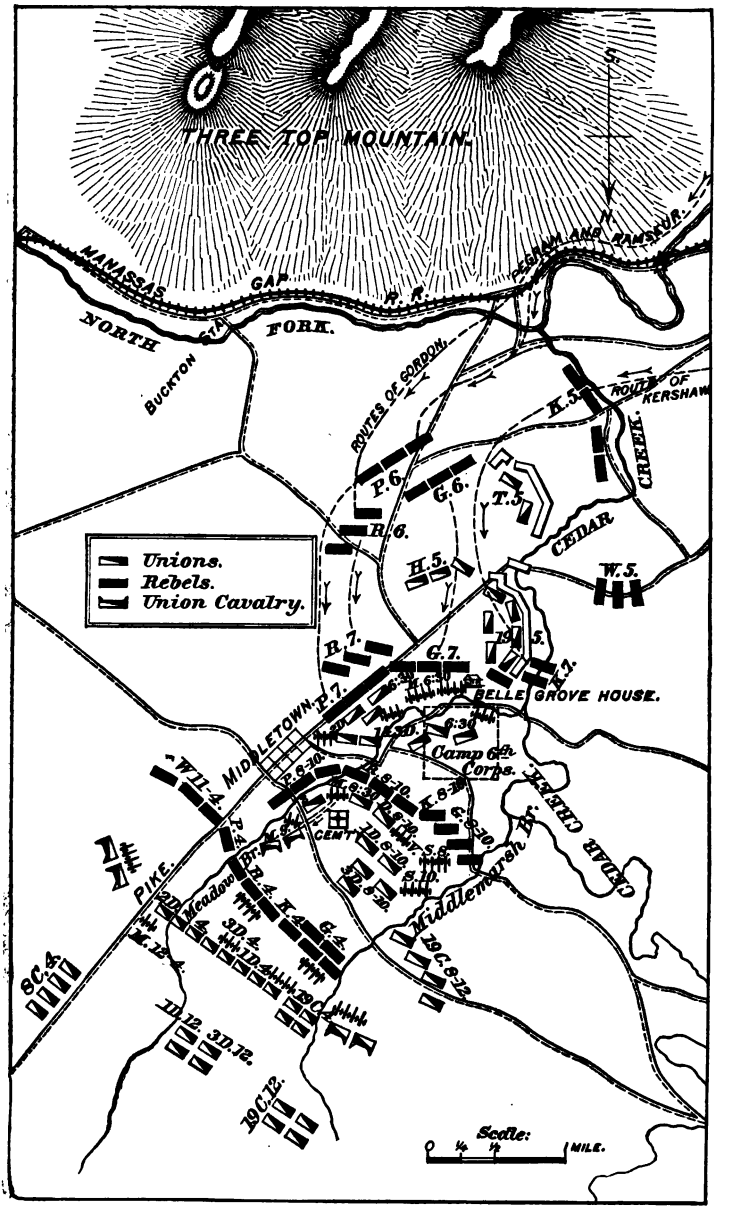

DIAGRAM OF CEDAR CREEK.

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morning, which was long before daylight at that time of the year, and in the course of an hour and a half they had made sufficient progress to bring the Sixth Corps into action. In a word, three divisions of the enemy—Gordon's, Ramseur's and Pegram's—had swept along the rear of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps from left to right, and, reinforced by Kershaw from the flank and by Wharton from the old front, they now assailed in turn the Sixth Corps, which, indeed, had not lacked warning.

There has been much acrimonious controversy about the surprise of that morning, but the scope of this work does not permit reference to it except to say that, under the same circumstances, any other troops would have done just as the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps did. Suffice to say that by 6:30 in the morning the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps had left their original positions in more or less disorder, and the Sixth Corps had formed a new front practically in reverse of the old one, having thereby shifted its relative position from the right rear to the left front of the army.

The first movement which Gen. Wright made with the Sixth Corps was to throw Getty's (Second) Division across Meadow Brook with a view to forming a new line on the pike just above Middletown.

LEGEND OF DIAGRAM.

UNION POSITIONS.

T. 5—Thoburn at 5 a. m.
H. 5—R. B. Hayes at 5 a. m.
19 C. 5—Nineteenth Corps at 5 a. m.
2 D. 6:30—Getty at 6:30 a. m.
1 D. 6:30—Wheaton at 6:30 a. m.
3 D. 6:30—Ricketts at 6:30 a. m.
M. 6:30—McKnight, first position.
2 D. 8-10—Getty on Cemetery Hill from 8 to 9:30 or 10 a. m.
1 D. 8-10—Wheaton from 8 to 10 a. m.
3 D. 8-10—Ricketts from 8 to 10 a. m.
19 C. 8-10—Nineteenth Corps from 8 to 10 a. m.
M. 8:30—McKnight in front of Cemetery — place of the wreck.
M. 9—McKnight, two guns on left of Bidwell from, say, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.
V. 8—Van Etten, on Warner's line, 8 to 9:30 a. m.
S. 8—Stevens, first position.
S. 10—Stevens, second position.
2 D. 4—Getty, final position.
3 D. 4—Ricketts, final position.
1 D. 4—Wheaton, final position,
1 D. 12—Wheaton reforming line at noon.
3 D. 12—Ricketts (Keifer) reforming line at noon.
19 C. 12—Nineteenth Corps reforming at noon.
19 C. 4—Nineteenth Corps, final position.
8 C. 4—Crook's command rallied.

CONFEDERATE POSITIONS.

W. 5—Wharton at 5 a. m.
K. 5—Kershaw at 5 a. m.
P. 6—Pegram at 6 a. m.
G. 6—Gordon at 6 a. m.
R. 6—Ramseur at 6 a. m.
R. 7—Ramseur at 7 a. m.
G. 7—Gordon at 7 a. m.
P. 7—Pegram at 7 a. m.
K. 7—Kershaw at 7 a. m.

[This was where they first struck the Sixth Corps. The diagram shows Kershaw at 7 a. m. "straddle" of the creek. This is not accurate. All his troops were east of the creek.]

P. 8-10—Pegram attacking Getty.
R. 8-10—Ramseur attacking Getty.
K. 8-10—Kershaw attacking Getty.
G. 8-10—Gordon flanking the First Division.

[These were the positions of the fight at the Cemetery.]

W. 11-4; P. 4; R. 4; K. 4, and G. 4 represent the final positions of the enemy, from which they were routed.

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In making this movement they passed the Battery camp. All the batteries had turned out and hitched up at the first alarm before daylight, when the attack on Thoburn began. When I had turned in at 1 o'clock everything was so quiet that any alarm that night seemed impossible, and I had pulled off my boots, jacket and trousers, and crawled into our warm double blankets, alongside of Pat, in a sense of perfect security. Falling asleep almost instantly, I realized nothing until I felt a rude shake and heard Pat's voice, "Turn out, quick! We're attacked!" and the shrill blast of our bugles, the shouts of our officers and the rattle of the harness, and, above all, the crash, crash, crash of rapid volleys up in front — all of which, in the fog and darkness, made a perfect pandemonium. Crawling out of the shelter tent, I "dressed" in the open air and ran to post, leaving everything in the tent just as it was — blankets, haversacks, etc., taking nothing with me but my canteen and revolver-belt, which I buckled on as I ran. The sound of battle in front rose heavier and heavier through the fog. As we moved to take position, which was not more than 100 yards from our camp, we saw the Vermonters on our left and Wheaton's old Brigade (then commanded by Col. Warner) on our right — we were in the interval between them — rapidly deploying through the fog and gloom. They moved out in front of us and crossed the brook, we remaining on the knoll. Here in a few minutes we found ourselves in line with some of Ricketts's (Third) Division, the 10th Vermont, of the First Brigade of that division, being the nearest infantry command. It was now growing lighter, but the fog still hung low and not much could be seen; but a great deal could be heard, and it kept getting louder and coming closer — yells, volleys, occasional cannon shots, etc. By this time it may have been between 6 and 7 a. m. The fog was beginning to "scale up" where we were, and in a few minutes we could see quite a distance — perhaps 40 rods — and could distinguish objects as far as the grove west of the pike.

The enemy was following up his success vigorously and soon began to strike the skirmishers of Grant's Brigade, who were in our left front. Capt. McKnight ordered us to open with case, but there was such a jam of wagons and other debris in our immediate front that we had to wait for them to clear the way, and when we did open the enemy was pretty close to us. The Rebel infantry began file firing as they came up, and Lieut. Fred Robinson, who commanded the left section, was severely wounded and had to leave the field. At the same time our infantry on the left of the Battery was compelled to refuse its left flank to face toward the pike, and in doing so left the Battery without support on either flank. Just at this moment the enemy came up out of the ravine to our left and fired a scattering volley. This killed George Appleton, who came from McCartney's 1st Massachusetts Battery. He was standing close to me, and his blood spouted in jets as he fell, staining my jacket and trousers from the breast to the knee. Capt. McKnight — who was Acting Chief or doing some other staff duty that day, but happened to be in the Battery at that moment — now ordered us to limber to the rear and take position on the

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high knoll or small hill half a mile or so to the north. There was no use to try to hold that position where we were, with the unsupported Battery alone, as the other batteries — Stevens's, Lamb's and Van Etten's — to the right had already began to retire with Wheaton's (First) Division. There was a brushy little ravine close to our left flank, where a little rill flowed into Meadow Brook, and the enemy's skirmishers swarmed into this and, as we were limbering up, fired a volley which downed every driver and team on No. 2 gun of the left section, and they also reached far enough around our left flank to get in on our rear and cripple two of the caisson teams, so that we had to abandon that gun and the two caissons of the left section. It is my impression that they also caught Van Etten's left section — which joined us on our right — in the same way. But we got off with the other five guns and four caissons, and fell rapidly back to the point indicated, going in battery again on the west side of Meadow Brook, opposite Middletown village or hamlet, a little in front and to the right of the old burying ground which was on the crest of the knoll. We lost in this first encounter one officer and seven or eight men, together with one gun, two caissons and probably 12 or 15 horses.

Our infantry now rapidly formed on the slopes of the knoll or hill, occupying the fences and such other cover as the ground afforded, we being in the interval between Grant's and Bidwell's Brigades. When this first retrograde movement took place the Third Division, which had been with us in front of the Belle Grove House, obliqued to the right and we retreated with the Second Division. The fact is that even the Sixth Corps was in some little confusion there, which is saying a great deal. The enemy himself appeared to be in a good deal of confusion, and took some time to rally — perhaps half an hour — on the ground which we had occupied at first. There was still considerable fog on the lower ground. Immediately on the left flank of the Battery in this new position was another little ravine, with a tumble-down stone wall running along the bank next to us, and it struck me at the time that this exposed us to an attack similar to the one that had cost us a gun and several men in the first position. To our right, and running along the side of the hill diagonally to our line, was another wall, which some part of the Vermonters had seized. Beyond that our new line bent round the curve of the hill to the westward of the Cemetery, where Warner was forming his brigade on the right of the Vermonters. To the left Bidwell's men were forming along the bank of the brook, but they did not connect with the Vermonters, so that there was a gap of about 20 rods, or at least several battery fronts in width, which the Battery was plainly expected to hold. So we loaded canister double and braced ourselves for business of a pressing nature.

And now the enemy, having reformed his line, came on again with loud yells. The moment they started we opened on them at point blank, and doing some fine execution, but they wouldn't stop. Being Acting Gunner since leaving the first position, I "kept her muzzle down," so that every round "threw the dirt in their faces;" but there was no stopping them.

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On they came, swinging their left around to take in reverse the short piece of stone wall that the advanced line of the Vermonters held, and in doing so the musketry of their left began to enfilade our Battery front. Our right and center sections stood their ground well, and the right gun was slewed round to the right to meet this flank attack. But Lieut. Robinson, commanding our left section, had been already shot, and one of his guns had been abandoned, as before mentioned, in our first position, so that section was wholly demoralized, and its remaining men were either shot or driven from their gun, which was exposed to a fire from the ravine before described. The enemy was now so near that we "could see the whites of his eyes," and firing as he came on.

They were coming on in two lines; the first a rather heavy skirmish line, about 10 to 20 rods in advance of their main line, and they were also reaching round our left flank from the other side of the brook. It was their front or skirmish line that struck us. There were probably about 75 or 80 of them that actually struck us, and the row was all over before the main line got up. I could not believe that they were actually going to close with us until the men on the remaining gun of our left section abandoned it and retreated toward the old graveyard wall. Their front line was not in order, but there was an officer leading them, and I distinctly heard him shout: "Rally on the Battery! Rally on the Battery!" Our section and the right stood firm. Pat Hunt drove home his last double canisters when their leading men were within 40 feet of him, and as our No. 4 — sturdy Jake Gabriel — fell shot through the head in the act of "hooking on" I took the lanyard as it slipped through his nerveless fingers and yanked it right in their teeth, almost, but they were right on top of us, and as Kershaw's Rebel veterans understood this kind of business they "opened out," so that the charge did not hit any of them, as I could see, and in a second they were amongst us, amid smoke, fog, wreck, yells, clash and confusion which no pen can depict and no pencil portray. It was now man to man, hand to hand, with bayonet and musket butt on their side and revolvers, rammer heads and handspikes on ours!

But just at this supreme moment their advance line reeled and wavered, 80 or 100 of the Vermonters charged in and drove the enemy out of the Battery at the point of the bayonet, and Lieut. Baldwin desperately attempted to limber the remaining guns to the rear. As the limbers "wheeled in" for this purpose they got a fierce volley from the enemy's main line that had halted about 200 feet from us, and nearly every driver and horse in the five teams fell. Meantime the Vermonters, who had been driven from their stone wall, or rather flanked out of its cover, kept rallying on our right as they came back, and raking our Battery front with a fire that held the Rebel main line momentarily in check. The advanced skirmish line of the Rebels was now disposed of, and as all our commissioned officers were gone Serg't Yoder and the few that were left — some Cannoneers who had escaped the butchery of the moment before, some drivers who had extricated themselves out from under their fallen teams, together with Serg't

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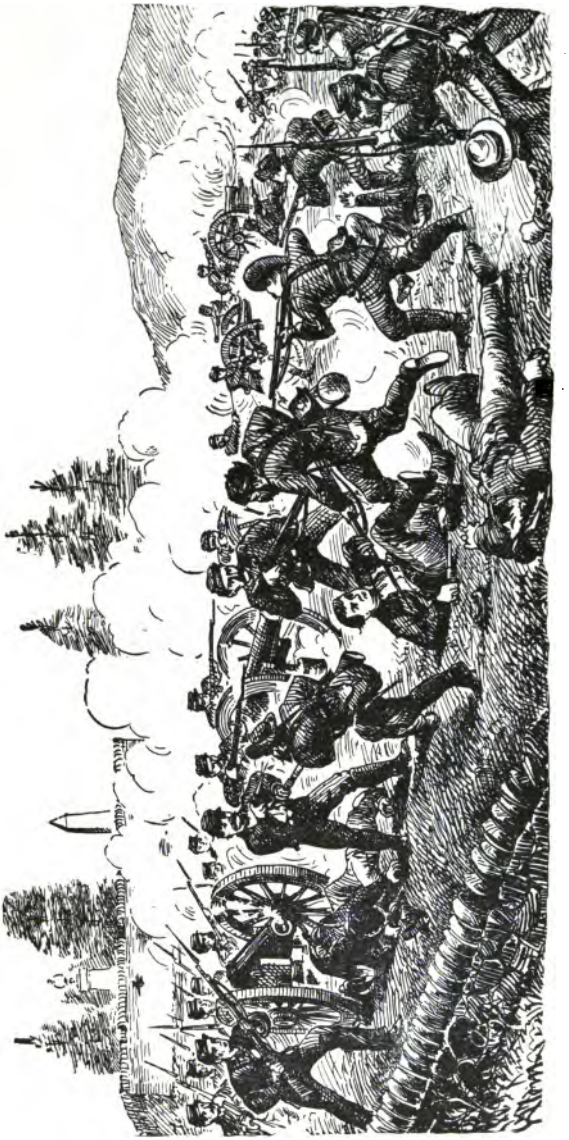

ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE BETWEEN VERMONT AND SOUTH CAROLINA FOR MCKNIGHT'S GUNS.

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Beckhardt and Corp'ls Knorr, Kennedy and Benham — succeeded, with the help of some of the infantry, in dragging off two guns — No. 1 of the right and No. 1 of the center sections — by hand with the prolonges.

Just at this moment another of our men — Andrew Olsen, who had joined the Battery but a few days before at Kernstown — was hit. I stated in the original sketch that he was killed, but he has since written me to say that he was not, which is "good authority." He was struck in the side of the neck by a piece of shell, for it must be understood that when the enemy's infantry recoiled he reopened with his artillery. Andrew was a Danish boy, tall and slight. When hit he threw his arms round my neck and asked me to carry him away or save him or something of that sort. But being busy trying to limber up the gun, and having no orders to assist the wounded, it was necessary for me to shake him off, and, as I never saw him afterward and soon left the Battery, I got the impression that he was killed. My uniform was already stained by Appleton's blood, and now, when Olsen leaned upon me, bleeding profusely from his neck wound, it fairly soaked my left sleeve and side; so I was literally "bloody as a butcher." As it turned out, Olsen's wound, though painful, was not dangerous. He fell into the hands of the enemy when we abandoned that position, but was among those rescued by the cavalry that night, and he now lives in Minnesota.

As we began to move off with the two guns that were saved we could see in the smoke and yet remaining fog the unconquerable Vermonters still rallying to cover us, and as the enemy's main line came on again the infantry had it with bayonet and musket butt right among the guns that we had abandoned. We had not gone back more than 40 or 50 yards when we found one gun-limber with two horses and another with four that had escaped the wreck, and to these we at once limbered the two guns with the prolonges, and so dragged them back some distance, moving along on the west bank of the brook in a sort of beaten track that had evidently been made by farm wagons in the peaceful days gone by. We continued this retreat for some minutes, until we came to a little ravine formed by a small rill that runs into Meadow Brook from the west, and here we found under cover of the ravine another caisson that had escaped the wreck in our first position. Just at this moment the enemy began to swarm up from across the brook on the flank of the Vermonters and Bidwell's Brigade, who were still in our front, fighting as no other infantry ever fought, and threatened to take them in reverse. Here Gen. Lewis A. Grant, then temporarily commanding the Division, placed us in position on a small knoll just to the left of Bidwell, and we at once opened with our two guns on this flanking column, taking them obliquely with double canister as they swung around on the other bank of the brook, and we made their leading line recoil back to the pike and take shelter among the fences and houses of the little hamlet of Middletown!

We were all profoundly impressed with Gen. Lewis Grant's bearing on this occasion. When we had got our two guns out of the wreck and

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were hauling them along the rear of Bidwell's line Gen. Grant was a little to the left of the graveyard, and, seeing us, he came up and said:

"Have you any ammunition left?"

Serg't Yoder answered that we had some ammunition left.

"Then come with me," said Gen. Grant, leading the way across the rocky pasture till we passed the left flank of Bidwell's Brigade.

At this point Meadow Brook makes a little bend to the eastward, forming a small knoll, the crest of which was a little in advance of Bidwell's general alignment. Leading the way to this knoll the General said:

"Go in battery here and attend to those folks coming out of the village; the men on your right will support you."

And then, as he turned his horse to ride back to the center of the division, he called out:

"Now, boys, give 'em the best you've got!" which we proceeded to do.

Gen. Grant was a benevolent-looking man, and, though this little operation of posting the remnant of the Battery was under a terrific musketry fire from the pike below the village and the edge of the town itself, at not more than 60 to 80 rods range, as well as a heavy fire of case from a four-gun battery in the road leading westward out of the town about half a mile away, he gave his orders in a natural and pleasant tone of voice, quite the same as if he had been placing our section for review or inspection! Just about this time Gen. Bidwell was killed within 20 rods of us.

Here I must also say a special word about our gallant Bay State comrades, previously mentioned as having been temporarily attached to our Battery from McCartney's 1st Massachusetts when it was mustered out. Two of them were killed and several wounded in this murderous struggle. When they came to us on Oct. 4 we had welcomed them with open arms, because their old battery had been one of the best in the service, and had been shoulder to shoulder with Battery M for two years. They made a great accession to our strength. At Cedar Creek, which was their only battle in our ranks, every one of them seemed to feel that the honor of the glorious old Revolutionary Commonwealth was in his own personal keeping, and they "stood by," literally, to the last gasp. One of them had been Sergeant in McCartney's Battery and four of them Corporals, but they cheerfully accepted the reduction in rank incident to the consolidation, and the history of Battery M would be incomplete without special mention of their heroic behavior. Massachusetts has reason to be proud of that little detachment of her sons. Their names appear on another page.

I have always taken pride in the action of the remnant of McKnight's Battery at this point. Our position on the little knoll in the bend of the brook was commanding. It gave us a clean sweep of the whole field between the brook and Middletown Village, and we could also rake the front of Bidwell's line. The enemy made three desperate charges across these fields between 8 and 9:30 a. m., at one time coming so close to the dismounted cavalry on our left that the combatants exchanged volleys right

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across the ravine of the little brook, which was scarcely 100 feet from bank to bank. Three guns of Frank Taylor's horse-battery came up on the left of this dismounted cavalry brigade and helped them to repel the attack by a sharp enfilade of canister. The right of the dismounted cavalry came close up to our little knoll. I think those nearest us were the 5th or 6th Regular cavalry, and they certainly held that position with their carbines as well as any infantry could have done.

There has never been a doubt in my mind but that the Vermonters, and Bidwell's and Wheaton's Brigades, who were in our front there would have held that second position if the other troops on their right had not given ground, exposing their right flank. Bidwell's Brigade, on the left of the Vermonters, was swung back almost at right angles to the line of the Vermont Brigade to meet the flank attack now developing from the direction of the pike. Meantime, as the First Division continued to give ground on our right, Warner had to keep throwing back his right flank until the three Brigades of Getty's Division assumed the position of three sides of a hollow square, our Battery being formed at first in the left salient angle of it, and after we were wrecked, as described, forming again with two guns on Bidwell's left flank. This was what we always termed "the second position" of our division, and it was almost exactly opposite — that is, just across Meadow Brook from Middletown Hamlet — and we held it for more than an hour, with the exultant enemy closing in on us from three sides. As this was by great odds the closest and most desperate fighting that I saw during the whole war, and as the behavior of our infantry on that occasion filled me with unspeakable admiration, I have taken much pains to ascertain, by subesquent investigation, the exact circumstances under which that particular part of the battle was fought. The strength of our division was as follows: Warner's Brigade, 1,200; the Vermont Brigade, 1,680; Bidwell's, 1,050, or 3,900 muskets in the whole division. Its artillery was the five guns of our Battery at first, with some of Van Etten's in line with Warner's Brigade, though the inevitable Stevens, with his unfailing old 5th Maine, had got onto the high knoll opposite Warner's flank, and was literally deluging the enemy on that side with his canister. We had three guns playing with double canister on the troops coming down on our front, and the other two wheeled to the left, working at the enemy across the ravine. Van Etten, who, it appears, must have lost some of his guns in the first position, is said to have had three or four here, with which he stoutly aided Warner in the repulse of Kershaw's first assault on that position.

The official maps and records show that the force attacking us at this time was as follows: In front, attacking the Vermonters, Ramseur's Division, 2,500; on our left, assaulting Bidwell, Pegram's Division, 2,200 or 2,300; on our right, pressing and flanking Warner, Kershaw's Division, about 2,600, or nearly 7,500 muskets in all, with 16 guns. At this time — from 8 o'clock in the morning till past 9 — the Second Division received no help or support from any other troops of the army, except Stevens's Battery

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and two or three small regiments of dismounted cavalry which Merritt had formed along the brook to prolong Bidwell's left. To all intents and purposes, therefore, Getty's Division, singlehanded, was standing off three of Early's Divisions, and was fighting odds of at least two to one. This state of things seldom occurred, as our forces usually outnumbered the Rebels. But in this particular and most critical part of Cedar Creek the odds were largely against us. It is this stand made by Getty's Division to which Early refers in his report, when he says: "I found the Sixth Corps posted on the ridge west of the pike and offering determined resistance. Gen. Ramseur and Gen. Pegram had asked for assistance, stating that they were unable to force this line. It had completely arrested our progress at that point!" At this time our First Division (Wheaton's) was about half a mile to the right rear of Warner, reforming, it having been somewhat shattered in the first onset, and our Third Division (Ricketts's) was still to the right rear of Wheaton.

So Getty's Division was absolutely going it alone. For more than an hour this desperate and unequal struggle raged along the banks of Meadow Brook and among the trees and fences of the fields west of Middletown with a ferocity that I never saw paralleled. But it could not avail. The heroic Bidwell fell in the effort to stem the tide that surged in on him from the direction of the pike; even Warner's "Die-hards," as we used to call them, gave ground at last, and that left the Vermonters with both flanks exposed. The whole division then (between 9 and 10 o'clock) began to retire. There was no breaking and no confusion. If every man of them had been a Bengal tiger, fighting for life in his native jungle, they could not have retreated more sullenly nor dealt more destruction about them as they fell back. They retired in two lines, one falling back through the other, in perfect order, and the Rebels did not follow them very closely. As this retrograde movement began Gen. Lewis Grant — still in command of the division — sent an Aid to order us out of that and over the little ravine and to fall back till further orders. So with our two guns and caissons and perhaps 28 or 30 men — several having rejoined us from the wreck — we retired with the prolonges fixed, and hauled our crippled guns along the west bank of the brook until we got on a high knoll about three-quarters of a mile from Middletown, where, as the pursuit had ceased and we saw the Vermonters and Warner's Brigade halting in our front, we faced again, halted, unlimbered and formed section. We did not retreat any farther. Whether the enemy had exhausted himself, or whether he was danted by the front that the Vermonters and Warner's old Brigade and the remains of Bidwell's showed, I don't know, but he recoiled finally and fatally from this last position. It was here that Gen. Sheridan found Getty's Division in line when he reached the field, and he has put it on record that we were the only troops of the army then offering resistance. The rest of the army formed on our right as they came up, and the line which started on the final charge "left dressed" on the Second Division.

Soon after we halted here Capt. McKnight came to us again with the

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No. 2 gun of the left section which had been abandoned in our first position, but was retaken by the 10th Vermont, of Ricketts's Division, and hauled back by hand by some of the Vermonters, until a limber, with the wheel team left unscathed, which had belonged to one of Crook's batteries, was found, and they hooked onto that and thus sent the gun to the rear. This gun, however, was not serviceable during the rest of the day. My recollection is that this gun had been spiked by its Gunner when he saw that they would have to abandon it. Capt. McKnight also brought us another caisson, but it was nearly empty. Our final position was about three-quarters of a mile north of Middletown Village. The place where we halted was at the point where Meadow Brook comes nearest to the line of the pike, and the time was near noon. This was the end of the retrograde movement of the Sixth Corps on any part of its line, and we were put into battery — or rather into section — and opened again in this position, but as the enemy did not come on we ceased at the third round; in fact, as both guns had been drawing on the caisson that we found in the ravine, as before stated, and no new supply had come up, we had little ammunition left, we having fired 60 or 70 rounds per gun during the hour or so that we where holding the position on the knoll to the left of Bidwell's line, when we drove the enemy's flankers back into Middletown. While in this position we were reorganized as a section, all our remaining ammunition packed in the limbers, and the teams that belonged to the caisson were hooked to the guns, so that we were in pretty good shape for action again. This was done by Capt. McKnight in a brief interval of his staff duty. Perhaps at this point more particular mention should be offered concerning the stand made by Greenleaf Stevens and his 5th Maine Battery, already mentioned.

I have already remarked that at the time when Getty's Division was fighting in its second position Stevens, who had apparently been retiring in the interval between the right of Getty and the left of Wheaton, formed his battery on the knoll opposite the right flank of Warner's Brigade and opened a tremendous fire of canister on that part of the enemy's line which was advancing to envelop Warner. These must have been Kershaw's troops, but there was another Rebel division coming up still beyond Kershaw over the ground vacated by our First Division. This, according to Early's account, was Gordon's Division, and one brigade of it started to charge Stevens's Battery. According to the best information, immediately after the battle or since, there was no infantry of the First Division within supporting distance of Stevens at that moment, as that division was then reforming at from one-third to one-half a mile in his rear. But he stood his ground and repulsed the charge of Gordon's troops, who did not get more than half way up the acclivity of the knoll he was holding, and who, according to Gen. Early's account, "recoiled in considerable confusion." Of course the climax of my military experience occurred when the enemy got on top of us in front of the Cemetery, of which, perhaps, a detailed description may not be uninteresting.

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In order to clearly comprehend what such a rough-and-tumble fight means, it is necessary to explain briefly the lay of the ground. We were formed on the crown of a slight knoll, which terminated abruptly on our left flank in the bank of the ravine formed by a little branch of Meadow Brook, and our left gun—the remaining one of our left section—was close to this bank. In our immediate front there was a slight depression, and beyond that another knoll, and along the brow of that knoll, about 20 rods from our position, was a stone wall, or the remains of one, nearly parallel to the line of battle. To our right about 10 rods was another wall running obliquely to our line and joining the wall in our front near the top of the knoll. The Vermonters had rallied behind this last-mentioned piece of wall, and the Rebels flanked them out of it by extending their own left at the same time that their skirmish line attacked us in front. The ravine to our left was also full of Rebel skirmishers, who had come across the field between Meadow Brook and the pike, from which they had just driven our dismounted cavalry flankers. I said that the men on the remaining gun of our left section abandoned it as soon as the enemy began to come up out of the ravine. No one could blame them, because they really had no chance to defend themselves, as, in the smoke and remaining fog and under the cover of the little ravine, the enemy was right onto them and in their rear before they could see him; in fact, we would all have been perfectly justified in abandoning the whole Battery, because we could not tell how many of the enemy's infantry there were in the attacking line, and we had absolutely no infantry support, except the handful of the 5th and 6th Vermont who had rallied on our right when flanked out of their position behind the stone wall, and there was no organized force of our infantry on the other side of the brook at all. In our right and center sections there were 23 or 24 Cannoneers, four or five non-commissioned officers and Lieut. Baldwin, and none of us had any arms except revolvers. It was, therefore, a question whether about 30 artillerymen, with revolvers, could repulse a heavy skirmish line of veteran infantry, backed by a main line of battle less than 20 rods behind them. Of course our drivers, having their teams to look out for, could not help the Cannoneers in such a struggle as that, though they were willing enough!

As our gun was on the left of the Battery after the crew of the left gun abandoned it we had to deal with the Rebels who were coming up out of the ravine, as well as those directly in our front. I freely confess that when I had pulled the lanyard the last time my impulse was to run; but when I saw Serg'ts Yoder and Beckhardt and Corp'ls Kennedy, Benham and Knorr, and Cannoneers Pike, Marean, Hummel, Gresser, Hunt, Callahan and others pull their revolvers to stand their ground, I did not see how I could consistently desert them, and so I pulled, too, and began shooting at the Johnnies coming up out of the ravine. The usual revolver for the Cannoneers was the Navy Remington or the Colt, but the one I had was a "French Tranter," as they were called, which I had bought from Corp'l Ray, of the 10th New York Cavalry, who had taken it from the body of a

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Confederate Lieutenant killed at Brandy Station the year before. I used to say that "I captured it," but, as a matter of fact, I captured it with a $5 bill. However, it was a captured weapon — by proxy if not in person. Of course all six loads were gone out of it in as many seconds. My last shot hit the Rebel Lieutenant who was leading his men and knocked him down. He was captured later in the day. He had on a hat that was too large for him, and, as it afterward appeared, he had stuffed some paper or pasteboard under the leather sweat band to make it fit, and as he happened to have it pulled down over his eyes my ball struck it just over his left temple and was deflected by the paper wadding in his hat; otherwise it must have gone through his head. He was so close when I fired that my flash singed his eyelashes and blew his left cheek full of powder. Two of his men were up with him, one on each side, and Hunt shot the one on his left, killing him instantly. But the one on the right, a wiry cuss, bareheaded and wearing a red shirt, lunged at me with his bayonet as the Lieutenant was falling. I grabbed the haft of the bayonet (it was a saber bayonet) with my left hand, and tried to close with this fellow, intending to hammer him over the head with the empty pistol barrel; but he jerked his musket loose, and, shortening for a "tierce thrust," struck at my neck. I threw up my left arm, "elbow up and wrist down," to parry for my neck, and his bayonet entered my arm half way between the elbow and shoulder. It penetrated the skin and in my effort to spring backward I caught my heel against a stone or something and fell over back. Just as I was falling I saw a bright bayonet and rifle barrel thrust almost under my nose, with a blinding flash and report, and down came Rebel, musket and all, on top of me — his musket falling across my body. Intent on my original purpose, and thinking that he had only stumbled, I quickly disengaged myself, and, rising on my left hand and knee, struck him over the left ear with my pistol barrel, reaching for him with every muscle in my arm. This sagged him a little to one side, and then I noticed that he was "clawing gravel" with his fingers, (the convulsive grasping at the grass and dirt which a man dying of a gunshot wound will always do), and at the same moment I felt myself seized by the shoulder and lifted up, and heard, "Are you hurt?"

Looking up I saw Serg't Aldrich, of the Vermonters, who, with a dozen or so of his men, had got into our section and either killed or drove back what few remained of the Rebel skirmishers on the side of the ravine. I told him I was all right, and then I noticed that our remaining men and some of the infantry were rallying on Beckhardt's gun (No. 1 of our section) and trying to drag it off with the prolonge. Just then I glanced around toward the ravine, and not seeing any more Rebels coming out of it, and also noticing that those in our proper front were running back toward their main line, I thought we could save our gun, and began to strip the prolonge off the hooks for a drag-rope. But Yoder called out to me to rally on Beck's (Serg't Beckhardt's) gun, and so I ran and caught hold of the drag-rope with the rest of the boys. Serg't Aldrich saved my life, because that red-shirted Rebel would to a dead certainty have bayoneted me on the

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spot if Aldrich had not killed him as I was falling. In such a ruction as that was there is no time to surrender or to take prisoners. Fortunately such situations seldom happen even in the fiercest battles, but when they do it is always "either kill or die." It is idle to talk about "giving quarter" under such circumstances. A hand-to-hand fight between an infantryman with musket and bayonet and a Cannoneer with a revolver among the guns of a battery must result in the death of one of them 999 times out of 1,000.

While this was going on Hunt had had a similar encounter with the other infantryman who came on with the Lieutenant. As he described it to me that night, Hunt whirled to meet this infantryman just as I shot at the Lieutenant, and the man plunged his bayonet at him, striking him at the left side just above the ends of the short ribs, and the point of the bayonet glanced off the ribs and ran round in the skin and flesh, making a furrow four or five inches long. As Pat felt the cold steel in his side he grabbed the musket by the barrel with his left hand and jerked the Rebel toward him, and gave it to him with his revolver right in the face and eyes! He lay there on his face, with his arms all sprawling out and his hands grasping dead leaves and gravelstones, when we retook the position in the afternoon. Pat's bullet had struck him exactly in the left eye, destroying that member, passing through his head and going out just back of the right ear. The flash of Pat's powder had burned his eyebrows and blackened his face all over. He never knew what hurt him. I asked Pat if he didn't think his time had come when he felt the cold steel in his ribs. "No, be ——," replied the invincible Irishman, "I thought that Rebel's time had come, the bosthoon!" (Irish for blockhead). Pat's courage was of that peculiar kind which always leads a man to believe that his opponent has no show at all.

The one that tried to bayonet me was lying also on his face where he fell. Examining his body I found that Serg't Aldrich's bullet had struck him in the left side about three inches below the arm-pit, passed through in a slightly downward direction, and came out at the end of the upper short rib on the right side. His red shirt was scorched and blackened on the side where the bullet went in, the muzzle of Aldrich's Springfield having been within three feet of his side when the Sergeant pulled his fatal trigger.

The Lieutenant whom I had hit in the head and stunned was not there, but in a few minutes one of the men found him down in the ravine. He had encountered hard luck. Lying there stunned for some time after we had left the position, he came to his senses and got up immediately, intending to join their main line, which had then just begun to advance to its third and last position; but he said he had hardly gotton on his feet when he was hit in the knee. This shot dislocated his knee-cap and paralyzed his leg, but he crawled down into the ravine for shelter, and was left behind by the enemy when they fell back, as were quite a number of other wounded who had also crawled into the ravine, and we had to

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take care of them. I was very glad to find this Lieutenant alive. Seeing the "fur fly" from his hat when I shot, I was of the opinion that I had killed him, particularly as he was so completely stunned that he fell and lay perfectly still. During the few minutes that we remained there in our final advance I did all I could for him, but could not give him anything but water, as I had left my haversack in the tent when we turned out so suddenly in the morning, and hadn't a morsel to eat for my own use.

The wreck of the Battery — dead and wounded men, killed and crippled horses, etc. — where Baldwin had attempted to limber up, was the worst I had ever seen. The left section had suffered severely in our first position, but three or four more of its men had been hit in the attempt to limber up the remaining (No. 1) gun of that section in the second position. In our right and center sections 29 or 30 men had been killed, wounded or taken, besides Lieut. Baldwin, though most of the wounded and prisoners, and all the captured guns, were retaken later in the evening. The Lieutenant was among them. He had been shot down, but tried to get up, and was again both shot and bayoneted, though some of the wounded Rebels who lay in the position averred that their men were not to blame for wounding Baldwin the second time, because they said he refused to surrender, and was in the act of cocking his revolver when bayoneted. He was taken back to the hospital at Winchester, where he died from his wounds a few days after the battle. He was a fine, generous officer, and much liked by all the men.

There was always a difference of opinion among the men about the enemy's treatment of Baldwin. Some of the boys who went to see him in the hospital at Winchester, where he was slowly dying, said that he corroborated the statement of the Rebels about his having refused to surrender. But Capt. McKnight used to say that if Baldwin did refuse to surrender, it was because he thought it would not do him any good if he did, as it was known that he had already killed one of their infantrymen and wounded another with his revolvers when they first struck us, and as he was in front of the guns they no doubt sought vengeance on him. However, though in camp one of the kindest of officers and gentlest of men, Baldwin was so constituted that the sight of blood or "the saltpeter getting up his nose" always turned him into a regular Bengal tiger, and so it is probable that he owed his untimely death to his courage getting the better of his discretion. Some idea of the desperate character of this combat may be had from the fact that when the position was retaken in the afternoon 19 dead men were found within the Battery front — artillerymen, Vermonters and Rebels — all mixed up and piled across one another in some instances, and of these five showed no marks but those of the cold steel! And, besides these, several of the wounded had been bayoneted. It is doubtful whether, on such a limited front and among so few troops, the cold steel was ever so freely used in any battle as it was by the 5th and 6th Vermont and the 5th and 8th South Carolina among the guns of McKnight's Battery at Cedar Creek.

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Of this affair Gen. Lewis A. Grant says: "McKnight's guns were fiercely fought to the last moment, and then desperately defended both by the artillerymen and by some of my brigade. And the subsequent behavior of the remnant of the Battery rescued from the wreck was beyond praise!" Comrade Charles E. Thompson, of Company I, 5th Vermont, writes as follows:

I was in it right there in what remained of Company I, 5th Vermont, and did what little I could to help save McKnight's Battery, of the 5th Regulars. And I will say that those Regular Cannoneers stood by their guns that morning in a way that I never have seen the like of. Serg't Aldrich belonged to the 6th Vermont. I do not know what has become of him. But we just made up our minds that we would help that battery out, and we did. If their horses had not been killed they would have got all their guns away. As it was they had to leave some, but got away with two or three by hand. But the Rebels did not get a chance to use the others. After they had got their two or three guns away we staid there and drove the Rebels out, and when we retired there were several on both sides lying dead among the guns who had been killed by bayonets. I saw dead men lying across other dead men in the position held by the Battery. It was the most desperate fight our old Vermont Brigade ever had, except the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. It was just about like that, but at the Angle we attacked earthworks, while at Cedar Creek we were both on open ground. McKnight's men certainly did stand by their guns, and many of them died there. We loved McKnight's 5th United States Battery because it had been with us a long time and was always ready for action.

Comrade Thompson also entertainingly tells how Gen. Lewis A. Grant got his soubriquet of "Aunt Liddy," by which he was known throughout the Sixth Corps:

This name was given to him by Jim Mason, of Company G, 5th Vermont, when Gen. Grant was Colonel of that regiment. Jim Mason was a good soldier, but he would get drunk whenever he could get hold of liquor. One time he got drunk, and Col. Grant, who had let him off easy several times, ordered him to be punished. Then Jim said: "Colonel, you remind me of my Aunt Liddy." I don't know what that meant, but all the boys seemed to catch it up in the 5th Vermont, and it extended through the brigade, so that when Col. Grant was promoted to be Brigadier-General all the boys called him "Aunt Liddy."

The following is the text of Capt. McKnight's official report of the action of his Battery at Cedar Creek:

In accordance with orders dated headquarters Artillery Brigade, Sixth Corps, Oct. 22, 1864, I have the honor to report that the Battery under my command went into position on the morning of the 19th inst. 50 yards to the right and front of the Battery camp. The fire of the Battery was delayed fully 10 minutes by the train of wagons passing to its front. This obstruction removed, it opened with spherical case at a range of 600 yards. Second Lieut. Frederick Robinson, in charge of left section, was wounded after the third discharge of his guns and left for the rear. The Guidon Bearer was also wounded at this time. The heavy fire to which the Battery was subjected made it necessary to retire to another position. All the guns were successfully drawn off with the exception of one, which was abandoned owing to the wounding of the Sergeant, Gunner, two Cannoneers, and killing of lead Driver and four horses. This gun was shortly after recaptured and drawn off by the infantry. [This was the gun recaptured and hauled off by the 10th Vermont.] The right

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and center sections were again placed in position a short distance to the rear of the original line under a heavy fire from the front and left flank. This line was untenable. The rapid wounding of men and horses required its abandonment. Lieut. Henry M. Baldwin was ordered to take charge of two guns and Sergt. Daniel B. Yoder a third, each gun having but two horses left to the limbers for removal to the rear. Two of the three guns were successfully withdrawn. The third, owing to both of the horses being wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieut. Henry M. Baldwin, the Guidon Bearer, and guidon were captured at the same time. Lieut. Baldwin was wounded after his surrender of self and gun. The right gun of right section, under charge of Corp'l William H. H. Kennedy, at same time acting as Gunner, and right gun of center section, under charge of Serg't Henry Beckhardt, with Corp'l Charles A. Knorr as Gunner, were brought into action for the third time, using canister with good effect. [Capt. McKnight here refers to the position in which the two guns were placed by Gen. Lewis A. Grant, personally.] These two guns were the last to leave the field. I would respectfully call the attention of the Colonel Commanding Artillery Brigade to the brave and gallant conduct of Lieut. Henry M. Baldwin throughout the entire engagement; also to the cool bravery of Serg't Beckhardt, Corp'ls William H. H. Kennedy and Charles A. Knorr in fighting their guns to the last moment up to threat of capture, and to Serg't Daniel B. Yoder in successfully saving his gun from capture; the return of casualties, material and ammunition expended; also how lost accompanies this report.

Comrade T. H. White, a Lieutenant of the 10th Vermont, which was in the Third Division, writes a description of the recapture of our gun by his regiment which is very interesting, but which cannot be reproduced in full for lack of space.

Ccl. William W. Henry, of the 10th Vermont, speaks in his report of "recapturing three guns belonging to Battery M, 5th Regulars," etc. Two of those guns must have been Van Etten's, as we lost only one in that position (our first position), and this one was returned to us later on, as before mentioned.

With regard to the action of Wheaton's (formerly Russell's) First Division, Comrade Clinton Beckwith, of the 121st New York ("Upton's Regulars"), calls attention to the fact that the "field return of Sept. 30, 1864," does not give a fair idea of the actual strength of the First Division at Cedar Creek, Oct 19. When the Sixth Corps returned from Berryville, just before the battle of Cedar Creek, the whole Third Brigade of the First Division was left at Winchester, and took no part in the battle. This brigade, then commanded by Col. Edwards, constituted nearly, if not quite, half of the division, being composed of seven regiments, as follows: 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry (dismounted), 49th, 82d and 119th Pennsylvania, 2d Rhode Island, 37th Massachusetts and the 5th Wisconsin. The absence of this brigade had a serious effect on the First Division that day, as the other two brigades were only the remnants of the "Jerseys," then consisting of three small regiments, the whole of which were not equal to more than one strong regiment, and Upton's Brigade, of which the 95th and 96th Pennsylvania were consolidated under command of a Captain, while the 121st and 65th New York did not muster more than 120 muskets each, and the 2d Connecticut Heavies did not have more than 300. Hence the

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whole of the First Division, Sixth Corps, could not have mustered over 1,800 muskets, if so many, at Cedar Creek.

Again, Beckwith says that the official statement of losses in the different divisions of the Sixth Corps is misleading, unless due account is taken of the disparity of numbers engaged. He says that the official casualty lists show that the Second Division lost 738 and the Third 706, all told, while the First lost 569. But he wants the student of history to bear in mind that the loss of 738 in the Second Division was out of a total present of about 4,000, the loss of 706 in the Third Division was out of 3,600 to 3,800, while the loss of 569 in the First Division was out of the two skeleton brigades before mentioned, which could not muster 2,000 muskets between them, and yet were expected to hold a division front, and that, too, as it happened, on the most difficult part of the line!

Resuming the narrative of the battle, it was noon or a little past when Getty's Division formed up in its last position. Our flank had now been extended across Meadow Brook and rested on the pike, the Vermonters holding the ground between the brook and the pike, our two guns, together with the one that had been recaptured by the 10th Vermont and returned to us, being in line with them near the road — or, rather, formed in section just behind them. Two more of our caissons had also rejoined us, but they did not contain much ammunition, and had only their wheel teams left. Beyond the pike the line was prolonged by dismounted cavalry of Merritt's Division, and they had some guns of Pierce's and Frank Taylor's horse-batteries in line with them. The other troops of the Sixth Corps — Wheaton's and Ricketts's Divisions — on our right appeared to be a quarter of a mile or so to the rear, but soon came up and prolonged our line to the right, Ricketts in the center and Wheaton on the right of the corps. There was a stone wall running parallel to our line about 60 rods in front, and the enemy occupied this with skirmishers and brought 12 or 14 guns into position on the knoll beyond, to the right of where our Battery had been wrecked in the morning. He opened from these guns about 2 o'clock, or half-past. This elicited a vigorous and effective response from Stevens, Adams and Van Etten, and for 20 or 30 minutes there was a pretty artillery duel at good case range. We were unable to take part in this, as we had no case shot, and, in fact, not much ammunition of any kind. But our help was not needed, as the enemy was soon induced, by the arguments of Stevens, Adams and Van Etten, to haul his guns off the ridge and over behind the road in his rear, which was known as the Forge Road. After this artillery fire ceased there was a complete lull for nearly two hours, during which time Gen. Sheridan came down as far as the pike, inspecting the line. He had been on the field about three hours at that time, and, it appears, had personally rallied the Nineteenth Corps and put it in position on the right of Wheaton's Division.

It was said that when Sheridan reached the field he came to the Second Division, but, finding that it was doing pretty well, went over to the

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right, where the "magic of his presence" was more needed. When he saw the remnant of our Battery and how stanchly we were standing by, he called out to us cheerily, "Your are all right, boys! Stick to 'em. We'll have your other guns back before dark!"

SHERIDAN INSPECTING THE LINE.

Whereupon we gave him three cheers. As he rode back from the pike toward the right he told some of the men of the Vermont Brigade that we would "go at 'em again in a few minutes, and would knock seven different kinds of —— out of 'em." During this lull of the fight it had occurred to me that I had better reload my old revolver. To my astonishment my cartridge box was clean gone from my belt. It must have been shot away while we were engaged in the rough-and-tumble in our second position. But I did not feel it, though it must have taken quite a blow to break the two leather straps by which the regulation pistol cartridge box was fastened to the belt. It was a serious loss to me, because my revolver used the pin fire metallic cartridge, which I had to buy, as the Government did not issue them, and I had recently filled the cartridge box at a cost of 10 cents per cartridge!

If anything yet written does full justice to Getty's Division at Cedar Creek it has escaped my notice. I knew nothing of other commands except by hearsay, but was personally conversant with some part of the action of that Division, and it seems to me that Battery M owes a debt of gratitude and admiration to the unconquerable infantry of those devoted brigades, particularly the Vermonters, who stood by us through thick and thin; who came in at the supreme moment and helped us save part of our guns when we were making a fight for them that involved bayonet wounds and scorching men's hair and eyebrows with revolver-flashes; who contested two positions, one after the other, with bayonet and musket butt to enable us to drag our remaining guns off by hand, until we could get room to work them again; who never turned their backs, much less ever "broke," and who, when the tide turned, though nearly half butchered, were the first to carry the enemy's position at the stone wall in their front! Nobody—Gen. Sheridan or otherwise—ever "rallied" these men, because they never required any rallying. Getty's Division might have been buried at Cedar Creek, but not broken!

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The Second Division of the Sixth Corps had glory to spare before it ever saw the Shenandoah Valley. It had wrenched fame and honor from the teeth of many a fierce battle; but its old white Greek cross never gleamed with such fadeless splendor as in the fog and murk and wreck of that October morning, when it marked the spot where stood and stayed the Rock of Cedar Creek! Such were the men of Warner's Brigade, the 62d New York and 93d, 98th, 102d and 139th Pennsylvania; of Lewis Grant's Vermont Brigade, the 1st Heavy Artillery, the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Vermont; of Bidwell's Third Brigade, the 1st Maine Veterans, 43d, 49th, 77th and 122d New York and 61st Pennsylvania.

Soon after Gen. Sheridan left our part of the line in the afternoon sounds of heavy battle began to roll up again from the extreme right where the Nineteenth Corps had assumed the offensive, and immediately there was a general advance all along the line. The Vermonters and Warner's Brigade dashed at the stone wall in our front, swept it from end to end in 10 minutes, and then pressed on for the second line of the enemy formed along the crossroads leading to the pike at Middletown. They took this position also, making an advance of nearly a mile, and routing two formations of the enemy in less than 30 minutes. This does not look much as if Getty's troops were demoralized by the disasters of the fore part of the day. In making this dash they had advanced more rapidly than the troops on their right, and so halted on the line of the crossroads for several minutes. The cavalry on our left of the pike had also routed the enemy's infantry out of the hamlet of Middletown, and were pursuing him up the pike and through the fields on both sides of it with relentless fury. As for us, we simply "followed along" on the pike with our two guns, but took no further part in the fray. However, we were ready for any service that might be required of us, as we had filled up our limber-chests during the lull in the battle, and, though our caissons were empty, we had canister enough in the limbers for any use likely to be needed that day. But it was now evident on every part of the line that the battletide had turned, for far as the eye could reach our troops were rushing forward everywhere, and except now and then a feeble stand by some isolated brigade of the enemy there was no material resistance to our advance, and even to those that could not see the lines there was no mistaking the meaning of the steadily receding roar of the musketry on our right.

The exactitude of history requires it to be stated that, in the first attack at 4 o'clock, the Third Brigade staggered a little when they struck the stone wall. But they had the hardest part of the line to force, and, besides, they missed the towering form, the great voice, and the grand bearing of their chivalric Bidwell, who had led them in every battle for two years. However, the Vermonters and the First Brigade did not stop, and this, with the efforts of Col. French and the personal presence of Gen. Getty on their line, soon restored the Third Brigade, and after that they kept step and step with the rest of the division.

About 5 o'clock we halted our section on the pike about half a mile

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above Middletown and waited there till dark, when we moved up near the bridge over Cedar Creek and bivouacked there for the night between Bidwell's Brigade and the Vermonters, or rather among the remnants of them, a little in advance of our old camp, which we found had been completely plundered by the enemy.

If anything could be comical after such a day of butchery as that had been, it was the appearance of our old camp under the skilful manipulation of Early's ragamuffins! Everything in the shape of tent, blanket, knapsack, haversack, canteen, and all the little odds and ends of camp life, had been carried off or ripped open and left empty on the ground. The ground was littered with ragged, lousy tatters of gray Rebel blouses and breeches, where they had just peeled themselves of their old duds to put on our spick-span artillery dress uniforms that we had left in our valises! Such of our stuff as they could not carry away they had thrown upon our smoldering campfires to be consumed; but in the evening of Cedar Creek we all surveyed this wreck with great complacency, reflecting, as we heard the incessant crash of the cavalry carbines in pursuit, that Johnny had paid, or was paying, pretty dear for his whistle!

As we had left everything in our camp when we turned out in the morning hardly any of us had haversacks, except some that we had picked up along the road. Most of us had lost our valises, blankets, tents, and everything except the clothing we had on. I had gotten a nice new overcoat of "officers' cloth," lined with yellow flannel, from the saddle on a dead horse by the roadside, as we came up the pike, and this overcoat was worth three of the regulation kind, both for comfort and durability. I kept it during the remainder of the war and for several years after I got home. But I had not run across any haversacks, and as no rations were to be had that night, owing to the total demoralization of our trains, we bid fair to go supperless to bed; but Lieut. Taylor, learning of our condition, promptly ordered his cooks to give us coffee, and his men divided with us their rations of hardtack and boiled beef, so we got along pretty well, all things considered. The Vermont infantry and Bidwell's and Warner's men were not much better off than we were, all their camp equipage having been sacrificed in the morning as well as ours.

Shortly after dark some cavalrymen brought a squad of Rebel prisoners back to our position and halted them by the roadside near us, and we strolled over to look at them. They were all more or less hit, but none of them disabled, and it is a fact that they did not seem very sorry. The horse batterymen had given them some coffee, and they not only drank up every drop of it, but ate up the grounds from the bottom of the kettle! There were about 20 of them, and they were guarded by a Corporal and three cavalrymen from the regiment that had captured them — the 8th New York. The Corporal was instructing his men about the reliefs for the night, when a Rebel Sergeant interrupted him. He said:

"Corporal, I beg your pardon; but are you going to give us some more of that coffee in the morning?"

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"Of course, Johnny, you will get the same grub that we get. This ain't no Andersonville!"

"Well, then, old boy, you can all bunk in and go to sleep; for you bet we ain't going to run away from that coffee!"

We all, both artillery and cavalrymen, staid there chatting with our Rebel friends for some time. A cavalryman had been sent to look up a Surgeon, as one of the Rebel prisoners had been hit in the wrist by a small piece of shell and was bleeding badly, though not otherwise severely hurt. I took a piece of lanyard out of my pouch, tied it, passed it round his wrist above the wound, got a short piece of twig and twisted it like a bowstring. "Now, Johnny," I said, "you can hang onto that stick. Whenever the stoppage of the blood begins to make your arm ache you can ease up on the twist and let it bleed a little, then tighten it up again. After a while it will probably 'clot up' and stop of its own accord." The cavalryman did not find any Surgeon, but the Johnny followed my prescription, and when I saw them march off down the pike the next morning his wrist had quit bleeding. At that time such little courtesies were a matter of course. It was only in actual battle that the veterans of the two armies were really enemies.

AMATEUR SURGERY.

Cedar Creek was won!

Far as we could hear in the distance or see in the darkness, away up the pike and away into the night, ever and anon floated back to us the crashing and the flashing of the cavalry carbines and the yells of Custer's savage horsemen as they fiercely finished the wreck of Early's army. We were camped close to the creek, and it seemed to me that the procession which poured across it — of prisoners, of cannon captured or recaptured, of baggage wagons, of ambulances full of wounded and dying men, and every imaginable remnant and wreckage of a routed and fleeing army — would never stop.

Among the incidents of this tragic night was the capture of Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur, of the Rebel army, mortally wounded, in an ambulance. He was captured by a Sergeant of the 8th New York Cavalry with other men of that gallant regiment. When Gen. Ramseur was brought in it was said that our men tenderly offered him every attention, but he calmly

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said that it was no use, as he had but a few minutes to live. He expressed a desire to see Frank Wheaton and Emory Upton, but Ramseur was dead or unconscious before Wheaton could come to him.

The Vermonters — or the invincible remnant of what had been the Vermont Brigade in the morning — were bivouacked right on the bank of the creek, and they built huge bonfires, which cast a lurid glare over the interminable procession of "plunder" that our busy horsemen were strewing in their fiery track. Our little fragment of what had been Battery M was halted at the roadside just behind the Vermonters, and as each fresh batch of prisoners, guns or wagons, would come into the light of their fires we would catch up their cheers and yell fit to split our throats. Tired as we were, there was little sleep that night. The hours flew on — 8, 9, 10, 11 o'clock at night came, and still the fierce flashing of the cavalry carbines ever and anon lit up the dark fields and gloomy wood-edges away to our front and right. "Will it ever end?" asked one of our men of another, as we stood by the roadside peering out into the gloom! "Does the cavalry calculate to fight all night? There can't be much left of the Johnnies by this time!" And so on. But by midnight things quieted down. There is a limit to horseflesh if not to human flesh, and so at last even Custer's troopers were silent. Then we fell down on the ground, right in our tracks, and slept the sleep of men who have done a full day's work!

All the batteries of the Sixth Corps suffered heavily at Cedar Creek. Lamb's (C) 1st Rhode Island, which was with Wheaton's (First) Division in the morning, got into a hot place and was made the subject of a regular rough-and-tumble fight between Upton's Brigade (65th and 121st New York, 95th and 96th Pennsylvania, and 2d Connecticut Heavy) and a strong force of the enemy. The Rebels got in the battery once, but were driven out of it. Then their second line took it again, and they were a second time dispossessed of it by a charge of Upton's Brigade, led by Gen. Horatio G. Wright in person. Gen. Wright then ordered the battery to the rear. They got away with all their guns, but nearly all their men and horses were killed or disabled. This battery had suffered heavily in a number of previous battles.

This ended the Valley campaign so far as Battery M was concerned. It had been one of the most dramatic campaigns in history, and its effect upon the general conflict was doubtless more decisive than any other campaign of the war except Appomattox itself. These results had not been cheaply won, as the following melancholy summary of losses shows:

Command.	Opequan.	Fisher's Hill.	Cedar Creek.	Total.
Sixth Corps	1,699	288	2,126	4,113
Nineteenth Corps	2,074	114	2,383	4,571
Crook's Corps	794	162	960	1,916
Cavalry	451	14	196	661
Total	5,018	578	5,665	11,261

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The usual impossibility of ascertaining the Confederate losses accurately exists in this case, but it is immaterial, as their casualties may be summarily stated in the remark that Early's army, as a fighting force, practically ceased to exist after Cedar Creek.

The loss of Battery M, all suffered at Cedar Creek, was as follows: Killed, died of wounds, or missing and never heard from—Lieut. Henry M. Baldwin; Privates Barber, Jacob Hummell, Lewis Leib, George Appleton, Jos. Marean, Jacob Gabriel and Jesse Hyde. Wounded—Lieut. Fred Robinson; Sergt's Volkman and Weidner; Corp'l Wesley, Bugler Bowman (Acting Guidon), Dick Isaacs, Valentine Bush, Geo. Delaney, Engelhardt, Peter Gerome, Gus Hoffman, Alvin Hubbard, John Hall, William Kline, Charley Le Van, John Mullan, Olsen, Henry Rothenberg, Jacob Shipman, John Seaman, Charley Pike, John Richardson, Andrew Sturdevant, John Wright, John Gordon, John Carroll, Edward Callahan, Abram Hesser; besides, Pat Hunt and about 10 or 12 others slightly. Of the killed two, Lieut. Baldwin and Joseph Marean, were bayoneted. Of the wounded five or six had no marks other than the cold steel. In addition to these there were 19 or 20 captured, but all except four of our prisoners were rescued by the cavalry. Several of the wounded remained with the Battery or were soon after discharged on expiration of term.

The organization of the Sixth Corps at Cedar Creek was as follows:

GENERAL COMMANDING.

Brig.-Gens. James B. Ricketts and George W. Getty and Maj.-Gen. Horatio G. Wright.

ESCORT.

1st Michigan Cavalry, Company G, Lieut. William H. Wheeler.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Frank Wheaton.

First Brigade—Col. William H. Penrose, Lieut.-Col. Edward L. Campbell and Capt. Baldwin Hufty.

4th New Jersey, Capt. Baldwin Hufty.
10th New Jersey, Maj. Lambert Boeman and Capt. Charles D. Claypool.
15th New Jersey, Lieut.-Col. Edward L. Campbell and Capt. James W. Penrose.

Second Brigade—Cols. Joseph E. Hamblin and Ranald S. Mackenzie and Lieut.-Col. Egbert Olcott.

2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie and Maj. Edward W. Jones.
65th New York, Lieut.-Col. Thomas H. Higinbotham and Capt. Henry C. Fisk.
121st New York, Lieut.-Col. Egbert Olcott and Capt. Daniel D. Jackson.
95th and 96th Pennsylvania, Capt. John Harper.

Third Brigade—Col. Oliver Edwards.

[At Winchester, Va., and not engaged in the battle.]

37th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. George L. Montague.
49th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Baynton J. Hickman.
82d Pennsylvania, Col. Isaac C. Bassett.
119th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Gideon Clark.
2d Rhode Island (battalion), Capt. Elisha H. Rhodes.
5th Wisconsin (battalion), Maj. Charles W. Kempf.
17th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Maj. Coe Durland.

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SECOND DIVISION.
Brig.-Gens. George W. Getty and Lewis A. Grant.

First Brigade—Col. James M. Warner.
62d New York, Lieut.-Col. Theodore B. Hamilton.
93d Pennsylvania, Capt. David C. Keller.
98th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. John B. Kohler and Capt. Gottfried Bauer.
102d Pennsylvania, Maj. James H. Coleman and Capt. James Patchell.
139th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. John G. Parr.

Second Brigade—Brig.-Gen. Lewis A. Grant and Lieut.-Col. Amasa S. Tracy.
2d Vermont, Lieut.-Col. Amasa S. Tracy and Capt. Elijah Wales.
3d Vermont (battalion), Maj. Horace W. Floyd.
4th Vermont, Maj. Horace W. Floyd and Col. George P. Foster.
5th Vermont, Maj. Enoch E. Johnson.
6th Vermont (battalion), Capts. Edwin R. Kinney and Wm J. Sperry.
11th Vermont (1st Heavy Artillery), Lieut.-Col. Charles Hunsdon.

Third Brigade—Brig.-Gen. Daniel D. Bidwell and Lieut.-Col. Winsor B. French.
1st Maine (veteran), Maj. Stephen C. Fletcher.
43d New York (battalion), Maj. Charles A. Milliken.
49th New York (battalion), Lieut.-Col. Erastus D. Holt.
77th New York, Lieut.-Col. Winsor B. French.
122d New York, Lieut.-Col. Augutus W. Dwight and Maj. Jabez M. Brower.
61st Pennsylvania (battalion), Capt. David J. Taylor.

THIRD DIVISION.
Col. J. Warren Keifer.

First Brigade—Col. William Emerson.
14th New Jersey, Capt. Jacob J. Janeway.
106th New York, Capt. Alvah W. Briggs and Capt. Peter Robertson.
151st New York, Capt. Browning N. Wiles and Capt. Hiram A. Kimball.
184th New York (battalion), Maj. William D. Ferguson.
87th Pennsylvania (battalion), Capt. Edgar M. Ruhl and Capt. John A. Salsbury.
10th Vermont, Col. William W. Henry and Capt. Henry H. Dewey.

Second Brigade—Col. William H. Ball.
6th Maryland, Maj. Joseph C. Hill.
9th New York Heavy Artillery, Maj. James W. Snyder.
110th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Otho H. Binkley.
122d Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Moses M. Granger.
126th Ohio, Maj. George W. Vorhes and Capt. George W. Hoge.
67th Pennsylvania, Lieut. John F. Young.
138th Pennsylvania, Maj. Lewis A. May.

Artillery Brigade—Col. Charles H. Tompkins.
Maine Light, 5th Battery (E), Capt. Greenleaf T. Stevens.
New York Light, 1st Battery, Lieut. Orsamus R. Van Etten.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery C, Lieut. Jacob H. Lamb.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery G, Capt. George W. Adams.
5th United States, Battery M, Capt. James McKnight.

The immediate successor of Gen. Bidwell in command of the Third Brigade, Second Division, was Col. Winsor B. French, of the 77th New York. The ranking Colonel of the brigade, however, was Thomas W. Hyde, of the 1st Maine Veterans. Col. Hyde had taken 20 days' leave about the 1st of October, when it was thought that the Valley campaign was ended. He arrived on the field late at night on the 19th, and expressed regret at his absence from the battle, saying that he had lost the

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only opportunity he ever would have to be promoted on the field of battle! I don't believe any man could really regret absence from a battle, provided the fact entailed no discredit, but if there ever was such a man it was certainly Tom Hyde, as his men called him. He commanded the brigade during the rest of the war.

During the publication of the original sketch as a serial in the NATIONAL TRIBUNE I received an anonymous letter inclosing some verses in a feminine hand and signed "A Vermonter's Daughter," the letter stating that the father of the writer of the verses had been a soldier in the Vermont Brigade and was now deceased, and that the sketch had stirred in her memory her father's stories of Cedar Creek. The letter and verses have been mislaid and lost, but I read the latter over so many times that I can remember some of them. They show a rugged power of thought and feeling hardly in keeping with the sex of their author. The following are all that I can remember of the verses:

I sing not of the boy or man,
Nor of "the Cannoneer;"
But of all manhood's purest gold,
The Yankee Volunteer.

Each star that shines upon the Flag
Bears tribute in each ray,
To Yankee Volunteers of yore
When blazing Freedom's way.

There is a strain of Yankee blood—
Cool, steady, sure and slow—
And never foeman braved its steel
But lies there—stark and low!

* * * *

The Yankee, peaceful in his home,
Obeyed e'en Slavery's laws,
But when Rebellion raised its front
He showed the tiger's claws.

* * * *

Then, what he did or how he died
All history may say;
From reddened pave of Baltimore
Till Appomattox Day!

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CHAPTER XII.

ORDERED BACK TO PETERSBURG — A FEW DAYS IN WASHINGTON — CALL ON MR. LINCOLN — RETURN TO THE BATTERY — MORE "SOFT DUTY" — BACK TO THE ORDNANCE WHARF AGAIN — EMBARK WITH RESERVE AMMUNITION — ROUGH VOYAGE — FORT FISHER — TWO DAYS' BOMBARDMENT — TREMENDOUS FIRE OF THE FLEET — LANDING OF THE TROOPS IN THE SURF — THE FORT TAKEN BY INFANTRY ASSAULT — DESPERATE DEFENSE — THE BATTLE IN THE FORT ITSELF — LANDING THE SIEGE GUNS — RETURN TO THE WHARF — A PLEASANT WINTER — BACK TO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS — PREPARATIONS FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

WE now went into camp in a pleasant spot near Kernstown, whither the whole army — or at least the infantry — came soon afterward. After a few days in this camp Hunt and I reported to a squad of other detached men and followed the escort of the captured cannon to Washington. We had quite an ovation, marching through the Avenue up past the White House, where Mr. Lincoln reviewed the procession. After this ceremony was over the detached men were marched to an old freight shed near the Seventh-street wharf and turned over to an officer of the Quartermaster's Department. We were all pretty much dilapidated, and this officer furnished us complete new outfits of clothing and "kits."

He said we would not go to Petersburg just then, because they were going to send a boatload or two of horses to the army from the corral in a few days, and he would detain us to handle and take care of them, which would be just as well as to send a special detail with them. He told us that we would be under his charge temporarily, formed us into a provisional company, appointed Lance Sergeants and Corporals, established a guard

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and gave city passes to all the men, "good until revoked." We found that there was a very kind feeling in Washington toward the men who were in the Valley campaign.

The only event of this brief sojourn at the Capital was a visit to the President, for which I was indebted to the Member of Congress from our district, Mr. Hubbard. When I was introduced to the President he took me by the hand and in a very kind tone asked how old I was, how long I had been in the service, etc., and what battles I had seen. So I began to go over the list, and when I got to the end he said, "That is a very long record for such a short boy!"

There were 15 or 20 people looking on, three being Major-Generals, and they all laughed at this, Major-Generals included. Mr. Lincoln was so much taller than I was that I had to look almost straight up at him, and he seemed to be much amused at my self possession and the precision of my replies to his questions. He was feeling pretty good at that time, I guess, because the election returns were in, assuring his re-election by an enormous majority. But he was very busy, and could not spend much time with me, so he said, in conclusion:

"This trouble will soon be over, my son. Then you must come and see me again. I will have more time to talk with you then. I always love to talk with our soldier boys. Bless you all — every one! Good morning."

I remember being much struck with his way of referring to the war as "this trouble." But everything he said was so plain and homelike, and there was such kindness in his tone, that he made me feel as completely at home as if I had been in the Battery camp. Of course there was nothing remarkable in this interview, but it was to me one of the chief events of my life. My "get-up" that day was worthy of the occasion. I had the day before, in anticipation of this great event, bought a neat linen stand-up collar and a pair of short gantlet gloves, together with a fine "McClellan cap," such as officers wore. The next morning, as soon as we had our coffee, I proceeded to "style up" within an inch of my life. As before stated, we had all drawn complete new outfits of underclothing, uniforms, boots, overcoats, blankets, etc., and, as I was detailed by the good old Quartermaster to issue it and make the return, I had opportunity to pick it all over. The result was that I got a complete uniform — jacket, blouse and pantaloons that fitted me as if they were made to order. So I arrayed myself in the brand-new jacket and trousers, with my linen collar carefully pinned to the neckband of my woolen shirt, and just showing its white edge above the red braid on my jacket collar. I blacked my boots, belt and holster until you could see your face in them, and fastened my trousers legs under the shanks of my boots with straps. And finally, tilting my new McClellan cap a little over my left eye and pulling on my buff gantlet gloves, I started for the White House.

The only other incident was an affair in which Pat Hunt, a man named George Copeland, from Ohio, and I, had a little "personal affair" with

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two Army officers and a Navy Paymaster in citizens' clothes, in which the "rank and file" had a long ways the best of it, but the "social conditions" under which the encounter took place were such that nothing happened to us worse than being sent back to our quarters under guard.

Finally, as the horses which our Quartermaster had intended to send to the front in our charge were not forthcoming, he decided to send us on, and we were ordered on board a boat one morning about the middle of November. The Mate of the boat assigned us to a space on the bow forward of the "scuttle-butt" or water tank, where we had plenty of room, and there was a canvas awning over that part of the bow, so that we were pretty comfortable. Our *compagnons du voyage* were several hundred recruits "going to the front," and they made things pretty lively. They did not disturb us but once, and that was doubtless our fault as much as theirs, inasmuch as the trouble was brought on by Pat Hunt's reckless impetuosity. The row did not get very far before it was quelled by the detachment of Provost Guards who had charge of the recruits. Of course the "recruits of 1864" were, in the main, honest soldiers and did their duty. But the bounty and substitute system brought large numbers of worthless characters into the ranks, and the bad behavior of these made necessary the shameful spectacle of soldiers being "driven to the front" like cattle by Provost Guards — a shame which the good ones felt keenly, and for which they had the sympathy of every veteran.

PAT HUNT.
[From a tintype.]

Arriving at City Point, our boatload of "recruits" were marched out and chucked into the "bull pen," while our squad of detached artillerymen reported themselves to artillery headquarters, and were ordered to rejoin their respective batteries. I hated to part with Hunt, whose battery was then in the reserve. He had been my blanket-mate, and we had been on the same gun ever since July. He was one of the most perfect specimens of physical manhood, and while not free from weaknesses of appetite and temper, was one of the bravest and most generous fellows that ever

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lived. Born in Tipperary in 1834 or 1835, he had enlisted in the British army in 1854 and had served through both the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Discharged at Halifax in the Spring of 1861, at the end of seven years' service, he had come to Boston, where he immediately joined one of the Massachusetts regiments, from which, after various vicissitudes, he found his way into the 5th Regulars as a detached volunteer. When ready for "Sunday morning inspection" he was one of the handsomest soldiers I ever saw.

Though a Tipperary Irishman, Pat's service in the British Army had been in a Scotch regiment, the 90th, or "Perthshire Light Infantry." I wish this volume afforded space for some of his stories about Sebastopol or, better than those, his accounts of the Indian Mutiny.

"That was what you might call war!" he would say, "where nobody gave or expected quarter, and where prisoners wer'n't taken when we could help it! And when we got them we blew them from the muzzles of the guns!!"

The most thrilling of his recitals was that of the storm and sacking of the fortified palace of the Kings of Oude, called the "Imaumbarra" or the "Kaiserbagh," at Lucknow. This, he said, was a large quadrangle about 800 feet by 1,000, surrounded by a wall 25 or 30 feet high; in fact, a regular fortress, and full of palaces, mosques, temples and other structures, and in it was the accumulated wealth of the royal family of Oude for six centuries.

"There was a glut in the jewel market," Pat would say, "after our regiment and the 38th Brummagems (the Birmingham Regiment) and the 79th Cameron Highlanders got in!"

Then I would ask him, "How did you get in, Pat? You couldn't scale such high walls!"

"No, indeed, we blew in the main gate and went in by column of platoons, breaking to right and left as we got in. We polished off the 'Pandies' (Sepoys) of the garrison in about 20 minutes and then we went for the 'loot' (plunder)."

"What did you do with the Sepoys?"

"Butchered every —— —— of them, to be sure! There was about 800 of us in the three regiments, and they took over 1,100 dead 'Pandies' out of the enclosure for burial. It was worse than the fresh beef slaughter pen below City Point!"

"But didn't you spare any of them?"

"Divil a one; what was the use? The artillery would have blown them from the muzzles that same evening. It was a mercy to them for us to shoot or bayonet them!"

"Did you get any of the 'loot,' as you call it?"

"Oh, yes; I got a diamond brooch and a necklace. But I sold them to an officer for a tenth of their worth, and the money went, where all my money has gone, to the devil for drink and gambling! Besides the jewels, the King's harem was in the Kaiserbagh, with some of the handsomest women of India in it. The boys were making a break for the 'Zenana'

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(harem), but Gen. Mansfield, our Brigade Commander, put a strong guard around it, and no one but officers was allowed to go in!"

And so on, almost without limit. Pat's stories led me to study the history of these affairs after the war, and I was often astonished at the accuracy of his detailed accounts.

I reported at once to the old Battery, then in camp near Fort Dushane, on the line just below Globe Tavern, where Warren had his headquarters. During my absence its personnel had been almost totally transformed. Some few of the veteran detached volunteers had left before I went away, but now they were all gone. Between June and September the following-named men were mustered out: Serg't Thorpe, Henry Burkhardt, Henry Foster, Dan Shemmell, Bill Bartholomew, Bill Gleason, Jim Lewis, Ned Armstrong, Seymour Colby, John McLaughlin, John Sanborn, John Fillmore, Dave Smith, Charley Harris, Al Hunt, Jack Lee, Ben Stillman, Billy Hinman, Lew Marshall, Win Williams, John Dolphin, Andy Bishop, John Johnson, Charley Levins, Dan Ackerman, 'Mate Freeman, John Fulton, Horace Ripley, Alph Collins, Larry Dowling, Henry Beacham, Tom Price, Pat Wallace, John Small, Frank Blair, Tom Clark, and perhaps two or three others of the Wisconsin volunteers; John W. Knight, of the 19th Indiana, and all the surviving 24th Michigan men — Theodore Bache, Lyman Blakeley, Henry Brown, Theo. Grover, James Gunsollis, Frank Kellogg, Morris, Oakley, Orth, Bob Reed, Bill Thornton, George Walker, and maybe another one or two whose names escape me. But one of the original New York volunteers remained, Frank McCormick. Ferd Detloff was the only Wisconsin volunteer remaining — "The Last of the Mohicans," I called him! This was over 50 men gone from the Battery, who were mainly veterans of all its battles, and their superiors as artillerymen did not exist. Of what we used to call the "New Regulars" who joined in the Winter of 1863–64 and went through the Virginia campaign, there were still with the Battery Barthe, Bowers, Colgan, Cooper, Daniels, Degraff, Delaney, Doran, Fitzpatrick, Folliss, Givens, Hartley, the two Harveys, Hill, Hutchinson, Tom Kelley, Maddice, Maloney, Milton, Obst, Starke, two of the Smiths, Dick Tea, Frank Stinemuller, Fred Volker, Mike Williams, Pete Williams and John Wilsey (now restored to his Sergeantcy). The others had fallen by the wayside in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and Bethesda, or had succumbed to the dreadful privations of the campaign. In August and September the Battery had been fully recruited up,

FERD DETLOFF.
"The Last of the Mohicans."

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partly by more of the "New Regulars" and partly by volunteers from the 6th and 15th New York Heavy, with five or six who had been transferred from Griffin's Battery upon its consolidation with Battery G, of the 5th Regulars. A young Lieutenant from the 2d Regulars, William P. Vose, had also been assigned to it in the latter part of July. He was a graduate of the West Point class of 1864, and was the first West Pointer on duty in the Battery since Capt. Campbell was wounded at Antietam, two years before.

The roster of the Battery in November, 1864, was as follows:

Lieutenant Commanding, John Mitchell.
Second Lieutenant—William P. Vose. Sergeants—Ben. Gilkie,
Orderly Sergeant—Henry Moore. Robert Moore.
Sergeants—James Maher, Buglers—William Castor,
John Wilsey, Max Reece.

Corporals and Privates:

Henry Adey,	John Grant,	William Moss,
Thomas Anderson,	Barney Ginnity.	John Murphy,
Henry Arnst,	Charles Gunther,	Chris. O'Brien,
John Alexander,	Thomas Hackett,	William Obst,
James Alexander,	Dan Hagar,	Eben Parry,
John Barthe,	William Hartley,	Alex. Pearce,
Justin Beebe,	William Harvey, 1st,	Edwin Rhodes,
Henry Bonn,	William Harvey, 2d,	Peter Richard,
George Bowers,	William Hepburne,	Pat Scully,
Ed Brown,	Henry C. Hill,	Charles Seyfred,
William Buck,	Ed Hinterthur,	Sam Starke,
Stephen Cebree,	William Hutchinson,	Frank Smith,
Patrick Colgan,	Bill Jackson,	Albert Schwanecke,
Patrick Collins,	Sidney Jay,	James Smith,
Ben Cooper,	Charles Johnson,	John Smith, 1st,
Henry Corey,	Michael Joyce,	John Smith, 2d,
James Cunningham,	John Judge,	John Smith, 3d,
Charley Daniels,	Pat Keenan,	Henry Spicer,
Jay DeGraff,	Andy Kelly,	William Stewart,
Ben De Lannoy,	Pat Kelly,	Frank Stinemuller,
Clayton Dinsmore,	Tom Kelley,	Richard Tea,
Andrew Delaney,	James Long,	Wheeler Thatcher,
James Donahoe,	George McBlack,	Alfred Thomas,
John Doran,	Jerry McCarty,	Henry Tripp,
John Doyle,	William McLinton,	Morris Vanderpool,
Thomas Evans,	John McReady,	Joseph Varin,
Anthony Erringer,	Joseph McGivern,	Fred Volker,
James Fagan,	James McKenna,*	George Washburne,
Conrad Farber,	Barney McMahon,	Thomas Wilkins,
Tom Fitzpatrick,	William McNally,	John Wisker,
Chris. Frame,	John Maddice,	Albert Wilkins,
Adolph Freytong,	Tom Maloney,	Mike Williams,
John Fryer,	Sam Majors,	Peter Williams,
James Gallagher,	Charles Meehan,	Amos Wood,
John Gautenbein,	James Michaels,	Oscar Wright,
Warren Givens,	Jacob Miller,	Henry Yost,
Ellis Graham,	"Boney" Milton,	Louis Zellers.

* McKenna was an old Utah Regular who had come back to the Battery in 1864.

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The above were all Regulars. There were also the following detached volunteers:

Joe Bennett,	Charles Folsom,	George McKnight,
Sam Brazee,	Jacob Haley,	Billy Owens,
James Baker,	James Kelley,	Fred O'Brien,
Oscar Cady,	William Knox,	Henry Reinhardt,
Andy Campbell,	Reddy Lewis,	Tom Scott,
Eph. C. Crocker,	Frank Ludlow,	Henry Sherman,
James Daggett,	James McCallan,	David Simpkins,
Ferd Detloff,	Frank McCormick,	Charles Springstead,
Robert Feiner,	William McFadden,	William Watson,
	William Voss.	

This is two officers and 148 enlisted men, of whom perhaps 120 to 125 were present for duty at this time. As most of them were new recruits, Mitchell was drilling the Battery every day, though the heavy details for fort duty somewhat interfered with the drill of the Battery as a whole. He was, however, "licking this raw material into pretty good shape;" so much so that Gen. Gibbon (still Captain of the Battery though commanding the Twenty-fourth Corps), when he came over to visit his old Battery occasionally and used to take them out for battery drill in person, complimented Mitchell and the men on their performance. On the east side of the Weldon Road, just below the Artillery Brigade camp, was a large level field, which made a splendid drill ground, admitting of all sorts of manuvers at any gait. Mitchell was well satisfied with his new men, and told me more than once that, "when he should get them into action next Spring, they would make us old boys look out for our laurels!"

Capt. Stewart had taken a leave in October, in consequence of positive orders from the Surgeon-General of the Fifth Corps that he could not stand another Winter in camp. He had at this time been with the Battery continuously from the Spring of 1851 to the Fall of 1864, or 13½ years. He had been with it in the Utah expedition of 1857–58, and had served on the frontier most of the time on provisional cavalry duty, escorting trains, etc., until the outbreak of the war in 1861. Coming East with it he had commanded it in every battle from Antietam to Hatcher's Run — except the beginning of Antietam, where Capt. Campbell had command until he was wounded. Capt. Stewart had been several times severely injured either by pieces of shell or by horses falling on him when shot under him; in fact, he had reached the limit of human endurance, even for such a cast-steel man as he was, and hence the medical authorities ordered him out of the field for awhile. But he did not relinquish duty. He was at once assigned provisionally to Battery A of the 4th Regulars, which, having just been filled up with raw recruits, had been sent to Camp Barry for drill and instruction, together with about a dozen others in the same condition. Col. James A. Hall, Captain of the 2d Maine Battery at Gettysburg, as previously mentioned in this sketch, was then in command at Camp Barry. Col. Hall and Capt. Stewart being warm friends, the Colonel applied to have him assigned to the camp as Artillery Instructor and Acting Provost Marshal, in which capacity he passed the Winter of 1864–65.

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The Artillery Brigade had undergone considerable change since July. Martin's 3d Massachusetts had been mustered out. Paddy Hart's 15th New York had been transferred out of the brigade. Our Battery was commanded by Lieut. Mitchell, Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts by Lieut. Milton, Cooper's (B) 1st Pennsylvania by Lieut. William McClellan. There were six batteries of the 1st New York in the brigade, as follows: Sheldon's (B), under Lieut. Bob Rogers; Barnes's (C), under Capt. Ritchie; Winslow's or Richardson's (D), under Capt. James Hazelton; E (equipped as a mortar battery), under Capt. Mathewson; Mink's (H), with gallant old Charley himself at the fore — "a good deal disfigured" by many wounds "but still in the ring;" Reynolds's (L), Capt. Geo. Breck, and Rittenhouse's (D), of the 5th Regulars, consolidated with Battery G, of the 5th, and commanded by Lieut. Rawles — a most excellent and popular officer. D and G as consolidated had about 180 or 190 men, including 13 Sergeants. Tom Broderick, of Battery D, was continued Orderly Sergeant of the consolidated command, and generally the non-commissioned officers of Battery G were subordinated to those of Battery D in the same grade. This caused a good deal of friction, and one day brought on a case of "discipline" not laid down in the regulations. One of the Sergeants of Battery G was a powerful fellow named Reed. The Orderly Sergeant of Battery G was Kent, a nice fellow, a veteran Regular, who had accepted the situation gracefully from the start. But Reed had been rude and insubordinate, and had several times treated Tom with studied insolence. Broderick was a strapping young fellow, about 23 or 24 years of age, hard as iron, six feet high and powerful, though of somewhat slim build. But he had broad shoulders, and was big-boned, and about as fine a specimen of young manhood as you could see in a day's march. Reed was an Englishman, not so tall as Broderick, but much more stockily built; no doubt considerably heavier than Broderick and a man about 30 years of age. He (Reed) had the reputation of being one of the best men in the command in which Battery G had previously served. Broderick felt the difficulty of his position keenly, as he had to maintain his authority, and at the same time he did not want to assert himself over Reed under the circumstances. Finally, one day Reed developed a case of rank insubordination in the presence of the men of the Battery of such a character that Broderick had to act at once. He might have reported Reed and had him reduced to the ranks. But, instead of doing that, he said: "Reed, the best man of us two must be Orderly Sergeant of this Battery! Peel your jacket, if you are the man you pretend to be!"

They peeled their jackets, and, both being powerful men, a terrific fight ensued, of which Broderick rapidly got the best, though by no means having a walkover, as Reed himself was "no slouch," when Capt. Rawles rushed in and demanded explanations. After hearing the statements of the men who had witnessed the affair, Rawles directed Broderick to prefer charges against Reed, saying that he had always been a bully, and he was glad to see the conceit taken out of him. Broderick asked Rawles as a

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personal favor to withdraw that order, saying that he would be responsible for Reed's future conduct, etc. Rawles insisted, and finally directed Broderick to make out an order for him to sign reducing Reed to the ranks that night at roll call. Then Broderick said he had always obeyed orders, but he would not obey this one. "You can reduce me to the ranks, sir," he said, "for insubordination, if you like, but I will not have anything to do with the reduction of Reed; I have whipped him, and I will not persecute him any further, sir."

This seemed to affect Rawles, and finally he told Broderick that he might have his own way, but that he should hold him responsible for Reed's future behavior. There was no further trouble, and Broderick getting an order soon after to detail a Sergeant for ordnance duty he gave the billet to Reed, and I believe they were always afterward friends.

About this time there was an affair that I would like to pass over in silence, but the history of the Battery would not be candid without it. It relates to one whose name I will not mention, but all the surviving members of the Battery will know who it was. He was mail carrier for the Battery, and was caught purloining letters. It was proved that he rifled letters belonging to several of the men, among them John Alexander, Jim Cunningham, Anthony Erringer, Ben De Lannoy, and doubtless others. He was convicted and sentenced to the Tortugas, or some other military prison, for a long term, but was afterward pardoned. This nearly broke Mitchell's heart. He had been so proud of our clean record; had bragged about it so much to other officers! He would sit and swear about "that white-livered whelp that had disgraced the best Battery in the world" until he got black in the face with rage and grief!

I did not go on duty with the Battery after my return, except to do some writing for Mitchell, and Orderly duty when he went anywhere mounted. He said he would have given me a gun if I had been present during the reorganization, but couldn't do anything for me as it was. However, in a few days he prevailed on Gen. Griffin to give me mounted duty at division headquarters; so the little mouse-colored mare was assigned to me, and I reported to the headquarters of the First Division.

The enlisted Clerks and Orderlies at these headquarters were a nice lot of boys, but I can't recall many of them by name. Griffin's Clerk was Benson, of the 20th Maine. Then there were Hyatt, from Griffin's Battery, Hall, Russell, Davis and others from different infantry regiments in the division, Orderlies or Clerks, and a squad of the 4th Pennsylvania cavalry as escort. A few weeks after this the Fifth Corps was drawn out of the intrenchments and moved round by the roads in the rear of our line till we struck the Weldon Railroad near the Nottoway Bridge, and thence followed its line till we came to the Meherrin at Hicksford. It appeared that the main object of this raid was to destroy the Weldon Railroad a long distance from Petersburg. It had already, of course, been cut at Ream's Station, and destroyed from there to the crossing of the Rowanty in the preceding October by the operations involving the battles of Hatcher's

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Run and Ream's Station; but the Rebels had held it open to Stony Creek, and from that point they used to carry supplies by wagon trains around our left flank, and so into Petersburg by way of Dinwiddie Courthouse. And now, as the Sixth Corps had returned from the Valley and could relieve the Fifth in the trenches, it was decided to make this raid. This expedition consisted of the whole Fifth Corps, some of the Second, and Gregg's Cavalry Division — Gen. Warren in command of the column. The cavalry and infantry had some skirmishes on this expedition, but none of the artillery was called into play. Our Battery reported directly to Gen. Warren during this movement, the other batteries of the corps being assigned to the various divisions. The country we passed through had been pretty much cleaned out, partly by the previous raids of our cavalry, but mainly by the Rebels themselves, who had stripped it of every vestige of livestock and provisions, so that most of the people had deserted their homes and gone farther back into the Confederacy from the scene of active operations. The roads had been obstructed a good deal by felling trees across them, destroying bridges, etc., which had been done by the Rebels, evidently in anticipation of such a movement as this. However, we made the best of our way to Hicksford, where we found some force of the enemy, but did not attack them or even try to cross the Meherrin River, as Gen. Warren's instructions were only to wreck the Weldon Railroad to that point. Except trifling skirmishes with small parties of their cavalry, who hung on our flank during the return march, there was no fighting, and we did not encounter the enemy in force. But the march itself was terrible, the weather alternating between cold rain, sleet and snow the whole time, thawing by day and freezing hard by night, so that, as Comrade Ferd Detloff says in a recent letter to me, "when the troops who had gone to bed in the mud the night before were turned out in the morning, the prints of their bodies could be seen in the earth as it froze around them during the night.

At this time (December, 1864,) the First Division of the Fifth Corps consisted of three brigades, as follows: First Brigade (Brig.-Gen. Chamberlain), 185th New York and 198th Pennsylvania, two large regiments newly organized from re-enlisted veterans, recruits and probably a few conscripts. Second Brigade (Brig.-Gen. E. M. Gregory), 187th, 188th and 189th New York, which were also new regiments of substantially the same description as the above. Third Brigade (Brig.-Gen. Joe Bartlett), 1st and 16th Michigan, 20th Maine, 32d Massachusetts and 83d, 91st, 118th and 155th Pennsylvania, all of which were old regiments and much reduced in numbers, except the 155th Pennsylvania. The division was, perhaps, 4,500 to 4,800 strong, of which Bartlett's Brigade numbered about 2,000, and the others about 1,300 or 1,400 each.

The season for active operations had about closed, and except the Hicksford raid in December and the operations about Burgess's Mill, on Hatcher's Run, in February, the camp was not disturbed from the first of December till the last of March. As the forts had nearly all been com-

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pleted, and the lines on this front were not very close to each other, duty was not excessively severe during the Winter. Gen. Crawford would make a "demonstration" on his front once in a while, which would cause the contiguous troops to be turned out, but these affairs never amounted to anything except to make the men swear and the officers to utter sarcastic remarks about Crawford and his "demonstrations."

I have always thought that Gen. Charles Griffin does not receive the place in history to which his services and personal character entitle him. Doubtless his untimely death, in 1867, at the age of 40 or 41 years, caused him to pass out of the minds of men in view of the rapid procession of great events and great men, but he certainly won more distinction than has ever been accorded to his name. He served through the whole war, rising from the rank of Lieutenant, commanding Battery D, 5th Regulars, in the battle of First Bull Run, to Major-General, commanding the Fifth Corps at Appomattox Courthouse. As a man he was of gentle and generous disposition, with a keen sense of humor and a disposition to make every one about him enjoy themselves. The hospitality of his mess was proverbial in the army, and the charm of his conversation was something to be remembered. In all the little affairs about headquarters, in which the man shows out through the officer, Griffin was so kind and good and considerate that it was a joy to serve him, even in the humblest capacity. He was a horse fancier, and his stable was among the finest in the army. On one occasion one of Crawford's Orderlies, a cavalryman, brought him a message requiring a reply. Griffin might just as well have sent the reply by Crawford's Orderly, but he dismissed him and ordered one of us to saddle up. This cavalyman was not in good form, and his horse looked more shabby than he did, if possible. Gen. Griffin remarked in his dry way that he would not send a message by such a scarecrow mounted on such a sheep!

As an officer, Gen. Griffin was always cool, quiet and precise. He never affected the heroic, and in action always stationed himself at the most advantageous point whence to observe the operations of his troops; he always knew exactly where every one of his brigades, or even regiments, was; his division was always well in hand. You would never see him "sword in hand, leading a forlorn hope," as the historians like to depict their heroes; and he did not expose himself in battle unless it was absolutely necessary for him to do so in the proper discharge of his duties as division commander. He regarded warfare as his profession, and battle as a business transaction in pursuance thereof. But while very cool, undemonstrative and methodical himself, he was quick to see, admire and reward gallant or even reckless exposure on the part of his subordinates.

They used to tell about headquarters an anecdote of Gen. Gregory, who had been a minister of the Gospel, and who used generally to be called, in the slang of the Fifth Corps, "The Fighting Parson." At the Weldon Railroad, or in some of those battles near Globe Tavern or Ream's Station, Gregory had behaved with unusual bravery, involving most reckless expo-

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sure. I think he lost two horses. Griffin, though not by any means a "Christian soldier" himself, was fond of Gregory, and had great faith in him as a brigade leader. So when Griffin heard of this affair he said that Gregory had a great advantage over most of the other officers in that the others had to fear both the Rebels and hell, whereas Gregory was in danger only from the Rebels!

Gen. Griffin's great reliance was on Bartlett, whose brigade he always called the right arm of the division. Besides, their personal relations were very close, and Griffin always consulted Bartlett in even individual matters outside of their field duties. With the exception of Ayres, early in 1864, the brigade commanders, during the time when I knew the division, were all civilian soldiers; and Griffin, though an ardent West Pointer himself, never made any effort to have West Pointers put in command of his brigades, but was perfectly content with Bartlett, Gwyn, Sweitzer, Gregory and Chamberlain.

But there was one situation in which Gen. Griffin would show enthusiasm. That was when he could get a chance to handle two or three batteries in a field where that arm could do execution. Then all his old artillery instincts came to the front. He used to say that, so far as the satisfaction of the service was concerned, he would rather handle a brigade of six batteries in action than any other possible command. Gen. Griffin used to be profuse in his praise of the volunteer artillery and the old Regular rankers. He often said that West Point had never educated a more accomplished artillerist than James Stewart, who came from the ranks of the Regular Army; or than Charley Phillips, of the 5th Massachusetts; Charley Mink, of H, 1st New York; or George Winslow or Lester Richardson, of D, 1st New York, and others who came from civil life whose names do not now occur to me.

In his intercourse with other officers, Gen. Griffin was quiet and courteous, though not excessively punctilious, his ruling impulse being to display good nature and make every one feel at his ease in his presence. He would swear sometimes, but as a rule he was not what would be called a man addicted to profanity. Socially he was very hospitable, but drank very moderately himself, even in the festivities of Winter quarters, which sometimes ran pretty high. Intellectually he was not what you would call a brilliant man, but his views were always safe, his judgment always sound, and his perception always acute and accurate. Whether as a Lieutenant commanding Battery D at the First Bull Run, or as Major-General commanding the Fifth Corps in the Appomattox campaign, he was always the same cool, careful, discreet and successful officer. He grew right up with his increased responsibilities, and he would have displayed the same solid, sterling traits had fortune called him to the command of the army. I think that his name will yet find its proper place in our military history.

The brigade commanders of Griffin's Division at this time were Joseph J. Bartlett, of New York; Edgar M. Gregory, of Pennsylvania, and Chamberlain, of Maine. Bartlett was the senior Brigadier-General, though his

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brigade was numbered the Third Brigade of the division. Chamberlain was a professor in Bowdoin College, who had come out as Colonel of the 20th Maine, and had been promoted for gallantry at Gettysburg and elsewhere. Gregory had been a Philadelphia preacher, and had made his debut in the army as Colonel of the 91st Pennsylvania, a most gallant regiment, and one that made a record second to no other. These three men were a curious study to me from day to day in the discharge of my messenger or Orderly duties. Bartlett was the beau ideal of a soldier. On horseback, in full uniform, he was the most perfect picture of the ideal officer that I ever saw. Dealing with officers he was sometimes pretty tart, and occasionally a bit emphatic, but always kind, gentle and comrade-like toward the enlisted men. It was a pleasure to a mounted Orderly to be sent with a message to Gen. Bartlett. He would look at his watch, ask what time we left the division or corps commander with the message, and then say: Report that you delivered this to me at such and such an hour and minute, whatever it might be, which we would always note carefully in our little Orderly books. Chamberlain was a cold, unlovable man, very brave and all that, but not dashing either in appearance or manner. He always reminded me of a professor of mathematics we had in college. Still, he was a gallant officer, and had more than once been desperately wounded while leading his troops in the most deadly assaults.

Gregory was a solemn, serious man, but he always spoke to us in kind, gentle tones, and we all liked him. He was a fighter in battle, but in camp he used to have prayer meetings and all that sort of thing, and I am afraid that the wicked boys about division headquarters used to make ribald, and sometimes blasphemous, comments on "Parson Gregory," whom, despite his kindness to us, we used to call with great irreverence the "Bible-banging Brigadier!"

I must say that among the unregenerate boys about Griffin's headquarters, the dashing, handsome and wicked Bartlett was much more ardently admired than the scholarly Chamberlain or the pious Gregory! And I also fear that candor compels me to add that there was not much religion in the moral atmosphere of Griffin's headquarters in front of Petersburg.

When Griffin went away on leave about Christmas, 1864, Bartlett took command of the division. At this time Gregory had a number of recruits in his brigade who had enlisted (for large bounties) out of some theological seminary in Western New York. I think they were in the 189th New York, a new regiment. They had a large hospital tent fitted up as a meeting house, and used to hold prayer meetings there. Bartlett thought they ought to have more brigade drill, even at the expense of less psalm singing. So he took Gregory to task about it one day. Not long after Gregory wanted Bartlett to approve details of a lot of men from his brigade as division train teamsters. Upon investigation Bartlett discovered that these men were the theological student recruits before mentioned, whereupon he refused to approve their details, saying that as these men were all ready for Heaven they should be put to the front; and if any men were to be detailed as teamsters

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they should be the tough, wicked old fighting veterans who were sure to go to hell if they got killed! I do not know how Gen. Gregory took this rebuff, but so long as Bartlett commanded the division all the details for duty in the rear were made from among the "wicked old veterans," and the pious recruits had to remain at the front.

Notwithstanding his apparently calm nature, Griffin's likes and dislikes were very strong. It is not necessary to state whom he disliked. But the men he liked were Hancock, Gibbon, Ayres, Bartlett and particularly his wife's brother, Gen. Sprigg Carroll, of the Second Corps. He was fond of Getty, Wheaton and Davy Russell, of the Sixth Corps, and also of Gen. Orlando Willcox, of the Ninth Corps. He had also a profound admiration for Gen. Henry Heth, of Lee's army, who had been his "chum" at West Point, and he used to say that it gave him more satisfaction to drive Heth's Division than any other command in the Confederate army. I am sorry to say that he did not always have the satisfaction of "driving Heth."

After a few weeks of this pleasant duty at division headquarters an opportunity occurred of a detail at the ammunition wharf, which I was lucky enough to get, and so was reinstated in the same "soft berth" that Capt. McKnight had so cruelly yanked me out of the previous July. Gen. Grant used to stroll down to this ammuition wharf frequently, especially just before dark. He would walk along with his hands behind his back and his eyes bent on the ground, apparently taking no notice of any of us, though he was always very precise in returning our salutes. The General gave a good deal of his personal attention to matters at this wharf. Sometime previous to this — in August, 1864 — the Rebels had floated some barrel torpedoes down the river, with clock-work fuses, and one of them had exploded under one of the barges, blowing them all up — a good many tons of powder, loaded shells, case shot, etc. After that our folks had made a net above the barges, extending out into the stream far enough to keep the torpedoes out of the eddy which swung in there when the tide was flooding. This explosion had wrecked Gen. Grant's headquarters. One night when he came down there I happened to be out on the end of the wharf fishing. I was sitting on one of the sills, and the first I knew the General was right behind me.

He said: "Do you catch any fish here?"

"Yes, sir; sometimes." In fact, at this moment, I had quite a "string" of "spots," "tailors" and two or three small "rock," which I proudly exhibited to the Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States! We used frequently to catch a nice mess of fish at the end of the wharf when the tide was flooding.

"I think I will come down here and try my luck, if I can get time some day. I like to fish," he said, surveying my "string."

And with that the Old Commander walked slowly away. But apparently he never found time to come and "try his luck" fishing with me off the end of the ammunition wharf.

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On another occasion — which I did not personally witness, but have no doubt of its truth — he came down to the inshore end of the wharf with a cigar in his mouth. The sentry said:

"Gen. Grant, it is contrary to your orders to smoke on this wharf, sir."

"Of course it is," replied the General. "I beg your pardon, Sentry; I was thinking of something else. I will not repeat the offense."

So he threw away his cigar and walked out as usual to the outer end and looked at the barges. It was said that he gave the sentry a handful of cigars, and told him to smoke them when he was off post.

The Commander-in-Chief seemed to take great interest in those ammunition barges. Probably he considered them the "tools of his trade."

One morning in January — the 6th or 7th, I think — an old transport hauled alongside the wharf, and gangs were at once set to work to load her with ammunition for small-arms, field guns and siege pieces. We soon learned that she was to carry the siege train and reserve ammunition for an expedition by sea, the object of which we easily guessed to be a renewed attack on Fort Fisher, of which the camp had been full of rumor as soon as Butler's failure in December became known. The required amount of ammunition was put on board by 4 o'clock p. m., and then the Acting Ordnance Officer in charge asked the chief of our wharf to give him two of his Clerks, but he only got one. This transport was an old wooden screw steamer which had been a Savannah and New York cotton boat before the war. She had on board the guns of Gen. Terry's siege train, stowed, dismounted, in the hold, together with the whole of the reserve ammunition of the command, part of which had been loaded at Gen. Butler's wharf at Deep Bottom, and the rest at our wharf at City Point.

The Acting Ordnance Officer was a volunteer artillery Lieutenant. He was a very nice little gentleman, and my connection with him was most pleasant, although during the most of the voyage he was so desperately seasick that he did not do much except pay his respect to Neptune. He had brought one Ordnance Clerk from the Army of the James, and as there was another to go from our wharf Corp'l Nelson was at first detailed, but Nelson was always seasick aboard ship, and so he and I arranged an exchange, with the consent of Lieut. Alger, our Acting Chief, and I was soon on board with my little outfit. My comrade Clerk from the Army of the James was a Corporal from one of the Regular batteries in that army — probably Follett's or Myrick's. His name was Mike Clancey, and during the 25 days we spent together in that wonderful expedition we became bosom friends. He was a very bright, well-educated young fellow, clean and neat as could be — the perfect pink of a Regular soldier. Besides, he had been Ordnance Clerk a long time, and knew all about keeping ammunition and artillery equipment accounts. The heavy artillerymen belonging to the siege train, about 200 in number, and made up of detachments from the 16th New York and 3d Pennsylvania, were sent down between decks, which, as soon as we got outside in the January storm that ensued,

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became a perfect hell hole! But the Ordnance Officer in charge informed the Captain of the transport, Mr. Hanscomb, that his two Clerks would have charge of the ammunition, and therefore must have the freedom of the decks, and must be provided with hammocks to swing under the deck-house, so that they could always be within easy call to him, as he himself expected to be confined to the cabin with seasickness as soon as we got outside. Getting under way, we ran down to Hampton Roads, where we found that the bulk of the fleet had already sailed with Terry's troops on board, and we got orders to make the best of our way to the mouth of the Cape Fear River. While here a melancholy affair occurred. One of the heavy artillerymen became suddenly crazy and jumped overboard out of one of the ports and started to swim toward the shore. His name, they said, was Anthony Rose, or Ross, but I do not remember which of the detachments he belonged to. He had stripped off everything but his drawers, and at first he swam powerfully, but the water was very cold, and before they could lower a boat and get him he was benumbed, and sank to rise no more. His comrades said his wife and baby had recently died at his home, and he could not get a furlough to go and see them before they died or even to bury them, and so he had brooded over it until he lost his reason. They said he had always been a most gallant soldier and, until his troubles overwhelmed him, one of the happiest and most cheerful of comrades. His sad end cast a gloom over all the enlisted men on board the ship. However, such things do not last long among soldiers, and the next day we had forgotten all about poor Rose and his hapless fate!

As soon as the Captain got his orders the old Greene steamed out of the Capes and began to wallow in the trough of a "nor'east sea in January" down along the Hatteras coast. Great Moses! what a pandemonium that berthdeck was with those 200 seasick heavy artillerymen! I will not endeavor to describe it. Some of their officers who did not succumb to the *mal de mer* did all they could to comfort them, but to little purpose. They were nearly all sick until they landed on Federal Point. The usual experience of soldiers aboard a transport is anything but cheerful. During the civil war "economy of transportation" was the watchword, and the result was that in expeditions by sea the troops were almost invariably jammed in the orlop or berthdecks of rickety old wooden steamers, where there was little air and no light or ventilation, and in these hell holes they would frequently be confined for a week at a time in the midst of horrors that reminded one of the "middle passage" in a Congo slaveship. It happened that our transport was not very much crowded in this expedition, but the men suffered enough. Clancey and I had hammocks swung on each side of the gangway under the break of the quarterdeck, where we certainly had plenty of "ventilation," as the place was open at the forward end and the weather was pretty cold. However, we had double blankets, and by sleeping in our overcoats managed to take comfort. We messed with the crew and had excellent fare. Our Lieutenant, the Acting Ordnance Officer, was very sick, but Mike and I took turns attending him, so he got

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along pretty well. He used to say to us between his retchings, "Great God! what wouldn't I give to have the stomachs that you boys have!"

Betweentimes we amused ourselves "spinning yarns" with the sailors. Mike wasn't much on yarns, but I could hold my own with the oldest and saltiest Jack of them all in battle stories. I used to get the starboard watch after grub or the off-watch in the dog-watch change and tell them about "Bethesda Church"; then some old pelter from the whaling days of New Bedford would interrupt me to inquire "Why the —— didn't we tow them Rebel guns alongside after they had gone into their flurry and showed fin up!" Or some grizzly old man-of-warsman would express the profound opinion that "It was a —— poor crew that couldn't take possession of a craft as had struck her colors!"

TAXING "JACKY'S" CREDULITY.

I could always capture the "old salts" with the story of Cedar Creek, which was vivid enough when truthfully told, but which became a veritable legend of Gulliver the way I recited it to the sailormen of the old Greene with suitable embellishments.

When I would get to the point where the Johnnies got on top of us some of the old salts would sing out:

"Yes; that's regular man-o'-war fashion! They boarded you in the smoke!"

Most of these sailors were New Englanders, and so my description of the way the Vermonters and Stevens's old 5th Maine Battery fought there would stir up their enthusiasm to a high pitch.

"Betcher life," they would say, "that's the good old Yankee style! Mebbe them Rebels that used to brag about one Southerner whippin' five Yankees changed their minds after they'd been afoul of the Varmounters and Stevens's Maine Battery awhile!"

I don't know what there is about the forecastle of a ship at sea that promotes exaggeration, but it is something. Under ordinary circumstances I was a fairly truthful boy. But as I related Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Bethesda Church and Cedar Creek to those jolly old salts under the topgallant forecastle of the Greene I never killed less than five Rebels with my own hand in any battle, and sometimes as many as seven! I

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would "mow them down" with canister in long swaths like grass before the scythe! Then I would polish off what might be left with my trusty revolver! And if one happened to escape that double destruction I would brain him with the handspike! I suppose that Jacky believed it all. If he did not, he was too polite to make any disparaging remarks! The storm abated after the second day out, and the next day but one we sighted Porter's fleet off the "New Inlet," or sea face of Fort Fisher. But of all the vile places that I ever tried to breathe in, the berthdeck of that old transport, with battened hatches, was the vilest! We got up to the anchorage about 10 o'clock in the morning of the 13th, our old transport having fallen astern during the storm. But we were just in time to see the landing of Terry's infantry on the beach above the fort. The heavy artillerymen from our transport were also landed, except an ammunition detail, together with Mike and I, who were left on board, the heavies landing with their infantry equipment only. These heavy artillerymen, as well as I can remember, were detachments from the 1st Connecticut, the 13th and 16th New York and the 3d Pennsylvania. But this landing on the beach was something miraculous. It took nearly all day. All the steam lanches and small boats of the men-of-war and transports were engaged in it. I have since heard an English officer who was in the Crimea, and took great pride in the landing of the Anglo-French army at Eupatoria through the small surf of the Black Sea, say that there is nothing in the history of the debarkation of troops on a coast fit to be mentioned the same day in comparison with Terry's landing on that Federal Point beach, Jan. 13, 1865. As I still had my fieldglass picked up on the field at Spottsylvania, I could see almost the faces of the men in the boats as they rose and fell with the heavy rollers, or pitched and tumbled through the surf onto the sand. Occasionally a boat would be swamped or thrown over in the surf, and then the boys would scramble up the beach as best they could. I heard there were several accidents of men being struck by the boats, etc., and a few were said to have been drowned — these last mostly of Paine's colored division from the Twenty-fifth Corps. Meantime Porter's fleet kept up a tremendous fire on the sea face of the fort, and swept the narrow neck of Federal Point above the fort with a tornado of shot, shell, shrapnel and heavy grape from their big guns, so that I believe a mouse could not have crossed it alive while the troops were landing. The wind was from the northwest, and so, as our old transport was anchored north of Porter's fleet, the smoke drifted rapidly away from us and left a perfectly clear view of the scene from 10 o'clock a. m. to 4 or 5 in the afternoon — at least, until near dark.

We remained at this anchorage that night and the next day and night, but before daylight on the 15th got under way and steamed round to a berth nearer the point where the troops landed, as it was found that we were not quite out of range of the Armstrong guns in the fort in our first anchorage. However, from the fact that no effort was made to land the guns and ammunition of the siege trains, we all concluded that they were

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going to try to take the fort by assault and by bombardment from the fleet, and, as from our new anchorage, with the wind north, we could see every move, we prepared ourselves for the grandest spectacle of our lives; and so it turned out to be.

It may be imagined that we were all astir on board the old transport early in the morning of the 15th of January. The warships of Porter's fleet were forming in a great arc of a circle round the sea face of the big fort. They would steam up one by one and take their positions like a line of battle of infantry forming up. I had never dreamed of anything so grand. On the inner arc of this semicircle were those iron bulldogs, the monitors; the old Monadnock, with her two turrets, the rest with one each. The old salts on board our transport knew all these ships by their "numbers," as they were signaled from time to time. I took my station close to the old Signal Quartermaster of the Greene, and after I had overcome his gruffness by various "kind offices" from my well-stored knapsack, and told him I was descended from a race of Nantucket whalemen, he was a mine of "naval intelligence" to me. His name was Sigsbee, and as he was Signal Quartermaster we called him "Old Sig," for short. "Notice them cheeseboxes there, hauling in shore," he said, shifting his quid from one cheek to the other. "Them cheeseboxes is goin' right up with their forefoots in the sand; that's the way they does. They gets up as close as the ground 'll let 'em. See! Thar's the leader now—that's the old Canonicus—I knows some of the boys in her—see! she backs! She's rubbed her nose on the beach—thar goes her anchor—see her veer away—that's to spile their range."

"OLD SIG GOT HIS MAN-O'-WAR BLOOD UP."

Just then, puff! puff! and boom! boom! went the two great 15-inch guns of the Canonicus. Almost before one could count 10 away went the turret guns of the Mahopac, Saugus and Monadnock.

What a sight it was! I had seen something in the way of artillery practice, but nothing like this. I knew that every gun in those monitors could take one of our old Battery's light twelves, load and all, right into its muzzle, and fire it out again. And how they roared! It was not a fierce, quick bark like our old brass twelves, but a hoarse, prolonged, sullen roar, like bloodhounds on a fresh track! And then the wooden ships in the outside circle

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began to open. By this time the storm had subsided entirely, and the wind had been "blowing off shore" for 36 hours and had smoothed the water down so there was nothing left but the "long swell."

The day was bright and clear, but cold and crisp, which made the smoke light, and the wind from the northwest lifted it quickly seaward, so that the flash of every gun could be seen. I wouldn't have missed seeing that bombardment of Fort Fisher for 10 years of my life. It beat anything in history for weight of ordnance used — even greater than the bombardment of the Sebastopol forts by the English and French fleets, because the guns we used were so much heavier. I cannot describe the discharges of those 13 and 15-inch Rodman guns of the monitors, or the explosion of their great shells in the air over the fort or among its traverses. To me it seemed like firing meteors out of volcanoes. I had hitherto thought that the long percussion shell bolt of a four-and-a-half-inch Rodman siege gun, which I had "gunned" a couple of times in cannonades in the redan in the early part of the great siege was a big thing, but now I hauled down my colors. I would watch the turrets of the monitors through my glass. They would turn their iron backs on the enemy to load, and I could distinctly see the big rammer staves come out of the ports. Then they would wheel round on a line with the fort, there would be two puffs of blue smoke about the size of a thunder cloud in June, and then I could see the big shell make a black streak through the air with a tail of white smoke behind it — and then would come over the water, not the quick bark of a field gun, but a slow, quivering, overpowering roar like an earthquake, and then, away among the Rebel traverses, there would be another huge ball of mingled smoke and flame as big as a meeting house.

As the bombardment went on "Old Sig" began to get his man-of-war blood up. I never saw a more perfect illustration of the devotion of an old American sailor to a commander whom he liked. As the Canonicus appeared to be in the vortex of the fight more and more, from her position in the center of the ironclad line, and being temporarily aground, "Old Sig's" excitement and wrath rose to a high pitch.

I should explain here that whenever a merchant vessel was chartered with her own crew as a transport during the war it was the custom to detail one or two of the old men-of-warsmen as "Signal Quartermasters" on board of her. This was because the transports had to be manuvered by signals, the same as a man-of-war when in squadron, and merchant sailors or mates could not read the navy signals, as a rule; besides, I suppose, they would not give out the signal books except to regularly-enlisted navymen. These Signal Quartermasters when on board a transport would be rated as "Acting Sailing Masters," which was a sort of promotion. Old Sigsbee was the only one aboard the Greene on this occasion.

So, as the fight waxed hot and the Canonicus seemed to be getting the brunt of it about noon on the 15th of January, old Sigsbee became a study for an artist. He would go to the end of the bridge and level his long pliotglass at the Canonicus. Then he would see the fire fly from her iron

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sides as the big Armstrong and Brooke rifle-bolts struck her. And then he would put his glass under his arm, bite off about an ounce of tobacco, which he would chaw as if he was eating his dinner, and would stride up and down the bridge of the ship like a caged lion, uttering the most frightful oaths I ever heard; damning his bloody eyes for ever "having taken an old woman's berth in —— —— sodger-ship out of the line of battle, and ever and anon expressing his firm belief that "Little George" (meaning Commander Belknap), the "fightin' little ——— ———, was a-missin' Old Nat, and wantin' him to be there right now!" (His first name was Nat or Nathan.) "See that little round iron thimble on top of the cheesebox," he would say — meaning the fighting pilothouse of the monitor — "there's where Little George is, and if I was aboard with him I'd be there by his side at the wheel! I know he'd have me at the fightin' wheel! I kin see him now peekin' out of the slots in the pilothouse, and he's probably got some —— —— of a Quartermaster there by him that he don't like half so well as Old Nat, 'cause I've knowed him sence he was knee high, and me and him is both New Hampshire sailors from the same town, and you bet they've all got a coat of salt on their skins an inch thick!"

The old man was a comical picture all this time. He was tall and spare, with a rugged, stormbeaten face, high cheek bones and a luxuriant growth of iron-gray whiskers that covered his throat, and spread out like a fan over the bosom of his heavy peajacket. His voice was hoarse and rough, as if it had been trained to rise above the roar of the waves and storms of the ocean, and his whole air, gait and manner bespoke the thorough "old salt." He had, in fact, been at sea, either as a New Bedford whaleman or as a man-of-warsman, for nearly 40 years at this time; still, his heart was warm and his courage fresh, and when he saw his "Little George"—as he called Commander Belknap, of the Canonicus—in a fight, his feelings entirely got the best of him, and he charged up and down the bridge and literally "made a holy show" of himself; but those who saw him could fully appreciate his sentiments, and, in fact, shared them to a great extent. Poor old Nat Sigsbee! I fear that his race is dying out in the American Navy in these times.

Well, while this was going on, the infantry was making rushes along the sand beach toward the fort in two or three lines, running over each other and intrenching as they advanced, but I was so much engrossed in the 15-inch gun practice of the monitors that I paid little attention to anything else. Finally, after about three hours of this sort of rapid approaches, the leading infantry nearest the river began to reach round onto the Rebel ditches, and began a regular escalade of the land face of the work. The fleet now ceased firing, except at the Mound battery, south of the main fort. The Rebels had powerful ordnance in the fort, and when the bombardment began they replied with great spirit. But they soon lost heart; in fact, many of their guns were dismounted by the huge shells and shot of the monitors, so that by the time the infantry got up to the assault the sea

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face and all the land face that the monitors could get in reverse was completely dismantled as far as artillery was concerned, and the garrison of the fort was crouching in the bombproofs and behind the traverses. Imagine a cold, bright day in the middle of January; a low, sandy coastline, with a dull surf combing up on the beach; a tremendous fort of the most elaborate construction, with ramparts in some places 30 feet high; huge bastions every little way; deep-throated embrasures from which frowned the muzzles of seven, eight and 10-inch Armstrong and Brooke rifled cannon and Columbiads; and the doomed flag of the gallant Confederacy floating defiantly from its tall staff!

Look, then, seaward, and see 60 steam men-of-war formed in a great arc of a circle, all steaming slowly to their anchors and rolling great volumes of smoke from their funnels. Inside of this outer arc five or six of those low, black, sullen monitors "in line abreast," as the sailors called it, slowly and steadily creeping toward the fort, no visible sign of life about them, except now and then you could see an officer's head come up over the breastwork or barbet on top of the turret.

The sullen monitors never said a word till their noses touched the beach, which was as close as they could get to their antagonist, and then—well, the like of it was never seen. From where our transport was anchored it looked as if the Canonicus, which was considerably nearer to the fort than any other ship, must be within 400 yards of the northeast main bastion. I kept my glass trained on her all the time. I could see the fire fly from her iron turret, deck and sides when the big bolts from the Rebel guns struck her. It did not seem possible that anything made by human hands could stand it. At this moment the three single-turreted monitors — Canonicus, Saugus and Mahopac — were in a bunch together, the Canonicus in the center and ahead, not 1,200 feet from the great bastion! On one flank, a little farther from the fort, was the double-turreted Monadnock, and on the other, still farther out, was a great, enormous mass of iron, flame and smoke, which the old Quartermaster told us was the famous New Ironsides, of which we had read so much in the stories of Fort Sumter. The Ironsides was a "broadsider," and she had 11-inch guns, of which she carried eight or nine on each side. As her guns were lighter than those of the monitors and mounted in the ordinary way, she could fire much faster than they could, and so she was pretty much a solid mass of flame all the time.

The bombardment lasted from 10 a. m. till past 2 in the afternoon. Meantime quite a force of sailors and marines had been landed below the fort, but they were not at first in sight from our anchorage. By 2 o'clock the fire from the heavy guns of the fort had ceased. Many of them were dismounted, and the shells from the fleet had driven the Confederate Cannoneers to take shelter in their bombproofs. The fleet now suddenly ceased firing and began to blow their steam whistles, which made a din almost equal to the cannonade. This was the signal for assault. At this time the infantry nearest the river had gotten up within 80 or 100 yards of the fort, and in order to get a clear view of the assault the sailors on the transport

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began to mount into the rigging. "Old Sig" took his station in the maintop, together with First Officer Hanscomb, and by permission of this officer I climbed up too. The ship was rolling considerably, which made the maintop a ticklish place for a landsman.

Mike declined to try it at all, saying that he could see enough from the bridge. The right of the line of men-of-war was now hauled in or shortened, the vessels of the right division falling into a second line astern of the center division. Probably 15 minutes elapsed between the blowing of the whistles and the grand advance of the infantry against the north face of the fort. They did not encounter so heavy a fire of musketry at first as I expected to see, but the sailors and marines who were assaulting the sea face got cold lead in big doses. From where we were it looked as if the enemy was concentrating his whole defense on the sea face. In less time than it takes to write it the infantry had mounted the parapet nearest the river and jumped down into the works. We, of course, supposed that this would finish the business, and momentarily expected the tokens of surrender. But we little understood the nature of the fort. It was so traversed and retrenched on the inside that it really amounted to a line of small redoubts inside of one large fortress, and the continuous angry crackle of musketry, with dense volumes of smoke rolling up from the inside, told that the garrison was defending every inch of the works with desperate resolution. At the time this looked like useless slaughter, though in the light of subsequent history it appears that the gallant garrison was holding out in the vain hope that Hoke's column from Wilmington would make a diversion in their favor; though they must have had a queer idea of what would have been involved in an attempt to advance infantry over that narrow sandspit, swept as it was from sea to river by the guns of 60 men-of-war!

However, the struggle inside the great fort went on until it assumed the proportions of a regular battle, lasting until after dark. The monitors kept throwing a shell now and then, but it was dangerous business, as our troops had cleaned out about half of the enemy's traverses and they were slowly working their way through the others. Darkness did not end the combat, but the fitful flashes kept lighting up the crest of the long sand parapet and revealing the outlines of the traverses and retrenchments inside. The monitors and New Ironsides also opened again with shell against the south end of the sea face, from which our sailors and marines had been repulsed, and for half or three-quarters of an hour the sight was indescribably grand. But about this time the wind lulled, so that the smoke did not drift away, and the fort and the monitors lay enveloped in a huge pall, which, added to the gloom of the night, gave a weird effect to the flashes of the 15-inch guns and the blaze of the bursting shells. This lasted till about 9 o'clock at night, when the musketry ceased inside the fort, and soon after the ships began signaling with different-colored rockets, which made another beautiful spectacle. There was not much sleep that night. Shortly after the fort surrendered — say about 11 o'clock — the gunboat Wilderness stood out and signaled the six transports of our division to get

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under weigh and to follow her "in line ahead," as "Old Sig" explained to us. We then steamed slowly down astern of the outer or "reserve line" of the men-of-war, and by daylight on the 16th anchored in Smith's Sound. We had hardly anchored here when orders were sent on board to prepare to land 12 of the siege guns, together with all the small-arm and field artillery ammunition, and half of the siege ammunition that we had. At the same time we saw the enemy preparing to abandon Forts Caswell and Johnston and evacuating the town of Smithville, which was about five miles from us. Several of the smaller gunboats stood in close to Fort Caswell and materially expedited the departure of the Confederate garrison, who retreated precipitately along the narrow neck of sand in rear of the fort after blowing up its magazine and setting fire to the buildings inside the works. We remained at this anchorage till the morning of the 17th, when boats and scows came alongside in tow of steamlanches to land the guns and ammunition. The guns were stowed in the hold, dismounted, with their carriages, the wheels being taken off and the ammunition chests disconnected. A line of about three-inch hawser had to be passed around the gun below the trunnions and brought together with a marline, engaging the cascabel knob, so that the gun when slung would hang muzzle down; then it was hoisted up out of the hold, passed over the side and lowered into the boat or scow alongside. As it reached the boat it had to be steadied by the muzzle and let down carefully to a horizontal position onto the skids provided for it, otherwise the Rodman siege piece would have made a hole through the bottom of the boat, and all would have gone down together. There was quite an "old swell" running in through the new inlet at this time, so that it required pretty nice calculation to handle these heavy pieces and their cumbrous carriages, but we got through with it in two days, ammunition and all. As Mike Clancey and I superintended the whole work of debarking the siege guns, in consequence of Lieut. Budd, Acting Ordnance Officer, being too sick to keep the deck, the Lieutenant called us to his cot in the cabin and took down our names, with the batteries to which we belonged, saying that he would mention our names in his report for valuable services and meritorious conduct. But I never saw him after he landed the next day at Smithville, and do not know whether he remembered us in his report or not. But from what I saw of him during that voyage — in which he appeared at a disadvantage from his constant and severe seasickness — he struck me as a remarkable example of my invariable luck in always getting with excellent officers!

After we finished the debarkation of guns and ammunition I got a chance to go ashore at Smithville, which had been occupied by our troops the night before. There was nothing of interest there, and I soon returned to the ship with the First Officer's boat. I was very anxious to get ashore on Federal Point, so as to inspect Fort Fisher and the Mound battery, but could not get an opportunity. The old transport remained at her anchor in Smith's Sound a few days, when she was ordered to Fort Monroe, where we arrived in due time. I got a passage to City Point that night on the

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mailboat, and reported for duty at the ammunition wharf at City Point again, having witnessed two of the wonders of warlike annals: First, the landing of an infantry corps on an ocean beach in a January surf, and, second, the bombardment and assault on Fort Fisher — two exploits without parallel in history! Whereupon I resumed the peaceful duties of counting out and checking off deliveries of ammunition and the unloading of barges. But I made the evenings in our old shanty lively for some time with my anecdotes of the great expedition, my admiring and appreciating audience of jolly comrades — Burke, Holley, Nelson, Ross and Billy Wheaton. And so the rest of the Winter of 1864–65 passed away.

About March 10 I was relieved from duty at the wharf by a Veteran Reserve man and reported back to division headquarters. Here a brief resumé of what had happened since December may be interesting. During the Winter of 1864–65 the Fifth Corps had held the line from at or near Fort Howard, across the Weldon Railroad westward to Poplar Spring Church, and also back down the railroad from Fort Wadsworth, near Globe Tavern, where Warren had his headquarters, to Fort Dushane, near which was the Winter camp of the Artillery Brigade. When I first returned from the Valley campaign in November, 1864, there were no less than 11 batteries in the brigade, all in a pretty good state of efficiency and many of them fully recruited up. They were, as before stated, Phillips's 5th Massachusetts, Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts, Rawles's (D and G) 5th Regulars, Mitchell's (Stewart's B) 4th Regulars, Cooper's 1st Pennsylvania (then commanded by Lieut. McMcClellan), together with Batteries B, C, D, E, H and L of the 1st New York. But now, as the old Fifth Corps had been selected to lead the advance of the army, "left in front," and was "stripped to the buff," the Artillery Brigade was considerably cut down. The two Massachusetts batteries, three of the six New York batteries and Cooper's (McClellan's) 1st Pennsylvania were left in the forts, and only Rawles's and ours — Regulars — and Mink's, Johnson's and Rodgers's Batteries (H, D and B, 1st New York,) were ordered out in line of march. The infantry organizations of the corps had changed a great deal. The old Iron Brigade had ceased to exist as a separate organization. During the Fall of 1864 the remaining of the 6th and 7th Wisconsin — now recruited beyond recognition by conscripts, etc. — and the 24th Michigan had been consolidated with the remnants of Roy Stone's old Keystone Brigade, of Gettysburg fame, and the whole was commanded by Gen. Edward S. Bragg, formerly Colonel of the 6th Wisconsin. But in the Appomattox campaign the 6th and 7th Wisconsin were formed with the 91st New York into a Provisional Brigade under Col. Kellogg. Under these circumstances the immortal old "Fighting Fifth" drew out of its lines in front of Petersburg long before daylight on the 29th of March, 1865, stripped itself for bivouac and battle, cast a thought toward thousands of Northern homes, whispered a hope for victory and peace and started for Appomattox Courthouse!

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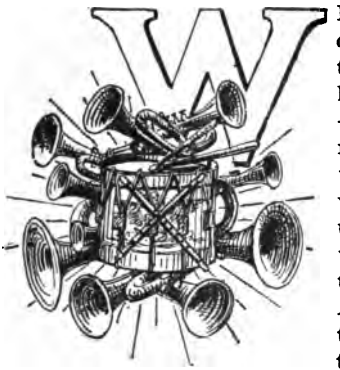
CHAPTER XIII.

WE START FOR APPOMATTOX — BRILLIANT OPERATIONS OF THE FIFTH CORPS — FOUR VICTORIES IN FOUR DAYS — MITCHELL WOUNDED — FIVE FORKS — CHARGE OF GRIFFIN'S DIVISION — TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF PICKETT'S FORCE — GEN. WARREN RELIEVED — THE FIFTH CORPS SYMPATHIZES WITH HIM — GEN. GRIFFIN TAKES COMMAND — PURSUIT OF THE REBEL ARMY — JETERSVILLE — LIGONTON — PRINCE EDWARD COURTHOUSE — PROSPECT STATION — APPOMATTOX — WE HEAD LEE OFF — THE WHITE FLAG — INCIDENTS OF THE SURRENDER.



E well understood that the movement on the 29th of March was designed to take Lee in the rear and break up his last remaining lines of communication — the Danville and Southside Railroads. We knew that Sherman's army was steadily thrashing its way northward through the Carolinas. The universal feeling among the troops was that Grant's bulldog grip on Lee's throat had at last begun to "tell." And we also knew that the music was to be by the full band! We were all thoroughly imbued with the grim, unrelenting spirit of "Old Unconditional Surrender." The Fifth Corps troops were glad to swing loose from the trenches, and proud of their selection to lead the advance of the army, "left in front." We moved rapidly during the latter part of the night to Ream's Station, and thence to Monk's Neck Bridge, over the Rowanty, where we halted to let the cavalry pass toward Dinwiddie Courthouse. In the morning we moved by the right flank up the Quaker Road, Griffin's Division leading. This movement was cautious and deliberate, it being Gen. Warren's purpose to develop the enemy without exposing his own head of column or flank to a surprise from the woods, which covered most of the ground.

Speaking of the operations early in the morning of March 29, Gen. Humphreys in his History says that "Gen. Warren, after advancing Griffin's Division to within two miles of Dinwiddie Courthouse, withdrew it to the Quaker Road," etc. I think the official reports will show that only Bartlett's Brigade was advanced in that direction, and that the other two bri-

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gades merely stood in readiness to support Bartlett. If the whole division had gone Mitchell's and Mink's Batteries would have proceeded with it, as they were that day reporting directly to Griffin, and I know that the batteries remained on the Quaker Road just above the Vaughn Road junction until past noon. About 6 or 7 a. m. Maj. Cope, of Warren's staff, came to Griffin and, after a few words between them, Bartlett was put in motion toward the sounds of the cavalry skirmishing near Dinwiddie. Cope asked Griffin to lend him a courier, and I was ordered to go. We had not proceeded more than two miles when Maj. Cope sent a message to Gen. Warren, which appeared to be of some importance, as it resulted in the immediate withdrawal of Bartlett's Brigade to the former position at the junction of the Vaughn and Quaker Roads. I have since learned that this note informed Warren that Gen. Bartlett was satisfied from the indications he had developed that the enemy's main force was still on the north side of Gravelly Run, and that a prompt movement against them there would probably be more effective in relieving the pressure upon Sheridan than a direct support by part of the Fifth Corps would be. As it is only about three-and-a-half miles from the Vaughn and Quaker Roads junction to Dinwiddie Courthouse, it will be seen that Bartlett's advance of nearly two miles, or more than half the way, must have fully developed the fact that the enemy in Sheridan's front was not in heavy force. Bartlett moved along the Vaughn Road, crossed Cattail Creek and halted at a cross-roads about three-quarters of a mile southwest of the creek crossing, from which point Maj. Cope sent his message back to Warren. This point is less than two miles east of Dinwiddie.

So about noon Bartlett was withdrawn, and Gen. Warren ordered an advance on the line of the Quaker Road, informing Gen. Griffin that the enemy would be found about two miles ahead near an old steam sawmill, and that it was intended to attack and drive him into his intrenchments on the White Oak Road, which was the most effective way that the Fifth Corps could support the cavalry who were operating on our left. Gen. Warren stated that Gen. Meade expected him to make a lodgment on the White Oak Road at once, so as to separate the Rebel force at Dinwiddie from Lee's main army, and this was the object of our movement up the Quaker Road. At this time, about 1 o'clock, Gen. Griffin sent me, at Gen. Wainwright's request, to Mitchell, Mink and Rawles, whom I found with their batteries about half a mile up the Quaker Road. The General directed me to stay with the batteries, in readiness to bring back any message they might want to send to him, and to report back to him at night if nothing happened. Receiving the General's orders, Mitchell, Rawles and Mink moved up the Quaker Road with Griffin's Division, old B marching in the interval between Chamberlain's and Gregory's Brigades. About 3 p. m. the flankers of Chamberlain's Brigade encountered some force of the enemy holding the woods on the left (west side) of the Quaker Road, our head of column being then in the "steam sawmill clearing," a mile or so south of the junction of the Quaker Road with the Boydton Plank. These woods, or rather slashing,

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where the larger trees had been cut down on the west side of the steam sawmill clearing, were full of log roads. Chamberlain's infantry deployed rapidly and drove the enemy's skirmishers back to their main line, but when the Battery attempted to follow they found the log roads obstructed by fallen trees. While they were working to remove these trees the Second Brigade (Gregory's) swarmed through the brush to support Chamberlain, and some of them fell out of ranks to help clear the roads. As soon as the guns could get through they went into battery in the clearing west of this slashing, where there was a house surrounded by outbuildings. At this moment Chamberlain's Brigade was hard pressed to the left and Gregory's appeared to be in some confusion, but in the main holding their ground.

When the Battery got out into the clearing Mitchell directed Vose to take the left section to the left of the house and form on the southwest side of it, while he himself, with the right section, under command of our Orderly Sergeant, Henry Moore, passed to the right of the house and formed in the edge of a small orchard of young peach trees north of it. When Mitchell had ordered Vose to form the left section below the house he told me to remain in the rear of the building till further orders. The infantry out in the fields west and south of the house were firing pretty lively, and the "spat" of half-spent balls against the clapboards was disagreeably frequent. Meantime Vose had unlimbered his section, and I heard "Old Betsey's" voice for the first time since July, 1864. I could easily distinguish her from the other gun of the section, and it excited me a little. Perhaps the heroic thing would have been to rush to my old gun and volunteer to help work her. But, judging from the way she talked, her family of "stepchildren" — the New Regulars and recruits — were treating the old lady well, and, besides, I was not hunting for glory just then, not having lost any that I knew of. Therefore I remained behind the house. In another minute Mitchell opened with the right section, and after firing two or three rounds he came riding around where I was, on his way down to the left section, leaving Henry Moore in command of the right. What a picture he was! His fine features aglow with the light of battle, his dark-gray eyes fairly black and flashing! He wore a splendid new uniform glittering in scarlet braid, a crimson sash, and morocco boots that came above his knees. Thus mounted on his brown stallion, who was curvetting finely, he certainly was a thing of beauty. He had reached the summit of his ambition, as he was now, for the first time, independently commanding in action the old Battery which had been literally his home for 11 years! As he saw me he called out: "Hello, Cubby, what are you doing here?"

"Awaiting orders, sir."

"Come on then; come with me!"

I confess that I couldn't see why I should go down into the field or what good I could do there or why the rear of the house was not about the best place for me just then, but there was no such thing as flunking when Mitchell said "come on," and so I wheeled the little mare and trotted after

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him — with about as many misgivings as I ever felt in my life. I was superstitious enough to think that a fellow who went under fire uselessly or unnecessarily was more likely to get hit than under other circumstances. However, choking down these feelings, I went along. Vose was right up in the section, between the guns, sitting his horse stiffly — West Point fashion — and the boys, recruits as they were, were making the fur fly, and no mistake. Just as we reached the caissons Vose changed front with the left piece to fire to the left and the whole scene flashed upon us.

Chamberlain's Brigade — consisting of only two regiments, the 185th New York and 198th Pennsylvania — being flanked on its left and assailed in front at the same time, had fallen into some confusion. The Rebels were fighting as well as I had ever seen them fight, pressing close up and firing very rapidly. Col. Sickle, commanding the 198th, was riding up and down his line, brandishing his saber and shouting, in the effort to hold his Pennsylvanians to their work, when he and his horse went down all in a heap, the Colonel badly wounded and the horse killed. At this the regiment hastily fell back toward the woods, leaving the 185th New York unsupported, and they retired also, though both were immediately reformed in the edge of the brush and brought forward again in less than 10 minutes by Gen. Chamberlain, who literally "led his men," riding, sword in hand, clear out in front of his line. But during this interval the section was without support, and the enemy made a determined effort to take it. There was the remains of a fence in our front about 200 feet from our muzzles, along which a straggling growth of saplings and bushes stood; and when they reached this they halted and delivered one of the most dreadful blizzards of musketry that I ever saw right into the unsupported section. I don't suppose their nearest men were more than 60 yards from us, and their whole line — probably 200 or 250 yards long — concentrated every bullet on us. They hit poor Mitchell in four places, smashing his arm and tearing his neck, left shoulder and right side. This last shot broke some of his ribs, but did not penetrate the cavity of the body — glancing from his ribs! They killed the poor little Swede, Freytong, shooting him right through the head and also in the breast, so that he never knew what hurt him! And they wounded Nell Graham, mortally, I think, Cunningham and Jim McCallan, of our section, severely, and two or three others slightly. Still the section stood its ground and answered this blizzard with another blast of canister, and still another. By this time Chamberlain's renewed advance and the appearance of Bartlett's Brigade, or part of it, through the woods, took effect on the enemy, and, after some straggling musketry from the line of the old fence, they broke and fled in great confusion back to their little breastworks on the Boydton Road. Bartlett's Brigade, being now clear of the woods, deployed at a double quick and charged after them. Bartlett carried their intrenchments on the Boydton Road in grand style, capturing about 200 prisoners, doubling their right flank back nearly a mile and advancing to near the Dabney House, where he halted in consequence of night coming on, which put an end to this conflict.

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Every one of the new men or boys stood their ground here in a manner worthy of the old Iron Brigade veterans in their palmiest days, and there was no more flinching or flickering at Gravelly Run than at Antietam, Gettysburg or Spottsylvania! So that the old Battery wound up its long, splendid career in a perfect blaze of glory. In fact, I think that candor compels me to say that the recruits stood up to it better than I did, because when I saw that line of Rebel muzzles come down I took to cover mighty quick; but, perhaps, I knew better than some of them did what a Rebel blizzard meant at that range! At all events, knowing, as we all did, that "the jig was nearly up," I had no stomach for being killed or crippled just at the end of the war. But my heart bled for poor Freytong, who was killed in his tracks; for Ellis Graham, who was mortally wounded, and for Lieut. Mitchell, whose hard fate it was to be crippled in his 33d battle and within 10 days of the collapse of the Rebellion. Ord. Serg't Henry Moore ought to have been promoted for his behavior in this action; he was a well-educated man, of gentlemanly bearing, and had seen eight years continuous service in the Battery at this time. It was understood that Gen. Wainwright recommended him, but the war ended so soon that there was no chance for the recommendation to be acted upon.

Mitchell was in the 11th year of his service, every day of which he had spent in the Battery. He had been Driver, Cannoneer, Gunner, Chief of Piece, Quartermaster Sergeant, Orderly Sergeant, Second Lieutenant and Lieutenant Commanding. He had been under fire with the Battery in almost every battle it had seen from the beginning of the war until this the 10th day before its end. After he received his wounds he remained with the Battery until dark, and did not relinquish his post until one of the brigade Surgeons had informed him that an attempt to remain at the front four hours, with its attendant fatigue and excitement, would certainly cost him his right arm and probably his life. He then consented to be taken to the rear. He was taken back to the steam sawmill, where some of the First Division ambulances had arrived. Here his wounds were dressed and pronounced not dangerous, and we made him as comfortable as we could until morning in one of the old sheds at the mill, when he was put in an ambulance and taken to the nearest station on the Military Railway — the one at the Squirrel Level Road, near Armstrong's Mill. I never saw him again. He died three years afterward, at Fort Leavenworth. He had been promoted from First Lieutenant in the Battery to a Captaincy in the 43d Regular Infantry in 1866, and when that regiment was mustered out in 1868 he was retained on the List, in view of his services and his wounds, though most of the other officers were mustered out with the regiment. But he could not pass examination for active service, having one arm, one leg and one hand crippled, together with a wound in the side which never completely healed.

Pausing a moment to give a parting word to the memory of this noble man and splendid soldier, it suffices to say that his death was as tragic as his life had been heroic.

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As well as I can recollect, John Mitchell was born in Belfast, Ireland, about the year 1830. He came into our Regular Army in 1854, joining Battery B about three years before the Utah expedition. He served in the Battery as private, Corporal, Sergeant and First Sergeant until August, 1863, when he was made Lieutenant. He took command of the Battery in November or December, 1864, succeeding Stewart, and retained the command until mortally wounded at Gravelly Run, March 29, 1865. I say "mortally wounded," because, though he lived three years after that, his death was caused by those wounds, and he never was a well man after he received them. In person he was about five feet 10 or 11 inches high, of medium build, well knit and powerful, and in "fighting condition" would weigh about 160 pounds. He had a small waist and limbs, but his shoulders were broad and square. His featnres were clean cut and regular, and his complexion florid. He wore a very dark brown or sort of bronze-colored mustach. His hair was almost black, and curled when he let it grow to any length, though as a rule he kept it cut short after the "old Regular" fashion. His eyes were large and dark gray, with heavy dark brows and long eyelashes — the true Irish gray eye that novelists so love to describe. The whole expression of his features bespoke the benignity and generosity of his nature. The only blemish in his face was that his nose turned slightly to one side — a relic of his early days in the ranks, when some muscular comrade had broken it in one of his numerous fights. In character he was the perfect soldier, "first, last and always." There never was a man of kinder heart, gentler nature or sweeter disposition than he had. And never a man of quicker temper, swifter hand or fiercer courage! A good many veterans of Battery B are still living — perhaps 50 all told — who knew John Mitchell, either as a Sergeant or a Lieutenant, and not one of them will dispute my view of his character. He was simply all that a soldier, comrade, or man could be. He had faults, like all of us, but they injured no one except himself. As an officer he could not help showing partiality toward men who had been with him a long time. As a man he was convivial to a fault, and no doubt his excesses had something to do with hastening his untimely end. But that is not for me to say. I can only say that John Mitchell was one of nature's noblemen. I have always associated him with Joaquin Miller's poetic description of "Walker in Nicaragua." Mitchell might easily have been just such a filibusterer as Walker. He was a soldier and — it must be said — nothing else! But such a soldier!!

For he was true as any star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are.
Tall, courtly, grand as any King,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,
And never moved at anything.
A piercing eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half angel and half Lucifer.

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A sash of silk, where flashing swung
A saber swift as serpent's tongue.
With brawn arm arched above his brow,
Stood there — he stands that picture now!
A face of blended pride and pain,
Of mingled pleading and disdain!
Speak ill of him who will, he died —
Say this much and be satisfied.
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun.

I rejoice that I have the opportunity to pay this feeble tribute to his memory. Lieut. Vose succeeded him in command of the Battery, and two other Lieutenants were assigned to it temporarily. Vose had a "hard billet," following, as he did, James Stewart and John Mitchell in command of such a battery as that was. But it is fair to say that he filled it most creditably. The morning of the 30th of March was about as dismal as I ever saw. A cold rain had fallen all night and was still pouring down. The roads in the soft soil of that region were universal quagmires. It was almost impossible to build fires to boil our coffee; our forage train was not up, so that we had nothing to feed our horses except the small rations carried with the batteries, and no one, from Gen. Griffin down, had the slightest shelter, except that furnished by the dripping trees. During the forenoon of the 30th I was employed by Gen. Griffin in carrying messages to the brigade commanders and communicating with Gen. Crawford, who was operating in the direction of the Boydton Plank Road. Completing this work, I rejoined the artillery, and in the afternoon the three batteries were ordered to move up the crossroad leading from the Boydton Plank to the White Oak Road with Ayres's Division, and about 4 o'clock became engaged shelling the woods beyond a clearing called Holliday's to develop the enemy's position. We fired about 30 rounds per gun of shell and case, but with no result, except that after we ceased Ayres's skirmishers opened up these woods and advanced through them to within sight of the enemy's intrenchments on the White Oak Road east of the Five Forks. They were opposed by the enemy in some force, and at night fell back to the main position. Reporting back to Gen. Griffin after dark, he told me to remain with the artillery until the next night, and then report to him again. About two hours before daylight on the 31st Griffin's Division was relieved by Miles's Division, of the Second Corps, and at once pushed out toward the White Oak Road. Our Battery and Rawles's were pushed on ahead, and ours, passing over a small branch of Gravelly Run, went in battery in what was known as the Dabney Farm, about 500 yards from the house, in sight of the enemy's intrenchments and on the right of Ayres's leading brigade, which was just deploying, Rawles's halting behind the little branch. The enemy now sharply attacked Ayres's troops on the left flank, extending their attack toward the right where we were, and nearly all of Ayres's Division gave way, falling back rapidly toward the woods

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on the south and the little creek on the east. This brought us into action, and we opened with canister as soon as the retiring infantry had cleared our front. This, while it lasted, was as handsome practice as the old Battery had ever made. The Rebels did not extend their attack to our position, but doubled back Ayres's two brigades on the left, until they crossed the creek. But as the infantry next to us (part of Winthrop's Brigade) began to fall back toward the creek to avoid being taken in their left flank

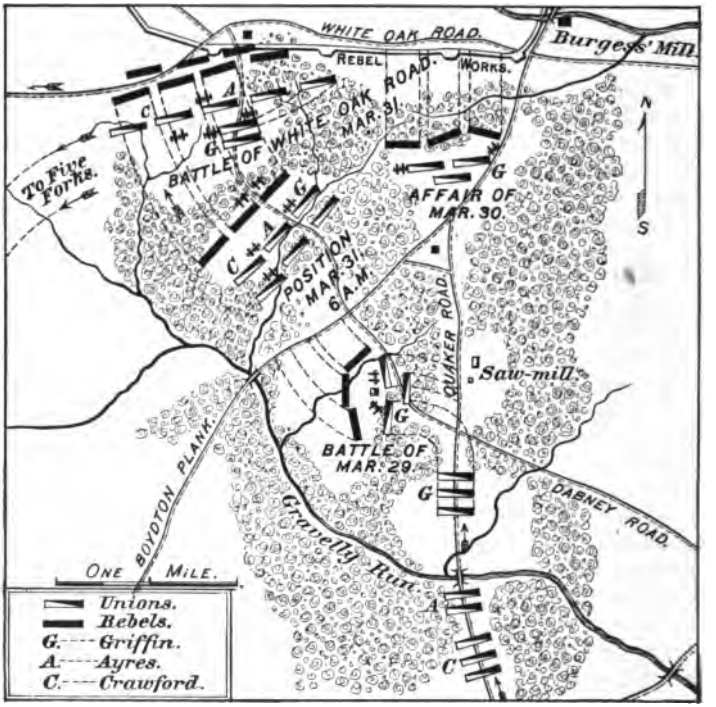

DIAGRAM OF WARREN'S OPERATIONS PRECEDING FIVE FORKS.

in consequence of the retreat of the others, we limbered and fell back leisurely to the north bank of the creek. Here we halted and went into battery again, Rawles and Mink being in position on the other bank of the stream, and the head of Griffin's infantry in the act of deploying.

Lieut. Johnson now came up with Richardson's old Battery (D, 1st New York), and he and Mink at once proceeded to Crawford's part of the line, which was hard pressed. Johnson met with some delay, but Mink formed on a knoll fronting the clearing through which Crawford's troops were retreating, and, by excellent and rapid practice, first with case and finally with canister, he checked the enemy, inflicting much loss and encouraging Crawford's troops to rally.

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When Mink and Deloss Johnson started with their batteries to reinforce Crawford, there was a narrow strip of woods, fringing a small stream, in their front. The semblance of a road led through this brush; but old Charley Mink, knowing a good deal about Virginia wood roads, refused to attempt it, and calmly hauled his battery about three-quarters of a mile to get around the head of the brook and the end of the timber, while Deloss Johnson, with his usual impetuosity, and anxious to get into action first, plunged his battery into the wood road, where he was directly entangled with fallen trees, dense brush and a swampy creekbed, so that he could neither advance nor turn round to retrace his steps. The result was that Mink got the lion's share of the glory at the White Oak Road, while Deloss Johnson, with old Battery D, was struggling, tugging and swearing vainly in the brush. Gen. Wainwright, in his official report, makes a reference to this which, to persons on the spot and conversant with the facts, is almost comical. He says:

> The Second and Third Divisions being driven back in considerable confusion from the White Oak Road, Mink and Johnson were advanced as rapidly as possible through the woods to positions commanding the crossing of two small streams. The position taken up by Maj. Mink was an excellent one, commanding a small open field and the woods beyond, through which the enemy was advancing. His practice was most admirable, and inflicted severe loss on the enemy. Johnson's Battery was almost completely in the woods, and the enemy did not come within fair view of his pieces.

It will be noticed that Gen. Wainwright says that Johnson was "in the woods." I should say he was! As we would say nowadays, he was "in the soup!" He started on a race with Charley Mink to see which should get in action first, and Charley took the roundabout road through the fields, while Deloss plunged into the woods. Mink got there and had the honor of performing the last important action done by the artillery of the Fifth Corps. Deloss Johnson, however, by dint of hard swearing, heavy log rolling and corduroying a small swamp, succeeding in getting old Battery D out into the clearing in time to fire a few case shot at the retreating enemy. Deloss was one of the most meritorious officers in the Artillery Brigade, and had worked his way up from the ranks to the command of the battery. His boys said that when they had to clear the road, he dismounted and jumped in to help them move logs, handspike in hand. He was not above medium size but very powerful, and the boys of Battery D said that when he began to hear Mink's guns out in the clearing he would double up a good sized oak handspike as if it had been a toothpick, lifting at an obdurate log!

It might be inferred from the tenor of Gen. Wainwright's report, as above quoted, that Johnson did not have any share in the battle of the White Oak Road. But the General refers to the first phase of the action only, when Ayres was driven back. After Johnson got his battery into the clearing he advanced with the left brigade of Crawford's Division, and in the latter part of the battle was sharply engaged at close range right in front of the White Oak intrenchments, where at least two of

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his men — George Pike and Lew Stockwell — were badly wounded, and I think others were hit.

Gen. Thomas F. McCoy, of the 107th Pennsylvania, says of this affair in a letter to the author:

Ayres's Division moved forward toward the White Oak Road early in the day, and after some time Crawford crossed the little run, then flooded by the rains of the night and morning, and advanced on the left of Ayres and did not more than get into line of battle when Ayres's Division gave way, passing Crawford's right, Gwyn's Brigade making an effort to rally on Baxter's Brigade, then engaged with the advancing enemy on a full charge, but failed to make the stand, thus leaving our right in the air without any support, and Crawford's line was necessarily forced back, and it seemed for a time as if the left of the corps was going to be turned and doubled back. There was a half mile or more of good fighting ground in the open, and effort after effort was made to rally the troops. Gen. Warren was on the ground displaying his usual coolness, skill and gallantry in uniting with such officers as rallied around him in efforts to stem the backward movement. At length Mink's Battery came to our aid on a little eminence south of the run, and with the stimulus imparted by it the enemy was checked in their farther advance, and a good position was secured for reforming our lines. This battery did the thing that was above all things needed at this time. It was a good thing to have artillery about, as its very presence gave life and confidence to the troops.

While another advance was in preparation Gen. Meade came up and gave stimulus to this movement. It was probably about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the lines were reformed, with some of Griffin's Division, Chamberlain's and Gregory's Brigades, I think, taking the place of Ayres's, and with Crawford's Division on the left in support, and over about the same ground as he occupied the early part of the day. The advance was in good force and in good style, and was a great success, the full purpose having been accomplished; so that the day, beginning in a rather gloomy way, closed with joy and rejoicing, and with the White Oak Road in our possession.

It was while these movements were in progress that Sheridan, having possession of the Five Forks, was attacked and forced back to Dinwiddie. Being but two or three miles to our left, and partially to our rear, we heard the firing and could tell how the thing was working and threatening disaster to Grant's plans. Sheridan's cavalry force was about 10,000. He had at this time no infantry under his command. He was confronted by some of Lee's best infantry and most of his cavalry, and judged it prudent to give ground, fall back gradually, and while so doing call on the General-in-Chief for infantry support.

In the course of an hour or so Griffin's infantry was all up and began to move forward over the ground which Ayres had abandoned, Chamberlain's Brigade now leading and Gregory's following, our Battery advancing in the interval, or rather keeping pace with Gregory's right front. Chamberlain had a sharp brush with the enemy's skirmish line at and about the Dabney House, but soon routed them, and Gregory's Brigade, swinging rapidly to our right and then deploying by the left flank, crossed the road. Meantime Chamberlain assaulted the trenches in his front and carried them, and Gregory moving toward him, with his line across the road, they caught the remains of the Rebel left wing between them and captured some 200 or 300 prisoners, with a flag or two. This was called the battle of the White Oak Road. We took no part in the latter half of it, except to be on the ground, the operations of the infantry being so rapid that there

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was no occasion for artillery fire. Lieut. Vose commanded the Battery in this affair. He handled it in good shape, and seemed to be very proud of its behavior during the brief period of his command. Singularly enough, though serving two years and two months in the Regular artillery, I had not been under the command of any West Pointer but him, and was under his command only two days, March 30 and 31. Of the five officers I had known in Battery B, three — Stewart, Davison and Mitchell — were rankers; one, Goodman, was a detached volunteer officer, and Vose alone was from the Military Academy; while of the three officers I had known in Battery M, two, McKnight and Baldwin, were appointed from civil life, and the other, Fred Robinson, was a ranker. As previously ordered, I reported again that night to Gen. Griffin, and never served with the guns after the battle of White Oak Road. In this battle Elmer Babcock, a Corporal in Mink's Battery, was killed. He and I had been acquainted before the war. He was older than I, but we were very good friends, and I was much pained at his tragic death so near the end of the war and after escaping so many perils. Poor Babcock was the last man killed in the Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Corps.

According to history as written there was nothing worthy the name of a battle in this campaign except Five Forks; but the fact is — and some day a better writer and more experienced soldier than I will make it conspicuous — that the really decisive battle of that campaign was fought by Warren and the Fifth Corps, with its three divisions and its five batteries, at the White Oak Road; and that Five Forks, the next day, was simply a general rout of the enemy which the battle of the preceding day made possible. Personally I take much pride in these battles of March 29, 30 and 31, because they were fought by the Fifth Corps alone, without support from any other troops, with no cavalry, under the most difficult and trying conditions of weather and ground, and against an enemy most of the time quite equal in numbers and vastly superior in position and local circumstances. The force of these observations will be felt when I say that the total losses of the Fifth Corps in the Appomattox campaign were 2,600, and they were divided between days as follows:

Gravelly Run, March 29	328
Boydton Road, March 30	182
White Oak Road, March 31	1,460
Five Forks, April 1	630
Total	2,600

So it will be seen that nearly three-fifths of the entire losses of the corps in the whole campaign were suffered at the White Oak Road. The Confederate force encountered by the Fifth Corps on the 31st of March consisted, according to their own accounts, of the five brigades of McGowan, Gracie, Hunton, Wise and Ransom, with Munford's cavalry command, though the latter does not appear to have exercised much influence on the fortunes of the combat.

The total Confederate force in action at the White Oak Road was very

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nearly 10,000 as against about 13,000 effective of the Fifth Corps. But as we were on the offensive, in woods or against slight earthworks most of the time, this slight disparity of numbers was more than equalized. However, it is necessary in delineating these movements to say that Miles's Division, of the Second Corps, was operating on our right, and assaulted the Rebel works near Burgess's Mill with success, which, without doubt, facilitated Warren's victory at the White Oak Road proper. Gen. Sheridan had nothing whatever to do with these operations, the movements of the Fifth Corps being up to this time directed exclusively by Warren, acting under the orders of Gen. Meade. Comparing the two engagements of the White Oak Road, March 31, and Five Forks, April 1, we find that about the same numerical strength of Confederates was engaged in each fight, say, from 10,000 to 11,000 in round numbers. The Union force at White Oak was the 13,000 men of the Fifth Corps. At Five Forks it was the 11,000-odd remaining of that corps, with about the same number of Sheridan's cavalry, or something more than 20,000 strong.

The battle of White Oak began about 2 o'clock in the afternoon between forces nearly equal, was desperately contested, with varying fortunes, till dark, about five hours, and resulted in cutting off the right flank of Lee's army from its main body. The battle of Five Forks began after 4 p. m., was a total rout of the enemy from start to finish, and was over by 7 o'clock. Hence I say that the stubbornly-contested and dearly-bought victory of the White Oak Road, March 31, made the total rout and magnificent triumph of the next day at Five Forks possible! And yet its name is hardly known in history as thus far written.

As soon as the enemy had been driven behind the White Oak Road, Bartlett, about dark, was pushed out to our left across the country some two-and-a-half or three miles in the general direction of Five Forks, Maj. Cope again accompanying him. About 10 o'clock at night Bartlett perceived that he had overlapped the rear of a force of the enemy's cavalry, whose campfires could be seen on a small wooded ridge just across a little branch, in which the Rebel cavalrymen were at that moment watering their horses. Satisfied that the presence of his brigade had not been detected, Bartlett instantly began dispositions as noiselessly as possible to surprise this force; but just as the whispered order — "Forward! Be careful!" was creeping along the line an order came from Gen. Meade to withdraw the brigade and rejoin the rest of the division in its bivouacs. Bartlett always said that if Meade had let him alone he would have stove that Rebel cavalry command to pieces in half an hour. It afterward proved to be Munford's Brigade. Upon comparing notes after the surrender it was found that the enemy at the time Bartlett was preparing to attack him was totally unconscious of his presence, and did not dream that there was a brigade of veteran infantry 2,000 strong within rifle shot of his bivouac. The Rebels freely admitted that such an attack as Bartlett proposed would have thrown them into hopeless and helpless confusion, and must have resulted in the capture or dispersion of the command.

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Leaving all the batteries in the position occupied during the night of the 31st, the infantry of Crawford's Division, followed by Ayres's and Griffin's, moved long before daylight on April 1 from their muddy bivouacs along the White Oak Road and took a beeline across the fields and through the woods toward Boisseau's Crossroads, a distance of about five miles, where the head of the column arrived about 7 o'clock and found there the three divisions of the Cavalry Corps, with which Gen. Sheridan was present. Sheridan made some inquiries about the positions of the other divisions of the Fifth Corps, and informed Griffin that as soon as the Fifth Corps was all up and the men rested a little he proposed to put him and Crawford in on the left flank of the enemy's works, across the White Oak Road, to turn that flank and take them in reverse, while he would attack in front with Ayres's Division, and the dismounted cavalry would demonstrate heavily in their front. Gen. Sheridan's explanation of his plan and description of the ground was very clear and precise. In the meantime Crawford's Division came up on our right front and massed in the fields east of Boisseau's House, and Ayres's men could be seen massing in column on the west side of the road to our left. Gen. Warren was on the ground at this time, and the five Generals — Sheridan, Warren, Ayres, Griffin and Crawford — each made little diagrams of the roads and the ground involved in the proposed movement. This was all done before 1 o'clock, by which time the troops were all up and massed in column of brigades in their designated positions. They were now ordered to stack arms and rest themselves a little. After this conference Gen. Sheridan rode over to the left where the dismounted cavalry was. The distance from where the Fifth Corps was halted to the enemy's intrenchments along the White Oak Road was about one and one-half or two miles. It must have been 3:30 in the afternoon when Crawford's Division began to move toward the White Oak Road. Our Division (Griffin's) moved about 4 o'clock, Gregory's Brigade leading.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

As the question of time involved in the dispositions of the Fifth Corps at Five Forks has an important bearing on the unfortunate — and, as every one in that corps thought, unnecessary — controversy between Gens. Warren and Sheridan, it is proper at this point to review briefly the cir-

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cumstances of the march and the condition of the troops on the morning of April 1. The distance marched by each of the three divisions was about alike, Crawford having slightly the longest route. On an average it was between four and five miles. The line of march was across country and much of the way in broken ground formed by the headwaters of Gravelly Run, entirely impracticable for artillery and very difficult even for infantry. The work of the troops up to that time had been incessant since midnight, March 28. Between that time and 4 o'clock p. m. the 29th they had marched from the Petersburg lines by roundabout roads to the steam sawmill clearing on the Quaker Road, north of Gravelly Run, crossing that stream twice. Between 4 o'clock and dark they had fought the battle of Gravelly Run. From, say, 10 p. m. the 29th to 3 a. m. the 30th they had got such rest as beds in soft mud and under a cold, pouring rain might afford. From 3 a. m. to 3 p. m. the 30th they were marching toward the Boydton Plank Road junction, manuvering a good deal and skirmishing; and between 3 p. m. and dark they had fought what is known as the battle of the Boydton Road. The night of the 30th was a repetition of the 29th. Perhaps six hours were spent in cooking coffee and sleeping. They were turned out at 3 a. m. the 31st and moved toward the White Oak Road. From 10 o'clock till dark they were engaged in the battle of the White Oak Road, which was heavy enough to involve all three divisions, lasting till after dark and causing severe loss. The movement was continued till after 9 p. m., and they were turned out on the morning of April 1 for the advance to Five Forks as early as 2 a. m. Therefore, from midnight March 28 to 2 a. m. April 1 was 98 hours, during which not to exceed 18 had been devoted to rest or refreshment, while 80 hours had been spent in the most toilsome and distressing marches in mud and rain, by night and by day, and in fighting three battles, of which the combined casualties had been about 2,000 out of a corps numbering about 13,000. Under these circumstances, the wonder is not that they should have required some time to make the march to Five Forks and effect the dispositions for that attack, but that they should have been able to move at all. These statements are offered simply as facts, known to every one who was there in the Fifth Corps. They carry their own comment.

In explaining his plan to the corps and division commanders Gen. Sheridan said that he had not closely reconnoitered the Rebel position, for fear of disclosing our presence in force, which they would readily infer from a close reconnoissance. However, he said that he was satisfied that their intrenchments along the White Oak Road extended about 1,000 yards east of Five Forks, or near to the junction of the Church Road, and so, if Ayres would move straight to his front he would strike their line right in the face, and if Crawford would move, guiding on Ayres's right, he would strike about at the angle of their "return," or where their line was "refused" to the left on the White Oak Road. In the meantime he (Sheridan) would put the cavalry (dismounted) in on both sides of the Dinwiddie Road and push them close up to the front of the Rebel works as a

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demonstration, but that the real work must be done by the "strong arm of the service" (I use his exact expression), the infantry. I remember his saying to Griffin just before he left us to ride over toward the cavalry: "Now, advance your division carefully, and be ready to support either Ayres or Crawford with all your troops or with one or more of your brigades, as your judgment may dictate. My idea is that Crawford will strike the angle of their 'return intrenchment,' and in that case he will need the support, as it is my purpose to turn their left flank, and not only that, but, if we run over their works, to sweep along their line in reverse on the White Oak Road," etc., and I also recollect thinking it very queer that Gen. Sheridan should be giving directions or making suggestions in person to a division commander of the Fifth Corps when Gen. Warren was present. I will not undertake to say whether Gen. Sheridan miscalculated the length of the enemy's intrenchments, or whether Gen. Crawford obliqued too far to his right in advancing, but I know that Crawford's Division slid by the left flank of the Rebel works, missing them by over a quarter of a mile, and that our (Griffin's) division, following Crawford, did the same thing, while Ayres with his little division, which was hardly stronger than Bartlett's Brigade, of our division, struck the angle of the Rebel works.

At this time Ayres's Division was as follows: Winthrop's Brigade, 5th New York veterans (Duryea's old regiment), 15th New York Heavy Artillery and 140th and 146th New York; the Maryland Brigade, 1st, 4th, 7th and 8th Maryland, and Gwyn's Brigade, composed of the 3d, 4th and 6th Delaware consolidated in one regiment, and remnants of four Pennsylvania regiments similarly consolidated. The whole division did not have more than 2,000 or 2,100 muskets. Our division had about 5,000, of which Bartlett's Brigade formed at least half, the other two brigades of Gregory and Chamberlin having not much more than 1,000 or 1,200 muskets each, at this time. But Bartlett's Brigade consisted of the remains of eight regiments—20th Maine, 1st and 16th Michigan, 32d Massachusetts and 83d, 91st, 118th and 155th Pennsylvania, with the 1st Maine Sharpshooters attached. Crawford had three brigades. The First was Kellogg's, made up of the surviving remnants of the old Iron Brigade, the 6th and 7th Wisconsin, together with the 91st New York; the Second was Baxter's, 16th Maine, 39th Massachusetts, 97th New York and what was left of the 11th Pennsylvania veterans and the 107th Pennsylvania; the Third was composed of the 94th, 95th and 147th New York, four companies each, the 56th and 88th Pennsylvania consolidated, and the 121st and 142d Pennsylvania consolidated, and was commanded by Col. Richard Coulter, commonly called by the men "Big Dick." In this shape the immortal old fighting Fifth Corps squared off for its last battle! Gen. Griffin said that the Fifth Corps had 9,200 muskets after the battle of Five Forks, of which his division numbered about half. As the losses were 634 in the battle the corps was doubtless about 10,400 strong, officers and all, when we went in.

Advancing according to Gen. Sheridan's program, Crawford crossed the White Oak Road east of the enemy's intrenchment, and kept on in the

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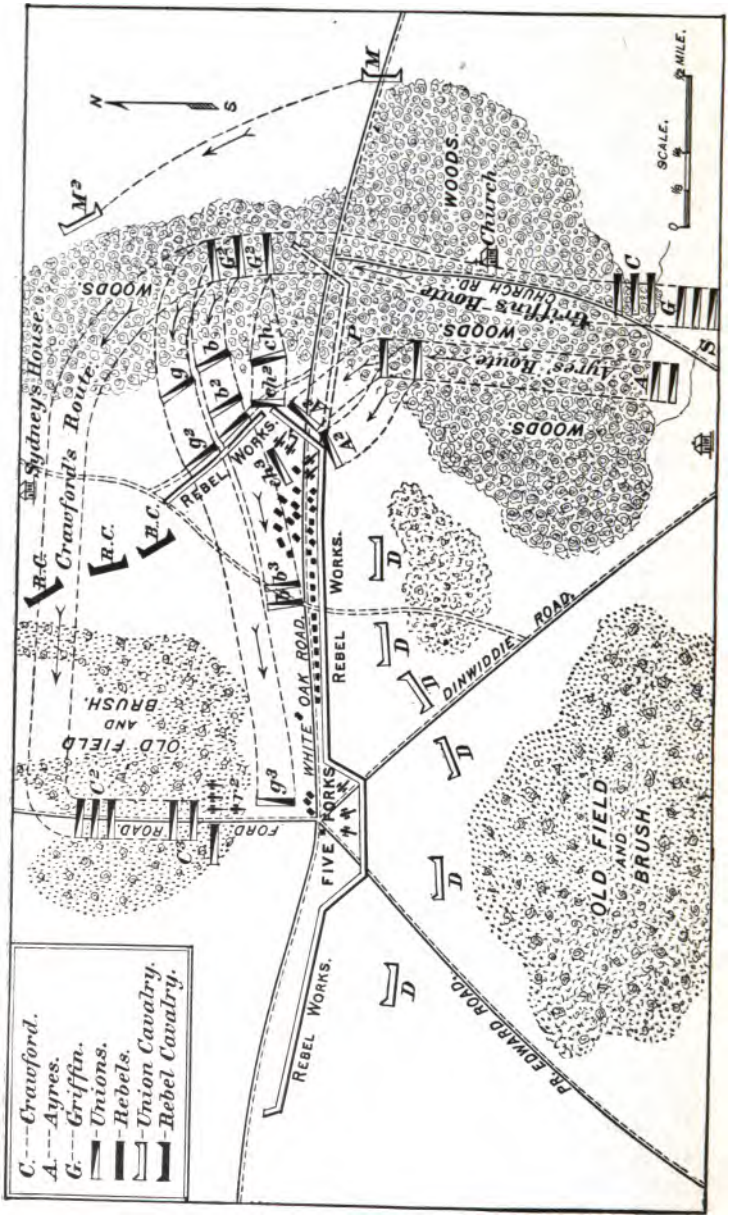

DIAGRAM OF FIVE FORKS.

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woods, Griffin following, until our division had got perhaps a quarter of a mile north of the White Oak Road. Crawford marched more rapidly than we did, because Griffin, having been ordered by Sheridan to hold himself in readiness to support either Crawford or Ayres, as occasion might require, kept holding his head of column to see what might happen. Following Gen. Griffin through the woods, I could see that he was in doubt and much disturbed in his mind, because, according to program, Crawford should have struck the Rebel angle at the White Oak Road, whereas both divisions had now crossed that road. He slowed the march of his column and sent an Aid up to Gen. Gregory to tell him to halt his brigade, which was leading, and to wheel on his left as a pivot out into the Sydney Farm, and, if the enemy was there, to attack them. At this moment Gen. Griffin was with one of the brigade commanders, either Bartlett or Chamberlain, and as the division halted he started to say something. He had just begun his sentence when blizzard after blizzard of musketry sounded close in our left rear!

Listening a moment, Griffin said: "Ayres has struck their works! We have passed their flank!"

By this time the head of the column of Chamberlain's Brigade had come up, and Griffin halted it. At the same moment an officer — I think it was Col. Newhall, of Sheridan's staff — reached Griffin with Gen. Sheridan's compliments and inquired where Crawford was, which Griffin was unable to tell him. Gen Griffin and this officer rode out to the edge of the clearing of the Sydney Farm, where the whole situation flashed upon them. During this time several staff officers from Sheridan — Col. Mike among them — got to Griffin with the news that Ayres had struck the Rebel works, had been checked, and was reforming his division for another assault; that our division was already across the enemy's rear, and for the sake of —— ——, as Col. Mike put it, with more eloquence than elegance, to wheel the division into the clearing and "give it to 'em." Parson Gregory was already out in the Sydney Clearing, and had struck a line of

LEGEND OF DIAGRAM.

A—Ayres, first position.
C—Crawford, first position.
G—Griffin, first position.
A2—Ayres striking Rebel works.
C2—Crawford reaching Ford Road.
G2—Griffin halting in the woods.
C3—Crawford, final position at dark.
ch and ch2—Chamberlain going to connect with Ayres.
b and g—Bartlett and Gregory wheeling into Sydney Clearing.
b2 and g2—Bartlett and Gregory breaking the Rebel line.
ch3—Chamberlain, final position.
b3 and g3—Final positions of Bartlett and Gregory.
D D D—Our dismounted cavalry skirmishing and demonstrating in the enemy's front.
M—Mackenzie's Cavalry Brigade, first position.
M2—Mackenzie's Cavalry Brigade, second position.
R. C—Rebel cavalry which Crawford brushed out of his way.
r—Rebel battery in the return of their works.
r2—Rebel battery when captured.
S—Approximate point where Sheridan explained his plan.
P—Dotted line showing what Sheridan evidently thought was the extent of the Rebel works.

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slight breastworks that the enemy had thrown up there to protect his left rear, and his brigade had been checked. Then Gen. Griffin, as soon as he saw this situation, ordered Chamberlain, who was already wheeling to the left, to take the return of the enemy's work in reverse and connect with Ayres's right, as it was now plain that we were obliquely in rear of their works, and that, by quickly connecting with Ayres, who was attacking them in front and on their left flank, we could "shut up on them like a jackknife." Chamberlain, however, saw the situation as well as Griffin did and was in motion already. Gregory's Brigade appeared to have been slightly checked by the first fire they received, and as Bartlett's larger brigade was wheeling in two lines of battle on difficult ground it was necessary for it to move deliberately in order to avoid dislocation. Therefore two couriers — Hyatt and myself — were sent to Gregory with the message to hold the ground until Bartlett could reach him. Trying to reach Gregory by a short cut across the enemy's right front, not more than 200 yards from his skirmishers, Hyatt's horse was shot under him, so that he had to go back to headquarters on foot, lugging his saddle. Meantime I got to Gen. Gregory, who was at that moment riding along the line of the 188th New York, and delivered the message. It was not necessary, however, as he was doing the same thing of his own motion — waiting to attack in concert with Bartlett. As soon as the Parson saw Bartlett's front line emerge from the woods he ordered his brigade forward again.

Bartlett had a huge fellow posted as "marker" on the objective flank of his first line, and he stood there with the butt of his musket up in the air just as if this was a review, while the General himself kept in front of the wheeling flank, his horse curvetting in fine style and he marking time with his saber. But you must bear in mind that all this was being done under musketry fire at a range not exceeding 280 or 300 yards from two brigades of the enemy who occupied the reverse works of their line. I wish I had the power to put on canvas the picture that my memory holds of Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett as he wheeled his old brigade into the Sydney Farm at Five Forks, and squared it for its 50th battle, its last charge and its final victory. Having wheeled about they squared up their formation, and then it was, "Forward, right oblique" (as they had to take ground to the right), and then "Quick, march!" "Double quick!!" and "Charge!!!" And with the last order Bartlett spurred to the right of his line, swung his saber and shouted "Come on, now, boys, for God's sake!!" At this I forgot all about my duties to Gen. Griffin and, being seized with uncontrollable enthusiasm, spurred my little mare along after Bartlett's big dapple-bay horse, regardless and oblivious of everything except the row that was on hand. I never knew an officer who had such power to inspire men in action or as much magnetism of personal presence as Gen. Bartlett had. I knew that nothing could stop that old brigade then. Meantime the Fighting Parson (Gregory) and his little brigade, which had only men enough for a single line of battle, were ready, and when Bartlett's connected with them the two went over and over and through and through

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the Rebel reverse works like a cyclone through a Kansas village! Well, the wreck of the two Rebel brigades which were in those works — some of Bushrod Johnson's Division — was indescribable. I had seen the Rebels driven many times, but never saw them "quit and throw up the sponge" as they did here at Five Forks!! Ordinarily they would either run or retire in some kind of order, but here they simply threw down their muskets, threw up their hands and quit!

Then, for the first time, as I jumped my mare over their poor little breastwork of rails and brush, following Bartlett, I began to realize that the end was nigh and that peace was at hand. Somehow I felt sorry for them. I could not help it. Of course I knew they were in the wrong, and that their rebellion against the Government and attempt to divide the Union was a crime; but they had fought so gallantly and suffered so gamely that I couldn't help feeling sorry for them in this poor little "last ditch" of theirs at Five Forks, when Joe Bartlett and Parson Gregory overwhelmed them for the last time and for eternity. From this time on it was a sort of walking match — "go as you please." The impetus of the charge had to some extent disordered Bartlett's and Gregory's Brigades, and they were all mixed up with the routed and surrendering Rebels; but the whole mass kept on down toward the White Oak Road, which, generally speaking, was 500 or 600 yards from the reverse works just stormed. Arriving at the White Oak Road, and taking the enemy's main line in rear, there was a literal pandemonium. Here we found the remnants of Pickett's Division in a state of wreck that beggars language to describe. Ayres had stormed their works in front, Chamberlain had taken their return intrenchment in rear and reverse, while our dismounted cavalry, vieing with their infantry comrades, had scaled the breastworks in their front near the Forks, and it was hard to tell which was in the greatest disorder, our folks or the Rebels, though it was easy to see which had whipped.

At this moment Gen. Griffin, with some of his staff, was riding up to the road, and I at once joined him. Gen. Griffin asked if I had seen Gen. Gregory. I said, "Yes, sir; he is over there to the right," (pointing along the White Oak Road to the westward.) Then he dictated a message, which I carried — but do not exactly remember its contents. When I returned Gen. Griffin was surrounded by officers congratulating him, and I soon learned that Gen. Warren had been relieved and that my General now commanded the Fifth Corps. By this time it was getting dark. Gen. Gregory on this occasion had just halted his brigade a short distance east of the Ford Road, which is the one running north from Five Forks. He had about 400 or 450 prisoners and three captured guns, and his men, in the excitement of an overwhelming charge and the flush of a tremendous victory, were in much confusion, and he was riding all among them to rally and reform them, the approaching darkness intensifying the confusion. He shouted, entreated and appealed for order and steadiness and told his men that any one looking at their actions would think they had been routed themselves instead of routing the enemy. He used about as vigorous language as you

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could reasonably expect to hear from a Parson, and perhaps if it had been Griffin or Bartlett or Ayres talking, it would have been called a mild form of profanity—mild for them, at least. But it must be said that the Parson didn't utter any good square oaths, though he got pretty close to the edge.

Gen. Sheridan's order notifying Gen. Griffin of his promotion to command the Fifth Corps was brought by Capt. Vanderbilt Allen, of Sheridan's staff, who found Griffin in the White Oak Road a few hundred yards west of the "return intrenchment" of the Rebel line, which Chamberlain's Brigade had carried; in fact, Griffin was at that time with Chamberlain's Brigade, I think. When I got back to Griffin from Gregory, as before mentioned, he motioned me to approach, and I delivered my message, which was to the effect that Gen. Gregory had halted and would form his brigade fronting the line of the Ford Road until further orders; also, that he had some 400 prisoners, and that, according to all appearances, the enemy had ceased to maintain any sort of organization in his front or to his right. Gen. Griffin was just beginning to dictate a reply to this message from Gen. Gregory when Col. Mike Sheridan rode up, and they had a few moments' conversation, of which I did not hear much, except that Col. Sheridan conveyed the personal compliments of his brother, the General, and congratulated him (Griffin) on his accession to the command of the corps. After this Gen. Griffin sent a message to Gen. Gregory that his dispositions were approved and would be maintained for the night, it being then quite dark; in fact it was then about 8 o'clock p. m. I had difficulty in getting along the White Oak Road, which was literally jammed with Rebel prisoners and the wreck of their material all the way from the return intrenchment to the Forks, there being, I suppose, as many as 2,500 prisoners in the road and in the fields on both sides of it in a space of one mile. There were also numbers of

CHARLES GRIFFIN.

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Rebel wounded who had been hit when our troops were assaulting their works, and some of our wounded who had been hit close up to the works were also brought into this space, on account of its being higher ground, and, therefore, dryer than the low ground outside of the works. But there was no shelter for either our wounded or the Rebels, and they all had to lie side by side all night, while such medical attendance as was possible was impartially given by our Surgeons. It was evident that the force which had held these lines was totally annihilated. The wounded and captured Rebels told us that the troops who had fought here were Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's Divisions. We had thought that we were dealing with Longstreet's whole corps, but they told us that Field's Division had not been engaged, and was, in fact, at that time still in the works of Petersburg. I do not know where Gen. Warren was at this time, but think he was with Crawford's Division when Sheridan's order reached him. I only know that he was not with our division, and we did not see him again. After notifying his division commanders of the situation, Gen. Griffin desired to communicate privately with Gen. Humphreys, then commanding the Second Corps. Handing me a dispatch, he said I must find my way to Gen. Humphreys right away.

"Do you think you can find your way?" he said, good naturedly.

"Yes, sir, if you will tell me where he is, General."

Then he told me that I would find Gen. Humphreys somewhere near Armstrong's Mill. "This is your route," he said. "Take the Church Road (we were then on the White Oak Road, half a mile west of the Church Road junction), follow it till you strike the Dabney Road, which will take you a left turn; then follow the Dabney Road till you strike the Boydton Road. This you will know when you strike it, because you have fought over it, and it is the widest road in these parts. Then follow the Boydton Plank till you reach the Quaker Road junction, which you will know, because you were in the Battery near there when your Lieutenant, Mitchell, was hit. By this time you ought to meet pickets or patrols of the Second Corps. If you do, you will simply give the countersign and ask to be conducted to Gen. Humphreys; but if you do not encounter our troops at the Quaker and Boydton junction, you will halt there till daylight, and then make the best of your way to Gen. Humphreys, who ought to be somewhere between Armstrong's Mill and the Crow House by that time."

So I mounted my mare and, about 8:30 p. m., started on a nine-mile ride. I knew enough of the relative positions of the two armies to know that I could not possibly encounter any danger, except from our own pickets or patrols, until I should arrive at the junction of the Quaker and Boydton Roads, and knew the country well enough to be perfectly sure of my ground till I reached that point. The distance was not more than six miles in an airline, but by the roads inside of our assured lines it was at least nine miles, and two-thirds of the way through the woods, the night dark and cloudy, with some rain. I encountered nothing more formidable than

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camp guards and a few stragglers until I came to the Boydton and Quaker Road junction, where I found an infantry picket of the Second Corps. This was about 10 p. m.; but, as good luck would have it, they were a detachment of the 36th Wisconsin, some of whom I knew personally, and I was at once piloted across the fields in the immediate rear of the intrenched position of the Second Corps to Gen. Humphreys, whereby I saved two or three miles' travel by the roads. Delivering my message to Gen. Humphreys, who was just preparing to "turn in," that officer asked me several questions about the conditions of the roads, the positions of the Fifth Corps and other troops on the White Oak Road, etc., and particularly about the battle of Five Forks that day. He then called his colored servant and told him to give me forage for my horse and coffee for myself. Gen. Humphreys was a very nice, pleasant-mannered man, as well as a most accomplished officer. He proceeded to write a brief note to Gen. Griffin, and hearing him call up one of his couriers and begin to tell him how to reach Griffin's headquarters I stepped toward him, with my tincup in one hand and a hardtack in the other, and said: "Beg pardon, General; but I can carry any dispatch you may want to send to Gen. Griffin."

"Do you expect to return to-night?" asked the General, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly, sir. I had no orders to do anything else."

So Gen. Humphreys sent his own courier back to his bivouac and handed me the message to Gen. Griffin.

I have since learned on reliable authority that the message which I carried that night from Griffin to Humphreys was an unofficial or private one as between gentlemen, stating the circumstances of the relief of Warren and his (Griffin's) assignment to command the Fifth Corps, and assuring him (Humphreys) that he (Griffin) had not the slightest share in or responsibility for the transaction, officially or personally; that, while accepting the command and striving his best to accomplish results, he regretted keenly that such action should have been deemed proper, and that, under the circumstances, he assumed command of the Fifth Corps with sadness. This was in keeping with Gen. Griffin's character. He was always exceedingly punctilious in his relations with other officers, and never applied for any command or promotion, but always waited patiently for such things to come to him as the natural reward of duty well done. I do not suppose that he feared that Gen. Humphreys would misconstrue his attitude, but as Humphreys had long been Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, and his opinions were held in great respect by the other officers, I presume Gen. Griffin sent that note as a mild form of expressing his disapproval of the relief of Warren.

As soon as my mare had finished eating the small ration of oats which Gen. Humphreys's servant had given her I mounted, and about midnight started back for Five Forks, arriving at Griffin's headquarters on the White Oak Road about 3 a. m. It took me half an hour then to groom my mare, and as the headquarters were all astir by 5 o'clock I did not get more

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than one and a half hour's sleep out of the 24, of which 22 had been passed in the saddle.

The wide detour made by Crawford's Division has been criticized by many writers as an error, and the work done by Griffin and Ayres was so much more dramatic and exciting that the share of Crawford's men in the victory of Five Forks has been almost entirely ignored in history. But Gen. Warren, who was personally with that division during the last half of the battle, says in his report:

I came up with Crawford's Division near B. Boisseau's after he had crossed the Ford Road. He had been driving back the enemy's skirmish line all the way, and continually turning the left of any force opposing Gens. Ayres and Griffin. I at once directed his line to swing round to face southward, as we had now closed up the outlet for the enemy's escape northward, and to move down upon the position of the enemy at the forks of the road, a point well indicated to us by the firing of some pieces of artillery there by the enemy. Gen. Crawford's troops soon encountered a stiff line of the enemy formed to meet him, and from the fire of which Gen. Coulter's Brigade suffered severely. The contest, however, was short, for the enemy, now pressed front, flank and rear, mostly threw down their arms. Three guns of the captured battery were found on the road, where they had been stopped in their attempt to escape northward. Immediately after the Forks were gained I directed Gen. Crawford to change front again to the right and march toward the sound of the firing, so as again to take the enemy in flank and rear, and this he at once did. I also directed a cavalry brigade which had been kept mounted, and which now came rapidly along the Ford Road, not to move along it farther, but to file to their left and proceed in the direction Gen. Crawford had taken. I then passed down the Ford Road and, on reaching the Forks, turned to the right along the White Oak Road. The troops were joyous and filled with enthusiasm at their success, but somewhat disorganized thereby and by their marching and fighting so long in the woods. On my arriving at a point farther on I found that our advance was stayed by the enemy, who had formed a new line for their left flank, while yet maintaining their front against our cavalry on the south, though the orders had been not to halt, and many officers were then urging their men forward, and not feeling the influence of their commanders, continued to fire without advancing. Accompanied by Capt. Benyaurd and the portion of my staff present I rode out to the front and called those near me to follow. This was immediately responded to. Everywhere along the front the color-bearers and officers sprang out, and without more firing our men advanced, capturing all the enemy remaining. During this last charge my horse was fatally shot within a few paces of the line where the enemy made his last stand, and an Orderly by my side was killed and Col. Richardson, of the 7th Wisconsin, who sprang between me and the enemy, severely wounded. I sent Gen. Bankhead, after the last of the enemy had been captured, to Gen. Sheridan to report the result and receive his instructions. He returned with the reply that my instructions had been sent to me. At 7 p. m. they reached me, and were as follows: "Maj.-Gen. Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, is relieved from duty, and will report at once for orders to Lieut.-Gen. Grant, commanding Armies U. S." I believe there never was a previous period of my military life when the operations I have described would not have gained the praise of my superior.

As the loss of Crawford's Division was 300 out of the total of 634 in the whole Fifth Corps, or nearly as much as Griffin's and Ayres's Divisions combined, it would seem that "they must have been around somewhere." The Fifth Corps in this battle captured of the enemy 3,244 men with

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their arms, 11 regimental colors, and one four-gun battery with its caissons. It lost, in killed and wounded, 634 men, of whom 300 belonged to Gen. Crawford's Division, 205 in Gen. Ayres's Division and 125 in Gen. Griffin's Division. Among these were several distinguished officers of high promise.

It was always a matter of regret with me that our batteries got no share of this glory. Not a gun was fired on our side at Five Forks bigger than a Springfield rifle. Yet it is doubtful if we could have used our batteries if they had been present. The lay of the ground was such, and the infantry operations so rapid and conclusive, that there would have been no chance to use artillery and really no need of it.

The peremptory relief of Warren by Sheridan has caused a great deal of discussion, to which I do not propose to contribute anything additional in this sketch. Gen. Warren was always popular with his troops and, so far as I know, with the officers who served under his command. He was a man of unflinching personal courage, faultless manners and unvarying equanimity. Of unusual politeness at all times, he became a veritable Chesterfield under fire. But he was not calculated, either by nature or by training, to get along with Gen. Sheridan, particularly in such a rough-and-tumble campaign as this was. Gen. Griffin made no comment on the relief of Warren, except to notify Gen. Bartlett that the command of the First Division would now devolve upon him, and took no action that night except to send the note to Gen. Humphreys, as before described. Gen. Griffin never said a word on the subject that could be construed into a personal criticism. The most he would say was that, as Warren's successor, he, of all men, must be silent. I think Sheridan expected too much of the infantry in that campaign, and the faults he attributed to Warren were mainly due to the frightful condition of the roads, the almost incessant rain, the unfathomable mud and the consequent inability of the infantry to move with the celerity which Sheridan's long command of cavalry led him to consider possible. Gen. Sheridan always wanted things done at a gallop. On many occasions he got great marching out of the infantry under his command, but he was inclined to overwork that branch of service, particularly after he had been for some time in command of the Cavalry Corps. Then, I think, Sheridan had a prejudice against engineer officers as commanders of large bodies of marching and fighting troops. However, these are only the personal opinions of an enlisted man, and hence of no historical value. Maj. George B. Halstead, who was on Gen. Warren's staff, has kindly written to me a description of the personal events attending the relief of that officer from command. It is as follows:

I was near Gen. Warren after the Rebels were defeated, when he rode up on his wounded horse to report to Sheridan, and, to his astonishment, heard that short heart-breaking command, "Report at once to Gen. Benham at City Point," and I heard Gen. Warren's questioning answer, after he had dismounted and was walking toward Sheridan, "What have I done to deserve this?" to which no word of explanation came back, when he mounted and at once moved off to comply, accompanied by two of his Aids, Maj. Cope and

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Capt. Wadsworth. The writer and a Captain of Signal Service rode several miles in their company, moved by the same impulse — sympathy — both believing, and so saying, that a great injustice had been committed. Gen. Warren, after we had ridden with him some time and it had become quite dark, thanked us for our sympathy and courtesy. We bade him good-by; he went on. We slept in the open on our blankets, with our saddles for pillows, that night, and early next morning found Fifth Corps headquarters and the new commander, Gen. Griffin, and were soon on the march

In this unfortunate difficulty there was one factor which no one seems to have brought out. Boy as I was, it was not possible for me to help noticing the wide and irreconcilable "incompatibility of temperament" between Gens. Warren and Sheridan. Both were officers of the most accomplished professional ability and skill; both men of undanted personal bravery and cool self-possession in a crisis. But one of them was a man of the nicest delicacy of personal intercourse; almost painfully tentative of the amenities of life; scrupulously considerate of the feelings of others, no matter what their rank; a model of politeness in address and gentleness in bearing. To him parlor, camp and battlefield were the same, so far as his personal behavior to those in contact with him was concerned. He was the easy, dignified, polished gentleman in every possible form or condition of intercourse, whether entertaining friends in the bosom of his family or facing the enemy under fire. That was Gouverneur Kemble Warren. It is not necessary to elaborate the contrast, because no one who knew Philip Henry Sheridan would ever ascribe to him the qualities just depicted. What Sheridan was as a soldier or a commander history has decided. But no one who knew the man will apprehend an eclipse of the fame of the late Earl Chesterfield for courtliness by comparison with the average manners of Gen. Sheridan. These are simply mild statements of facts, well known to every one. No criticism of Sheridan is intended. On the contrary, it is the fact that his very roughness of speech and rudeness of manner endeared him to the average of our soldiery. Nothing could have pleased the troops more than his salutation to the Vermont Brigade and the remnant of McKnight's Battery at Cedar Creek when he told us that we "would go at 'em again in a few minutes, and would knock seven different kinds of h—— out of 'em!!" It was my fortune, in the humblest of stations, to see both of these great men in various emergencies calculated to develop to the utmost the idiosyncracies of each. Admiring both, and having no personal relation with either, possibly I may be as fair a judge as any between them. It only remains to be added that the sentiment expressed by Maj. Halstead, "that an injustice had been done," was universal in the Fifth Corps, from Generals to drummer boys. It broke Warren's heart, and doubtless shortened his days. But in history it can have no effect upon his splendid record, and so, perhaps, as both victim and persecutor are no more, it is as well to let the controversy sleep with them.

Gen. Griffin retained the Corps Staff as Gen. Warren left it. I do not recollect that he brought any of the First Division staff over to corps headquarters except, perhaps, two of his Aids. The Fifth Corps Staff was

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a group of as elegant gentlemen and accomplished officers as ever assembled in a like capacity. No part of my humble career was so inspiring in the military sense, or so gratifying personally, as my brief service in connection with the headquarters of the Fifth Corps from Five Forks to Appomattox, and thence back to Richmond. Those of the staff whom I remember best were Col. Frederick T. Locke, Adjutant-General of the corps; Maj. George B. Halstead, his assistant; Dr. Spencer, Surgeon-General or Medical Director of the corps, who used to give me many a little extra ration of "quinine in a state of solution" after some extraordinary fatigue; Maj. Cope, Chief Aid-de-Camp and Topographer, and Capt. "Jimmy" Wadsworth, son of our gallant and lamented old General who was killed in the Wilderness. I may remark here that I had the pleasure of renewing this acquaintance with Capt. Wadsworth when he was Member of Congress from New York some years ago. The others were Col. Bankhead, Col. Thomas, Col. Smith, Maj. Gentry, Capt. Malvern, Capt. Benyaurd, and Capt. Winslow (not George Winslow, of Winslow's celebrated Battery), the son of a Chaplain, who, I think, had been killed or mortally wounded in battle while on some errand of mercy. But my duty did not bring me in contact with the latter so much as with those first mentioned. During the campaign these officers treated Hyatt and me with the same consideration and kindness that they would have shown to junior Lieutenants on the staff — conversing with us freely, sharing their supplies with us, and repeatedly trusting us with messages and other duties of importance not usually confided to enlisted men. This was especially true of Col. Locke, Maj. Halstead and Capt. Wadsworth; and, by the way, Maj. Halstead was a sort of hero among the boys at this time. He had served on Phil Kearney's staff in the Peninsular campaign, had been taken prisoner, had "dug out" of Libby, been retaken and put "under fire," then exchanged, then made the Red River campaign with Banks, then came North with the Nineteenth Corps, and so swung around the circle till he got with Warren. He was as game a man as I ever knew. At the time of which I now write he was suffering from a severe wound received in the battle of the White Oak Road, March 31, which the Surgeon had to dress twice a day, but he stuck to the saddle and never quit till Lee surrendered.

At daybreak the 2d of April the whole of the Fifth Corps was in motion toward Sutherland Station, where it was expected that we would get across Lee's line of retreat and wind the thing right up. From this time on Gen. Griffin kept his Orderlies continually in motion, night as well as day. When he took the command of the corps he, of course, fell heir to Gen. Warren's escort of cavalry Orderlies and messengers. But he took his two artillerymen — Hyatt and myself — over from division headquarters. What made the mounted messenger work so excessive was the necessity of constant personal communication by mounted couriers or Orderlies between the different corps commanders and their division commanders, and with Gens. Meade or Sheridan and Ord, particularly after Lee began to retreat with his whole army on the morning of the 3d and the Telegraph

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Corps could not keep up with the army. The roads were very muddy, the streams were all swollen with continual rain, and as there were but few bridges we frequently had to wade up to our horses' necks, and sometimes to swim them across the creeks.

At that time I was not much used to horseback riding, as I had been a Cannoneer most of the time, and so rode on the limber-chest or marched on foot, as I pleased, and during the whole Winter I had been clerking at the ammunition wharf. So, when I came to ride night and day for 10 days at a time, it was pretty hard on my fat legs, which, by the time we reached Appomattox, were perfectly raw on the inside next the saddle from the knee up. The fatigues and privations were terrible, and nothing could have made me sustain them except the faculty that Griffin had of making men under his command perform prodigies. This was the first time in the history of the Army of the Potomac that the headquarters of an army corps had outrun the Military Telegraph Corps. The Telegraph Corps had a most perfect system. They had mounted operators carrying instruments in sachels swung like haversacks, and they carried their wire on reels fixed on the backs of horses and mules, or in carts, and they would reel off this wire right on the ground or fasten it to trees or fences, so that when the headquarters of a corps halted for camp or battle they would be ready to send dispatches to Grant or Meade from the Corps Commander, or receive dispatches from army headquarters. But in this Appomattox campaign the Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, under Griffin and Gibbon, became actual "foot cavalry," and from Five Forks on we literally paralyzed the Telegraph Corps and left them far in the rear; in fact, after Five Forks the whole campaign resolved itself into a regular fox hunt. I never heard of any infantry marches equal to our march from Sutherland Station to Jetersville, from Jetersville to Ligonton Ferry, from Ligonton to Prince Edward Courthouse, or from there to Prospect Station, or from Prospect to Appomattox. The latter was a clear stretch of 40-odd miles in about 16 hours, and that, too, on roads ankle deep in mud, and in rain more than half the time. As soon as it was clearly developed that the remains of Lee's army had pulled out for Appomattox Courthouse our fellows just stretched their necks forward and loped off like bloodhounds on a fresh track, determined to get across Lee's path and wind the thing up then and there. Talk about light marching order! It was flying! Knapsacks had long ceased to exist in the Fifth Corps. A rubber blanket was considered "baggage" and a woolen blanket "freight." The only things they hung onto were haversacks, canteens, rifles and cartridge-boxes. We were right after old Lee that time. We knew we had him at last, and did not propose to let him get away.

The operations terminating in the battle of Five Forks on the part of the Fifth Corps and the cavalry, and the forcing of the Petersburg lines by the rest of the army, up to and including April 2, should be considered a campaign by itself, though a brief one, and should be kept separate in military history from the "Appomattox campaign" proper. About daylight

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April 2, 1865, the Fifth Corps moved by the Ford Road north from Five Forks and advanced up that road about five miles to Ford's Crossroads, which was the place where the Ford Road and the Cox Road crossed. Here the corps halted about 10 or 11 o'clock, and Gen. Griffin made his headquarters at a little church or chapel called "Ford's Meeting House." Ayres's Division was leading, and they pushed out eastwardly on the Cox Road toward Sutherland Station, on the South Side Railroad, but had not gone more than a mile when Gen. Griffin sent a message to Gen. Ayres, which caused that officer to countermarch his division; and the whole corps, moving by its other flank, marched rapidly up what was called the Namozine Road, leading to the Appomattox River. This change of direction of the Fifth Corps was in consequence of Gen. Merritt's Cavalry Division encountering the enemy in some force where the Namozine Road forks with the river road, and it was thought that this force was the head of column of Lee's infantry retreating from Richmond and Petersburg. However, they did not turn out to be in heavy force, and Gen. Griffin being advised by Sheridan that the enemy would probably push for Amelia Courthouse, and that he desired him to take up a line at Jetersville the next day, orders were given for the corps to bivouac where they were and be in readiness to march at 4 the next morning (April 3). This bivouac was in and about the Williamson Farm, the General and his staff occupying the house and outbuildings. This was the last night that Gen. Griffin slept under cover until the night after Lee surrendered. I did not get much rest until midnight, being employed in communicating between Gen. Griffin and Gen. Crawford, whose division was pushed out to the Namozine Creek, about two miles, to support Merritt's Cavalry Division, who thought that the enemy was gathering in their front in force between the creek crossing and the Appomattox River. Gen. Crawford was a very particular man about orders, and he always gave Staff Officers and Orderlies a good deal of trouble, though doubtless no more than his responsibilities required. But he was very different from either Gen. Ayres or Gen. Bartlett, who frequently only glanced at an order and, unless it was very important, simply said verbally, "Report to Gen. Griffin that you delivered this order about 2:20!" or whatever time it may have been. But Gen. Crawford would read it over, note the time of its receipt on the back of it, and then, as a rule, write a letter back to the Corps Commander, which in turn would involve a reply or a further order explaining the first one, all of which might easily keep a staff officer or courier riding all night. Gen. Crawford, though a gallant officer, seemed to have a mania for writing. At any rate he kept me going till after midnight April 3, and toward the last I could see that Gen. Griffin was getting out of patience, as I had to wake him up once with a return message from Gen. Crawford. However, though Gen. Crawford was peculiar, and to a great extent unpopular with his brother officers, he had the distinction of having seen and heard the first and last gun of the rebellion fired, having been under fire at Fort Sumter and at Appomattox Courthouse — a distinction which, I believe, he enjoyed all by himself, having no one to share

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it with him. My chief interest in Crawford's Division at this time was that it contained the sole surviving remnants of the old Iron Brigade — the undying 6th and 7th Wisconsin — which, with the 91st New York, a regiment from my own State, formed the First Brigade of the division, under command of Col. Kellogg. I do not know why it was, but I always had a much greater affection for the men of those three Wisconsin regiments — 2d, 6th and 7th — than for any troops from my own State of New York.

About 4 a. m. April 4 Capt. Vanderbilt Allen came with an order from Gen. Sheridan directing Gen. Griffin to put the Fifth Corps in motion for Jetersville, where he was expecting to block Lee's pathway, the idea then being that Lee would pull for Danville, and Jetersville was on that route. Capt. Allen said verbally to Gen. Griffin: "General, Sheridan says tell the Fifth Corps boys that he wants them to 'send themselves' for every particle of leg-power they've got, because he expects to stop Lee's infantry advance there with his cavalry, and wants support as quick as he can get it." As it was 32 miles by the roads from our bivouac at Williamson's to Jetersville, it will be seen that this was to be no slouch of a forced march, particularly in April rains, with mud ankle deep, and all the creeks flooded, with hardly a bridge left on the route. The situation will be sufficiently understood when I say that the route from Williamson's to Jetersville was totally impassable for either the fighting trains or the batteries, all of which were left behind by our grand old "foot cavalry" of the Fifth Corps.

Leaving Williamson's at 7 a. m., about 4 p. m. Bartlett deployed his division (formerly Griffin's) across the Danville Railroad, about half a mile in advance of Jetersville Station, having covered the 32 miles in nine hours. Maybe somebody has seen infantry marching to beat that. At this point Col. Newhall came from Gen. Sheridan with a message, saying that the cavalry advance had struck the flankers of Lee's infantry about five miles north of our then position, and that he (Sheridan) was satisfied that Lee was concentrating at Amelia Courthouse, which was not more than three miles from the point then occupied by the cavalry skirmishers. Col. Newhall said Sheridan did not expect the Fifth Corps to march any farther on that day — which, we thought, was very kind of him, seeing that we had marched only 32 miles already!! — but suggested that it might be well for Griffin to take up and intrench a line calculated to hold the Jetersville position till the rest of the infantry could come up in case Lee, finding he had only the cavalry and the Fifth Corps to deal with, should attempt to dislodge them from his pathway the next morning, saying, also, that we could not absolutely depend on the Second and Sixth Corps to be up before noon or night the next day (5th), so that we might have to fight Lee's whole army there if he continued to retreat in that direction, and should attempt to force his passage. Consequently our boys, after a forced march of 32 miles in nine hours in the mud, and wading creeks up to their necks, turned to and before dark had their position quite nicely intrenched on a line covering Jetersville on the north and refused to the left, the whole making a line about a mile and a quarter long! Bartlett's and Ayres's

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Divisions held the line of the Danville Railroad northeast of Jetersville, forming the right and center of the Fifth Corps line of battle, while Crawford came up about 6 p. m. and occupied the part of the line on the left that was refused. In this shape the corps bivouacked for the night.

On this particular occasion, just as the General was falling asleep, Gen. Bartlett rode into our bivouac, and he and Griffin had quite a talk in undertones, of which I heard enough to know that it referred to the dispositions that Gen. Crawford had made of his troops, which left a gap between his flank and that of the next division. The result of this was that Griffin told Bartlett to correct that as well as he could with his own troops, but not to bother Crawford, as it might set him to writing dispatches, which, as it was quite late, and he (Griffin) was very tired, would be inconvenient.

During the 5th of April, and until 3 a. m. on the 6th, we remained in this position at Jetersville. Meantime the Second and Sixth Corps got up along in the afternoon of the 5th and went into position, the Second Corps extending our line to the left toward Amelia Courthouse, and the Sixth forming close in our right rear. Then we felt safe enough. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April Col. Whittier, of the General staff, and Capt. Pease, Gen. Meade's personal Aid-de-Camp, came up with important orders all along the line. The purport of these orders was that the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps should move at once to Amelia Courthouse, or Amelia Springs, about three miles beyond, and attack Lee's flank, while the cavalry would stop him, so that we could force him to halt and face us. This, it was believed, would wind the thing up, as there could be no doubt of the ability of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps (then about 42,000 infantry and artillery, with about 12,000 or 12,500 effective cavalry) to annihilate what was left of Lee's army (then estimated at about 38,000 effective) if we could get a fair clatter at them in the open. We were all astir in a few minutes. When I went to saddle up my little mare I found her back badly swollen. During the previous day I had to ford Flat Creek several times, where the water came up over the saddle, and the wetting of the saddle-blanket, with hard riding afterward, had galled her. She was nothing but a pony, and much too light for me in that kind of service, as I then weighed 160 pounds, though only 19 years old, while she was hardly 13 hands high and would not weigh over 650 or 675 pounds; so I got another and larger mare from the General's escort. She was a beauty, and also a holy terror. When I went to saddle her she nearly bit a chunk out of my left shoulder, and when I prepared to mount she whirled and almost kicked the cap off my right knee! But I got on top of her, and when I once felt solid in the saddle I said, "Now, my young lady, if we have a fight or a forced march to-day I will take some of those songs out of you!" I can see her now shaking her pretty head and chawing that big snaffiebit. (The General would not permit her to be ridden with a gagbit.)

The Fifth Corps now led the procession, forming the right of the army, Bartlett's Division in advance, Ayres's next and Crawford's third. About daylight April 6 we struck a crossroads called Hall's Shop, from an old

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blacksmith shop there, but did not find the enemy. The expectation on which the plan of this movement was based was that we would strike the flank of Lee's column at this crossroads, as they were supposed to be moving on the general route toward Danville from Amelia Courthouse. But as it turned out they had deflected, and so, as the Fifth Corps kept on toward Deatonsville, it slid by Lee's flank, leaving Wright with the Sixth Corps and Sheridan with the cavalry to fight the battle of Sailor's Creek, while we marched to Ligonton Ferry during the day, a clean stretch of 35 miles from our bivouac at or near Jetersville, the Second Corps getting on the north side of the river to prevent escape toward Lynchburg. My coquettish new mare, "Miss Kitty," was quite docile when we got to Ligonton Ferry that evening.

The corps halted about half a mile from the ferry and bivouacked in the fields and groves overlooking the river about dark. All the infantry appeared to be in good heart, and as I rode through their bivouacs that night delivering messages to the division commanders I could not see that they were the least bit "done up," as the English say, by the unheard of forced marching they had done. I cannot begin to find words to express the admiration, nay, the homage I felt for those heroic "dough boys," who had footed it that day 35 miles in 10 hours, and who were now, at nightfall, gathering around fires of rails and limbs of trees boiling coffee in their tin cups, roasting pieces of salt pork on the ends of sticks or ramrods, their caps set on the backs of their heads, their pantaloons legs tucked in their boots, or more often into their old gray army socks—for many of the infantry wore shoes instead of boots—all soiled with mud and battered, but "fat, ragged and sassy."

Ah well, it was only once in a lifetime—and comparatively few lifetimes at that—when one could see in flesh and blood and nerve and pluck and manhood that immortal old Fifth Corps on its way to Appomattox! On its way, keeping step and step with Sheridan's cavalry, to get across the path of Lee's army! During these terrible forced marches of the Fifth Corps Gen. Griffin's wonderful power in dealing with soldiers, and his marvellous tact in cheering men on to incredible exertions, became manifest. If that noble man had a fault, it was his apparent incapacity to understand that there was a limit to human endurance. In those marches we would be riding along the flank of the column, and the General would see a dozen or so of stragglers by the side of the road. He would then rein up his horse and call out to them:

"Hello, there! What is the matter with you fellows?"

"Clean tuckered out, General; can't march another step."

"Look here, boys," the General would reply, "don't you know that we have got old Lee on the run, and our corps and the cavalry are trying to head him off? If he escapes from us old Sherman and his bummers will catch him and get all the glory, and we won't have anything to show for our four years' fighting! Try it once more! Get up and pull out and rejoin your commands. Don't flicker this way at the last moment!"

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Then you would see those old fellows straighten up and pull themselves together and shoulder their muskets, and they would look at one another and say :

"By ——, boys, that's so. The General is right. It will never do to let 'Old Billy' and his bummers catch Lee's army. They are our meat, and we must have them ourselves!"

Then they would begin tramping through the mud again, and Griffin would ride on to find some other squad of stragglers, and go through the same sermon over again. It made no difference how tired or faint or sore an Army of the Potomac man might be, he couldn't endure the thought of letting Lee's army get away, so that those Western fellows would catch him and get the glory of winding the thing up. When I was riding along with the escort I used to wish that I could dismount and give up my horse to every one of those poor, exhausted, but brave and determined infantry comrades, who were actually "falling by the wayside," but who, when their pride was stirred by the thought that Sherman's army might usurp the fruits of their toils and sufferings of four long years, took a new lease of life and strength and staggered on once more toward Appomattox and the end! No one who did not see them can form the faintest idea of what they did and dared and suffered! And Gen. Griffin was a whole Provost guard all by himself.

At daybreak April 7, or a little before, Gen. Sheridan, who was then at Prince Edward Courthouse with Merritt's Cavalry Division, sent his brother, Col. Mike Sheridan — who, by the way, rode nearly all night — to tell Griffin to move at once to Prince Edward Courthouse and there await further orders. I always had a fancy for Col. Mike Sheridan. He seemed to be the perfection of the rough-and-ready "Irish trooper," always on hand, jolly, tireless, reckless; in short, a born soldier. His ways were somewhat rough and his language sometimes more forcible than polite, but everybody noticed that Col. Mike always "got there," and everybody liked him. When he reached Griffin that morning he was covered with mud from head to foot, dressed in the uniform of a private cavalryman, with no insignia of his rank except his Captain's bars on the collar of his jacket (he was only a Captain in the Regular Army, though a volunteer Colonel, and he always wore the marks of his Regular rank). The gallant Colonel was in need of "refreshments," which it afforded me great pleasure to find for him.

The march from Ligonton to Prince Edward was about 28 or 30 miles, and we made it in about eight hours, halting along the Prospect Road, with Corps headquarters near the old College (Hampden-Sydney), just before dark. On arriving at Prince Edward Gen. Griffin had received information on his own account, which satisfied him that Lee was moving by the river roads toward Appomattox, and consequently the Fifth Corps at Prince Edward was a little too far south to be within striking distance in the *coup de grace*, which evidently must happen in a few days, or even hours. Griffin's whole idea was that the old Fifth Corps must be in at the death.

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Just at this time he received information that Gen. Gibbon, with two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps and two brigades of the Twenty-fifth, the whole forming a column under Gen. Ord, had preceded him, moving, as they did, by a shorter route from Petersburg, and that they would camp that night at Prospect Station, on the South Side Railroad, which was perhaps five miles northwest from the position where our corps halted. Gen. Gibbon had also sent a personal message to Griffin, stating that his command would move before daylight on the 8th toward Appomattox Station, distant about 38 or 40 miles, and suggesting that his information was that if they could reach that point by the morning of the 9th they would get across Lee's pathway, and therefore wind up the whole business.

This movement practically made two separate wings or columns of the forces under Gen. Grant — the Second, Sixth and some part of the Ninth Corps following Lee on the Farmville Road, while Sheridan, with most of the cavalry, and Griffin and Gibbon, with the Fifth and two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and two brigades of the Twenty-fifth, moved by the roads from Prince Edward to Appomattox Station to get in front of Lee and head him off. During the 8th of April the Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps marched about 35 miles and halted about 9 p. m. The head of column, which, I think, was Turner's Division, of Gibbon's Corps, was now about eight miles southeast of Appomattox Station, on the road leading from Prospect Station to that place, and keeping generally on the north side of the railroad. The colored troops were with this column. Sometime during the night of April 8, or very early in the morning of the 9th, word came from Sheridan that he had got across Lee's path west of Appomattox Courthouse with three divisions of cavalry, and that he did not know how long he could hold the enemy's infantry if they attacked him at daylight; but he would do the best he could, and urging Gibbon and Griffin to get to him as quick as they could.

These messages caused the tired troops to be started again about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 9th of April. Considering their condition they marched rapidly, and between 8 and 9 a. m. our head of column, Bartlett's Division leading, came in sight of our cavalry, which was just beginning to retire before a skirmish line of the enemy's infantry on the line of the Lynchburg Road. The enemy also had several guns in position on the elevations west or southwest of Appomattox Courthouse.

We soon discovered that the Twenty-fourth Corps was filing up toward the Lynchburg Road to prolong our left. The colored troops of Birney's Division were leading, and formed on the extreme left of our infantry line north of the Lynchburg Road early in the morning of April 9. On this point I have before me the testimony of Gen. Henry Capehart, commanding the Third Brigade of Custer's Division, Maj. Halstead, of Griffin's staff, and other officers and men of the Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, and several officers of the colored troops themselves. Lack of space alone forbids incorporation of the text of this testimony here, excepting that of Maj. George B. Halstead, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Fifth Corps, and Capt. R. A.

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Barnes, now of Lockport, New York, then Adjutant of the 31st Colored Troops, which regiment formed the extreme left of the infantry of our wing of the army, and, therefore, was entitled to the distinction of "heading the column" in the final environment of the Army of Northern Virginia. Capt. Barnes says:

I have just read Gen. Capehart's testimony that "the colored troops were the first infantry on the field the next morning" (the 9th). All day long the 8th we marched and until 11 at night. At 2 in the morning we were roused and in a half hour were on the march. Soon after daylight, as I remember (the 31st United States Colored Troops leading the division), we came up to a cavalry column with Sheridan at its head. As we came up the cavalry, which had evidently been waiting for us, moved on, and we started off on a double quick, which we kept up for a couple of miles perhaps, going in a northerly direction. As we went through an open grove we were shelled quite lively, and upon coming out into the open field the whiz of musket balls was anything but quieting. As the regiment staggered into line they faced by the rear rank, facing the east, and squarely across Lee's path. Col. Ward and Maj. Wright were now engaged in bringing up the stragglers, and by order of the Colonel I was forming the line when an Aid brought an order from the brigade commander to throw out one company as skirmishers and one company as flankers. This I did, going out to place the flankers in position. It was the understanding that our regiment (31st United States Colored Troops) was to be the extreme left of the infantry. I was soon joined by the Major, and together we advanced with the skirmishers, soon leaving the main line quite a distance in the rear. The enemy fell back and ceased to fire. A small piece of woods now hid us from our main line, when all at once we were startled and halted by a tremendous volley in our rear. The Major rode back to see what the trouble was, and upon returning said: "Lee has surrendered, and that firing was our men firing their muskets in the air." I never heard that any one was hurt by the stray bullets. It was an impulse which I think seized the whole brigade at the same instant. I have expected to see some one higher in authority call attention to this action of the colored troops, for I am unable to say what part of the Twenty-fifth Corps were present at this particular place. An honor it certainly was to be placed in the extreme advance on such an important occasion.

Referring to this subject, Maj. George B. Halstead, of our (Fifth Corps) staff, says, in a letter to me:

To set at rest all question about the position of the United States Colored Troops at Appomattox on the morning of April 9 I will state that on our march to Appomattox, and I think only the night before arriving, when the Fifth Corps headquarters were located for our short rest, I learned that Gen. William Birney (son of I. G. Birney, who ran for President on the anti-slavery ticket), with his command of colored troops, was in camp not far off. I had known him in 1861 as Major of the 4th New Jersey, in Kearny's Brigade. We had met last in Libby Prison, Aug. 11, 1862. I rode over to Gen. Birney's quarters. He was very glad to see me, and said he had applied to have me assigned to him as Assistant Adjutant-General, knowing that I, as early in the war as 1861, had advocated making soldiers of colored men, especially of the slaves, as fast as we could reach and recruit them. I answered that I would gladly join him as soon as orders came to that effect. These troops were then in advance of our corps, and arrived on the Appomattox field ahead and were thrown out on the Lynchburg road. They had a Regular battery with them.

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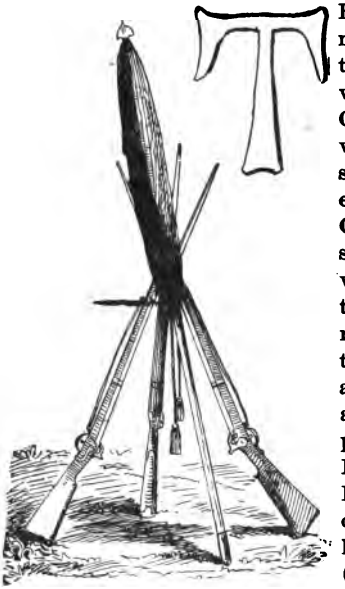
CHAPTER XIV.

LEE'S ARMY DISBANDED—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC STARTS FOR HOME—THE AUTHOR ASSIGNED TO DUTY IN RICHMOND—JOINS THE TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS—DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE POPULACE OF RICHMOND—ARRIVAL OF SHERMAN'S ARMY—HALLECK'S PROPOSED REVIEW INDEFINITELY POSTPONED—THE TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS SAILS FOR TEXAS—CONCLUSION.



THE positions of the two armies at the moment of the surrender were substantially as follows: The Confederate army was in position covering Appomattox Courthouse from northeast to southwest, the main body, consisting of Longstreet's and Hill's Corps, facing northeast, east and southeast, and Gordon's Corps and Fitz Lee's Cavalry facing southwest and west. The Union forces were in two parts; the main Army of the Potomac, under the direct command of Gen. Meade, and consisting of the Second and Sixth Corps, with probably some part of the Ninth, was east and northeast of the Courthouse, and pressing the corps of Longstreet and Hill. [Hill had been killed when the Petersburg lines were forced, but his old corps still bore his name.] The left wing, nominally under Gen. Ord (but really after 8 o'clock in the morning under the direct command of Gen. Grant, who had joined us by way of the Walker Church Road), composed of the Fifth Corps under Griffin, Foster's and Turner's Divisions of the Twenty-fourth under Gibbon, and two brigades (Ulysses Doubleday's and Woodward's) of Birney's Division, of the Twenty-fifth, together with Sheridan's cavalry, was west and southwest of the Courthouse and barring the further retreat of the Confederate army. In a word, it was a "round up." We had them "corraled" at last!

There was some fighting west and south of the Courthouse between 7 and 9 in the morning. It began by an attempt on Gordon's part to clear the Lynchburg Road of our cavalry, and continued for perhaps half an hour altogether after the infantry of our left wing began to deploy to sup-

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port or relieve the cavalry. The attack on the cavalry in the early morning had been quite vigorous and of sufficient weight to make them give some ground. But after our infantry began to deploy the Rebels seemed to wilt, and though there was considerable firing and a few casualties no determined effort was made to force any part of our infantry line. The formations of the troops of the left wing at the moment of the surrender were as follows, from right to left, it being understood that the lines were reversed to face the rear, which, on getting past the enemy and heading him off, had now become our front: Extreme right, southeast from the Courthouse, Custer's Cavalry Division; next Devin's, then an interval, which two brigades of Crawford's Division were at that moment deploying to fill; next, Bartlett's Division, Fifth Corps, with Chamberlain's and Pearson's Brigades in the order named, and Gregory's in support; Ayers's and Crawford's Divisions massed in right and rear of Bartlett's; next, Turner's and Foster's Divisions, of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and next Birney's two brigades of colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Corps. And finally, refused to the extreme left and facing the Staunton Road, Crook's Cavalry Division. The dispositions of the main Army of the Potomac east of the Courthouse I could not know at the time, and have never seen any description of them by competent military authority. Hence the positions which I have laid down for the Second and Sixth Corps are based upon information from comrades who were in those commands at that time. The Fifth Corps batteries were all up, and Vose (commanding our old Battery), Rogers and Mink were in battery ready for action when the flag, or flags, of truce appeared. I say "flags of truce," because there has been confusion on this point. It may serve to dispel some of the confusion if it be borne in mind that more than one white flag was shown during the morning. Gen. Humphreys, then commanding the Second Corps, speaks in his book of a flag of truce being shown on his front sometime before 10 a. m., accompanied with a request that he would cease pressing the Confederate skirmish line, which he declined to do until ordered to halt by Gen. Meade. It is established beyond dispute that a flag of truce was shown in front of Custer's cavalry skirmishers as early as 10 a. m.; another on the front of

THE WHITE FLAG.

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Chamberlain's Brigade, of the Fifth Corps; another on Turner's front, Twenty-fourth Corps, and still another on the front of the 1st Maine Cavalry, which belonged to Irwin Gregg's Brigade (Col. Smith in command), of Crook's Division. Thus at least five flags of truce were exhibited about the same time at widely-separated points on the Union front. Humphreys was coming in on the Farmville Turnpike east or a little north of east from the courthouse, leading the column of the main Army of the Potomac, and the Second Corps must have been at least two miles from the nearest troops of Sheridan's wing of the army west and southwest from the Courthouse, while the distance from Chamberlain's Brigade, forming the right of the Fifth Corps line, nearly due south from the Courthouse to the front of the 1st Maine Cavalry, holding our extreme left north of the Lynchburg Road and north of west from the town, could not have been less than two miles.

For information enabling me to locate those commands which I could not personally observe, I am indebted to comrades who have kindly written to me, or given me verbal information. They are Gen. Thomas M. Harris, commanding the West Virginia Brigade of Turner's Division; Gen. Henry Capehart, commanding Cavalry Brigade, Custer's Division; Gen. Lewis A. Grant, commanding the Vermont Brigade (wounded in the head, April 2, in forcing the lines, but remained in command till the end); Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, commanding Bidwell's Old Brigade; Gen. Thomas F. McCoy, commanding 107th Pennsylvania, Crawford's Division; Gen. Horatio G. Wright, commanding Sixth Corps; Gen. Frank Walker, of the Second Corps staff; Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett, commanding First Division, Fifth Corps; Maj. H. W. Clarke, 185th New York; Maj. George B. Halstead, Fifth Corps staff; Capt. William M. Davis, 6th Ohio Cavalry; Serg't J. L. Pray, Signal Corps; J. F. Butler, Company A, 155th Pennsylvania; A. C. Scott, Company E, 15th West Virginia; Lieut. T. R. Lackey, 16th Michigan; E. R. Loomis, Company G, 185th New York; Gilbert Thompson, Regular Engineer Battalion, Acting Topographical Draftsman; Clarence E. Johnson, of Mink's Battery; Ord. Serg't Tom Broderick, of Rawles's (Griffin's) Battery; J. N. Waddell, 12th West Virginia; Col. Horace H. Walpole, commanding 122d New York; Capt. William P. Vose, commanding Stewart's Battery in that campaign; Corp'l Robert A. Shearer, Company E, 11th Pennsylvania Veterans; Capt. Joseph F. Carter, 3d Maryland Battalion; R. E. McBride, 191st Pennsylvania; Capt. Julius H. Stewart, Company E, 45th Colored Troops; Sewall Pettingill, Company F, 11th Maine; Surg. N. H. Norris, 11th Maine; Clinton Beckwith, 121st New York. And, on the Confederate side, Gen. Henry Heth, commanding division; Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, commanding division; Gen. Charles W. Field, commanding division; Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding army corps; Gen. William Mahone, commanding division; Gen. (now Senator) Matt. W. Ransom, commanding brigade; Capt. D. H. Buell, Alabama; Capt. Robert Evans, Virginia; James Caperton, of Dement's Maryland Battery; Joseph Ellison, 12th Virginia; George Dupré, Washington Artillery; William H. Haycock, Company H, 2d Virginia Cavalry; Frank W. Hume, 16th Mis-

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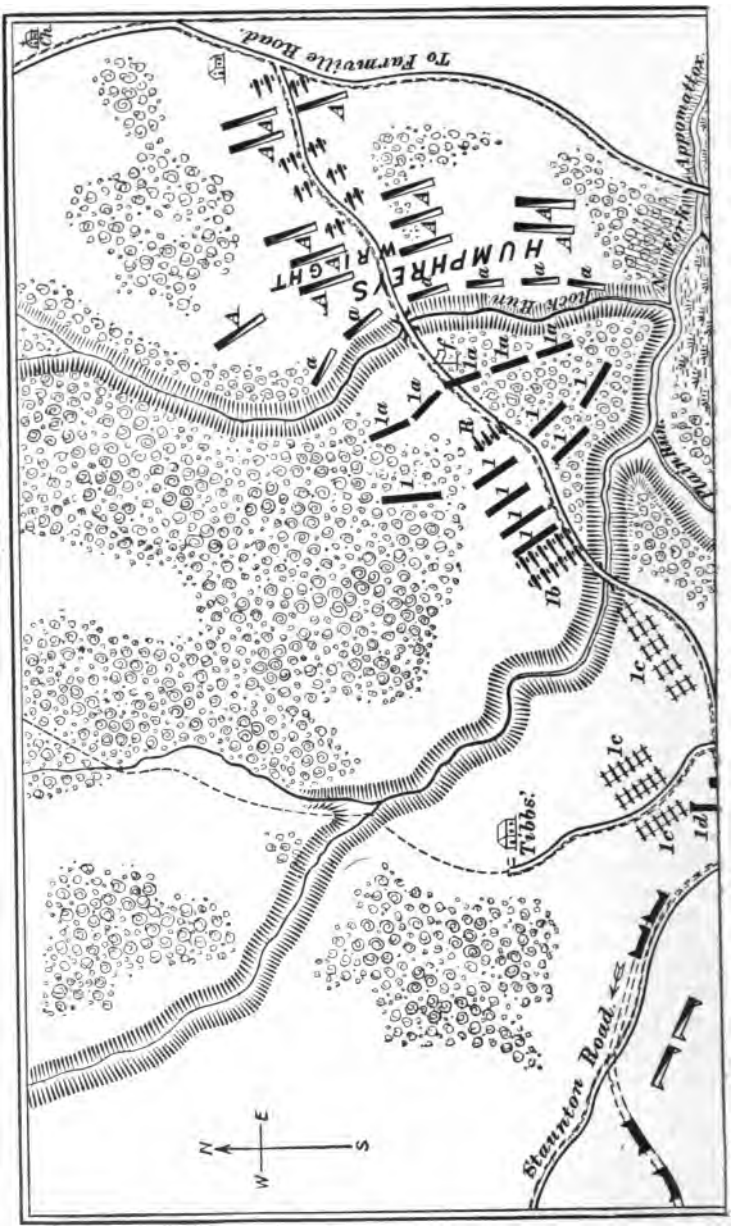

NORTH HALF OF DIAGRAM.

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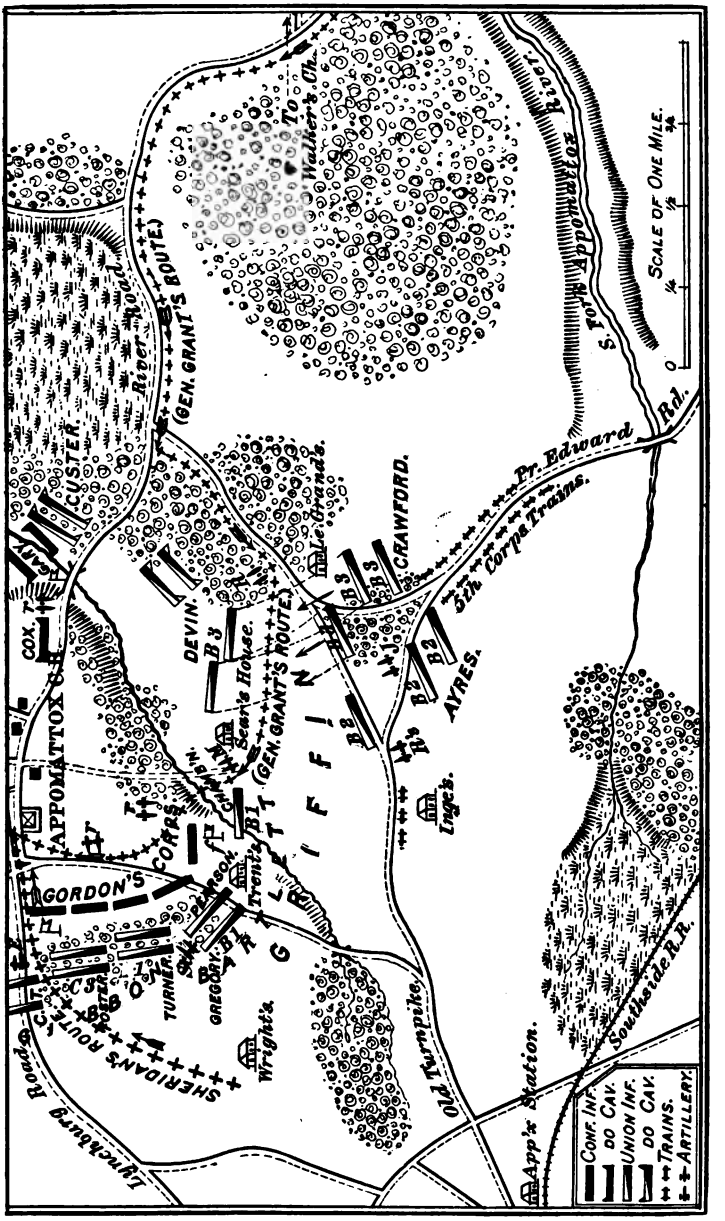

SOUTH HALF OF DIAGRAM.

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sissippi, and several others. It should be added that the location of the troops is generally based upon the moment of the surrender, and that no attempt can be made to follow the movements of individual commands in the skirmishing on the morning of April 9.

Returning to the Fifth Corps: I went up the road leading from the station past the Trent House to the village looking for Gen. Bartlett, and was informed that he had met a Rebel General in the edge of the grove, in Pearson's front, and that they had ridden off together in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. And I also recollect seeing a young Lieutenant of the 185th New York brought back mortally wounded while the white flag was fluttering. I have since been informed on the best authority that this was Lieut. Hiram Clark, of the 185th, and that he was the last man killed in action in the Army of the Potomac.

LEGEND OF MAP.

A A—Main Army of the Potomac (Second and Sixth Corps).

a a—Skirmish line of the Second Corps advancing at 8 a. m. April 9.

B B B—Fifth Corps. B1. First Division (Bartlett's). B2. Second Division (Ayres). B3. Third Division (Crawford). The dotted lines and arrows in "B3" show Crawford's advance to fill gap between Bartlett and Devin early on May 9.

R's—Rawles's Battery (D, G, 5th Regulars).

St—Stewart's Battery (B, 4th Regulars).

M—Mink's Battery (H, 1st New York).

J—Johnson's Battery (D, 1st New York).

R—Rodgers's Battery (B, 1st New York), shown at the road in front Le Grand's House.

C T—Colored Troops. Woodward's and Ulysses Doubleday's Brigades, of Birney's Division.

C3—Foster's Division, Twenty-fourth Corps (in position as stated by Gen. T. M. Harris).

C—Turner's Division, Twenty-fourth Corps.

E—Elder's Battery (B, 1st Regulars), in position. According to the statements of comrades who were near it, this Battery was in action during the morning of April 9, and fired the last shot of the Army of the Potomac.

1 1—Main Rebel army 9 a. m. April 9.

1a 1a—Skirmish line of Rebel rear guard confronting Humphreys's advance.

1b—Rebel artillery parked.

1c—Remains of Rebel trains parked.

1d—Munford's Brigade of Rebel cavalry, most of which surrendered.

Fitz Lee's cavalry escaped at daylight on the 9th. The double dotted line shows the route by which this force escaped toward Lynchburg.

r r r—Rebel batteries in position between 8 and 9 a. m. April 9.

The infantry force marked "Cox" was the remnant of Rodes's old division, commanded that morning by Gen. W. R. Cox, of North Carolina. The cavalry force marked "Gary" was Mart. Gary's South Carolina Brigade, which came so near being eaten up by Custer's Division, and is shown in position advancing, when the men refused to respect the flag of truce.

The dotted lines with arrows showing direction, indicate the routes by which Gens. Grant and Sheridan, respectively, approached the Courthouse, Gen. Grant having come from near Walker's Church that morning and Gen. Sheridan starting from Wright's House, and passing through the line of the Twenty-fourth Corps.

f f f f—Points at which the various flags of truce were shown.

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When the flag of truce appeared on the front of Chamberlain's Brigade and the firing ceased Gen. Bartlett rode out toward their skirmish line, attended only by an Orderly or two. At a point where the road ran through an old fence he encountered a Confederate officer, a Captain or Major, I think, his Orderly said, who came forward, offering his sword, and saying: "I surrender the remnant of Corse's old Virginia Brigade!"

Bartlett replied: "I accept the surrender of the remnant of Corse's Brigade, but I have no use for that sword, and I don't suppose you will have any further use for it, either, except as a memento. You had better put it in its scabbard and keep it there! But where are your General officers?" Just at that minute, my informant said, Gen. Gordon appeared, and he and Bartlett rode off together toward the Courthouse. I did not see this, but relate it as it was told to me.

"IS IT TRUE THAT UNCLE ROBERT HAS SURRENDERED?"

Within a very short time after the white rag fluttered nearly all our corps and division commanders, and some of the brigade commanders, went over to the Courthouse from our side — Sheridan, Griffin, Gibbon, Ord, Custer, Bartlett and several others — where they found Gens. Grant, Meade, Humphreys, Wright, Seth Williams, and I do not know how many more, but I should say 30 or 40, from the other wing of the army, who had come up on the other (northeast) side of the Courthouse. Gen. Griffin now sent me down toward Appomattox Station to hunt up the servants and pack-mules of the corps headquarters, as we had no wagons, except a few ambulances and carts, and instructed me to "whoop up something to eat!" Riding back through the woods along the Lynchburg road, which the inhabitants called the "South road," I soon came out to the point where the flag of truce was first shown. The woods or grove was full of the Johnnies, who had stacked their arms and were loafing about on the ground. Several of them, seeing that I came from the direction of the Courthouse, halted me to inquire, "Say, Yank, what's the news? They say Marse Robert has surrendered. Is that so?" I told them that to the best of my knowledge it was, and that I had seen several of our officers and theirs going into a house near the Courthouse, apparently for a conference.

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When I got to our line — as the two lines were still maintained at that time, though all the muskets were stacked on both sides — our fellows were equally desirous to learn the news. I gave them all the information I had, which was the same that I had given the Johnnies. Then I rode rapidly back to find the headquarter mules and whoop up the negroes. I found the headquarter outfit at the house of a man named Trent, about one mile northeast of Appomattox Station, the distance between the station and the Courthouse being about two and a half or three miles. After suitably "whooping up" the colored servants and putting the "headquarter supply train" — consisting of four pack mules, one ambulance and two or three country carts — in motion, and impressing the General's cook with the necessity of "prompt and vigorous action," I rode back again toward our infantry line. By this time it was 12:30 or maybe 1 o'clock. On our line — Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, and the cavalry southwest and west of the Courthouse — the picket lines still faced each other, though "at rest" — and, as it proved, at rest forever — still faced each other in the groves and fields between the road leading to Appomattox Station and the main Lynchburg Pike, this ground forming the Le Grand, Inge, Trent and Wright farms. About half way between the station and the Courthouse, just after you pass Inge's house going toward the Courthouse, the Prospect Road forks with the one I was on, and here were four of the Fifth Corps batteries — Mink's and Stewart's in battery (under Vose) and Rawles's and Johnson's in column. Battery B, 1st New York, Capt. Bob Rogers, was also up, but had gone to the extreme right of our line with Crawford.

During the forced marches our batteries had a tough time, and their horses did not look much like the sleek, well-fed animals that had so gaily pulled out from Fort Dushane the morning of March 29. After leaving them on the White Oak Road the morning of April 1 we did not see them again until they arrived at Jetersville the night of the 4th, and leaving them again at Jetersville they did not come up until we halted at Prospect Station. Capt. Vose has personally informed me that when Battery B left Jetersville it reported temporarily to Custer, and served with his cavalry division during the 6th and 7th, being in action at Sailor's Creek, but suffering no casualties. The Battery was in action March 29, 30 and 31, and April 6. Its casualties were one officer and six men killed or wounded, and 13 horses killed or disabled. Gen. Wainwright, in his official report, says:

The marches of the batteries during these operations were the most severe ever known in the campaigns of this army. The roads were for the most part deep with mud, and the Fifth Corps, operating most of the time with the cavalry, constantly traversed the country byroads in marches averaging from 20 to 30 miles a day. Though the wants of the campaign has called for but little use of artillery in action, the rapid marching and bad roads have necessitated incessant labor on the part of the battery officers, and still more on the part of those of my staff, to all of whom I am indebted for valuable services rendered. Following in support of the cavalry this corps has done little in the way of picking up abandoned guns and material. At the battle of Five Forks the united corps captured five three-inch regular guns of United States manu-

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facture and three caissons; these guns I had hauled to Warren Station and turned over to the Quartermaster there for transportation to City Point. The caissons were destroyed. On the 3d of April three light 12-pound guns were found abandoned in a swamp near Namozine Creek, which I hauled up to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters and turned over to his Quartermaster.

It did me a great deal of good to see these old and famous batteries "in at the death" after their four years of battle; but I felt sorry that Capt. Charley Phillips and his equally good and famous old 5th Massachusetts could not have been in line with the Fifth Corps at Appomattox, it having been detached and put in the reserve when we left the trenches on the 28th of March.

The question as to what battery fired the last shot in action of the Army of the Potomac is also interesting. My natural interest in that arm of the service has led me to investigate this question, and I have become satisfied that the honor belongs to Battery B, of the 1st Regulars, then commanded by Capt. Sam Elder. There is cumulative testimony from various sources on this point. The most direct and positive is that of Comrade Jacob Miller, who was a detached volunteer in that battery from the 2d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery. He says:

After a forced march of 35 miles we were going into action at a gallop, for we could hear the crack of the muskets in our front and the yell of the Johnnies as they came up after our cavalry who were falling back. We came to a small clearing in the woods on the right of the Lynchburg Road, and the leading brigade of Foster's Division formed line in this clearing, and charged into the woods in front of them with a cheer. Our battery unlimbered in this clearing. This position we held until the infantry got through the woods, when we limbered up and again took the road and followed our charging column, passing limber chests and caissons that the enemy had abandoned and set fire under them to blow them up. After coming up with the infantry we unlimbered again on the left of the road and gave the retreating enemy time-fuse shell by piece from the right until ordered to cease firing. Returning to Richmond after the surrender, officers and others would come to see the battery and gun (No. 3) that fired the last shot of the Army of the Potomac against the Army of Northern Virginia on the morning of April 9, 1865. But justice compels me to say that ours was not the only battery engaged on the Lynchburg Road that morning. While we were holding our first position in the clearing Battery A, of the 5th Regulars, went into action on our left and opened into the woods, but only fired two or three shots. After the battery was dismounted in October, 1865, gun No. 3 was boxed up by Evan Evans, Ordnance Sergeant at Richmond, and as he told me was sent to West Point, as the gun that fired the last shot on the Army of Northern Virginia. I would like to know what became of it.

But if Elder's Battery did fire the last cannon shot in action, Gen. Griffin and his staff, without doubt, got the benefit of the last musket shot from the enemy. About half way between the Trent House and the village there was a small building, which had been used as a blacksmith shop. As soon as the flag of truce appeared the General, accompanied by Col. Fred Locke, Maj. George B. Halstead, Capt. Schermerhorn and several Orderlies, rode out in front of the left of Chamberlain's skirmish line, and had got a little beyond this shop, when about a dozen shots were fired from the grove on the right, just across Plain Run from the Sears House, distant from

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the group about 60 or 70 rods. The balls zipped close, and Gen. Griffin said, "the —— —— ——, do they mean to murder us after they have surrendered?" He then proposed to go over to Pearson's position and, as he expressed it, "turn the Old Third (Bartlett's old Brigade) loose for a few minutes!" But before he could execute this purpose all firing ceased, and the General and his staff proceeded up the road from the blacksmith shop to the village, where Gen. Grant was just arriving. Strange sensations possessed the breasts of our men in their bivouacs that afternoon of the 9th of April. It was difficult to realize that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered! Yet it was a fact, and when we contemplated it, huddling about our little fires and eking out what little was left of our rations, every thought turned toward peace and home. During the next few days while the armies remained there the soldiers fraternized somewhat, but that day comparatively few of the Rebels visited us; in fact, it was the policy during the afternoon and night of the 9th to keep the troops of both armies in their respective lines. The few Rebels who made their way to us were cordially received and entertained as hospitably as our own depleted resources would admit. In some cases excitement and the novelty of the situation conquered fatigue, and the boys kept making coffee, toasting pork and bacon, singing and skylarking till a late hour. But tired nature asserted herself with most of them, and by 10 o'clock both camps were quiet. As for myself, I had never worked so hard or so many hours a day, not having had an average of four hours of sleep in every 24 from March 28 to April 9. For the last five days I had to take care of two horses—the one I rode and the little mare besides, as I did not like to trust the latter to the tender mercies of the headquarter cavalry escort, a company of the 4th Pennsylvania. The result was that when the first flush of exultation at the surrender was over I collapsed like a wet rag and could have slept on top of a picket fence.

After stacking their arms and parking their guns the men of the Confederate army were rationed, by order of Gen. Grant, as soon as our trains could get up. Some rations may have been distributed about dark on the 9th, but full supplies were not up before noon on the 10th for either army. The railroad train from Lynchburg, which Sheridan had captured at Appomattox Station on the 8th, was supposed to contain 80,000 rations as that term was understood by the Confederates, which at that time meant half a pound of bacon and a pint of cornmeal per man. This train also had one carload of clothing, with some boots and shoes. Some writers speak of this train as having been destroyed. This is an error, no doubt due to confounding it with a wagon train captured at Burkesville Junction on the 7th, which was destroyed. But the railroad train from Lynchburg, after its capture at Appomattox Station by the cavalry, was sent on down the railroad to Evergreen Station, and was there when the infantry came up late at night. A good many "flakes" of bacon were thrown out of the cars, and many of the infantrymen helped themselves, but we could not use the cornmeal, for want of time to cook it. I believe what was left of that train-

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load of supplies was afterward issued to Lee's troops. But it was not destroyed.

I do not think there was any considerable shifting of positions by the troops of the various commands of either army after noon on the 9th of April until they started to leave the place. Those who happened to be in low or wet ground at the time hostilities ceased moved to higher points. Of course the Sixth Corps and part of the cavalry moved off immediately toward Danville, while the rest of the cavalry followed Fitz Lee toward Lynchburg. But, with these exceptions, all the troops, Federal and Confederate, bivouacked substantially in the positions they held at the moment of the surrender until they finally left the field to take up the line of march for home.

One of our historians, who is generally considered accurate, states that "Gen. Grant had under his command about 124,000 men when Lee surrendered," etc. Now, Gen. Grant had "under his command" a good many more than "124,000 men" at that time, because he was in command of all the armies of the Union. But the slipshod phrase above quoted would carry the idea that there were 124,000 present at Appomattox; in fact, that seems to be the commonly received notion. It is, however, an absurd error. The last field return before the surrender was that of March 20, 1865. In order to get at the real strength present at Appomattox it will be necessary to take only those divisions which were actually present, and then deduct the losses of the battles during the pursuit of Lee and the assaults on the lines on the south front of Petersburg.

There were present at Appomattox the nine divisions of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps, two divisions of the Twenty-fourth, one division of the Ninth (some distance back) and part of a division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, with three divisions of cavalry under Sheridan and two small brigades from the Army of the James under MacKenzie.

The strength and losses of these were as follows:

	Strength.	Loss.
Second Corps	11,930	1,833
Fifth Corps	11,600	2,562
Sixth Corps	10,230	1,529
Ninth Corps (one division)	4,480	561
Twenty-fifth Corps (detachment) estimated	3,000	84
Twenty-fourth Corps (two divisions)	8,114	1,008
Cavalry (Sheridan's)	10,212	1,472
Cavalry (MacKenzie's)	1,830	82
Totals	61,396	9,131

The strength of the organizations which remained at Petersburg, Richmond, etc., was approximately 30,000, and their losses, including the capture and recapture of Fort Stedman and forcing the lines of Petersburg, are stated at 1,627. But we are not dealing with these now. The figures given for the organizations present at Appomattox are taken from the "present for duty equipped" of the report of March 20. In our system of field returns we always had three columns, thus: 1. "Present for Duy." 2. "Present for Duty Equipped." 3. "Aggregate Present."

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The "present for duty equipped" meant the force that was available at the moment for line of battle. The "present for duty" included detachments, details, etc.; in short, all those accounted for as doing duty. The "aggregate present" represented all whose names were borne on the rolls of that date, no matter where they were or what they might be doing.

It is probable that the "present for duty equipped" might have been somewhat increased between March 20 and March 28, when active operations began. At Five Forks (after the battle) Gen. Griffin estimated that he had 9,200 muskets in the Fifth Corps, which, with the usual proportion of officers added, would make in the neighborhood of 9,800.

The Fifth Corps suffered little loss after April 1, except men falling out from exhaustion, and these were not numerous. The losses of the corps in the battles of Quaker Road, Gravelly Run, White Oak Road, (March 29, 30 and 31,) and Five Forks (April 1), were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Bartlett's Division.....	108	630	34	772
Ayres's Division.....	75	452	350	877
Crawford's Division.....	88	652	155	895
Artillery (five batteries).....	5	13	..	18
Totals.....	276	1,747	539	2,562

Add this to the 9,800 left after Five Forks and the total will be 12,380, or 780 more than the "present for duty equipped" report of March 20. It is probable that the Fifth Corps was increased in its effective strength by about that number of men returning to their commands between March 20 and the beginning of operations. If we apply the same ratio to the other commands it would give the Second Corps about 12,800, less 1,833 lost in action, or 10,967 net present at Appomattox; the Sixth Corps about 11,000, less 1,529 lost in action, or about 9,470 net present; the Fifth Corps about 12,380, less 2,562 lost in action, or about 9,800 net present; the division of the Ninth Corps about 4,200; the two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps about 7,500; the detachment of the Twenty-fifth about 2,000, and the cavalry, altogether, about 11,000.

Thus we would have actually present at Appomattox Courthouse April 9 about as follows, after deducting all losses in the preceding combats:

Second Corps (about).....	11,000
Fifth Corps (about).....	9,800
Sixth Corps (about).....	9,500
Ninth Corps (detachment).....	4,200
Twenty-fourth Corps (two divisions).....	7,500
Twenty-fifth Corps (detachment).....	3,000
Cavalry.....	11,000
Total.....	56,000

I am aware that these figures fall far below the current popular belief as to the force actually present at Appomattox. The return above referred to gives the "aggregate present" of the Army of the Potomac at 81,000 (of which 17,740 are charged to the Fifth Corps; but it is certain that not more than 13,500 men at the maximum left the trenches under Warren, en route

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for Appomattox, March 29, 1865); that of the Army of the James at 38,000 and that of Sheridan's Cavalry, two divisions (Army of the Shenandoah), at 8,000, without counting the odd hundreds. This is a total of 127,000. But, as before stated, it included everybody on the rolls, and was far in excess of the number "present for duty equipped." There was a field return made April 10, which, I have understood from persons employed in collating the war records, shows a force of about 62,000 "present for duty equipped" at Appomattox, but that it includes some commands that got no farther than Farmville and Burkesville Junction! Whereas I have endeavored to give the strength only of those commands which were within gunshot of the Confederate army when it surrendered.

Maj. E. C. Dawes, of the 53d Ohio, previously quoted as standard authority on military statistics of the civil war, courteously furnishes for my use the following compilation from Confederate official and semi-official sources of the strength of Lee's army in its final campaign. By the monthly return of Feb. 20, 1865, the last on file in the War Department, the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia was:

	For Duty.	Aggregate Present.
Forces on returns of Feb. 20 in Army of Northern Virginia and Department of Richmond	61,575	76,174
Artillery of Second Corps (estimated)	1,600	1,900
Rosser's cavalry	2,000	2,500
Archer's Brigade, Junior Reserves	1,000	1,200
Naval Brigade	1,500	1,800
Richmond local, etc	600	750
Total	68,275	84,324

The authorities quoted by Maj. Dawes are as follows: Early's "Last Year of the War," page 122 *et seq.*; Morris's History of North Carolina, volume 2, page 283, note. These extracts are from a paper by McHenry Howard, Acting Assistant Inspector-General of G. W. C. Lee's Division, published in supplement to *Southern Magazine* May, 1874. Rebel War Clerk's Diary, volume 2, page 445.

Early in the morning of the 10th there was a call at the various corps headquarters for clerks to report to Adjt.-Gen. Williams for special duty connected with the parole lists and captured material of Lee's army. Owing to the rapidity of the march the headquarter wagons and most of the regular clerical force were "in arrears," so that a force of clerks had to be improvised on the spot to attend to the writing and copying which was immediately incident to the surrender. Of these two were sent from the Fifth Corps — Hawley and myself — and we were assigned to make copies of the regimental and company parole lists and camp and garrison equipage returns as they came in, our particular province being Wilcox's Division, of Hill's Corps. This was interesting duty, and its details made a profound impression on my mind. It struck me that the whole business was very irregular. In some cases there would be nominal lists of companies "present for duty" without names, signed only by company commanders, frequently a Sergeant. These struck me as being queer paroles,

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because I could not see how the men were to be identified in case they should break their paroles. However, we all presumed that Gen. Grant knew what he was about. The work of collecting and accounting for the surrendered material of Lee's army was not very extensive. They stacked about 11,000 or 12,000 muskets and parked about 60 or 65 serviceable guns. Their trains had nearly all been captured or destroyed in the operations of Five Forks, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Sailor's Creek, Jetersville, Farmville and Burke's Junction. The First Division of the Fifth Corps had the honor of being assigned to take charge of the captured material of Lee's army, and kept charge of it until it was all properly inventoried and turned over to the staff departments to which its different elements pertained. They took all their horses and mules home with them, together with what harness they had and many of their carts, which they said were private property. I went over where their guns were parked. The remnants of 15 or 16 batteries only were represented, and they had all the way from two to five guns in a battery. Sometimes they had a caisson for every two guns, sometimes only one for a whole battery, and sometimes none at all, but carried all their ammunition in the gun-limbers. But not a third of the artillery they had when they left their trenches was surrendered at Appomattox. The rest of it had been captured or destroyed in the fights from Gravelly Run to Appomattox or abandoned. Their guns were a miscellaneous lot, embracing Parrott rifles (of which they had made a very good imitation in their Tredegar Iron Works), light twelves, together with a 12-pound iron howitzer of their own make, which was modeled much like the 12-pounder Napoleon. It appeared that they had these different guns mixed up in the same battery — frequently two and sometimes three patterns being used together. They had little or no artillery ammunition left, but they surrendered a considerable supply of small-arm cartridges, much of which was made in England. Their infantry muskets were mainly the English Enfield, though I saw numbers of old Harper's Ferry percussion muskets that had been rifled. I was informed that these had been used by the battalions of reserves which had gone with Lee's main army when Richmond was evacuated; but the standard weapon of the regular Confederate infantry appeared to be the Enfield, which was a trifle longer and heavier than our Springfield, and carried a trifle larger ball. I believe that it was generally conceded by ordnance experts that the Enfield rifle of that day was considerably more effective than our Springfield, though not quite so handy.

The country about Appomattox Courthouse was one of the few regions of Virginia that had never been visited by our troops — not even the cavalry — prior to these final operations. But they had in two weeks fully made up for the immunity of four years, and the inhabitants told us that in the closing days of the campaign their own troops had plundered them worse than ours.

I had a cousin about seven years my senior. He had graduated from college in 1858, and had gone to Alabama that Fall to be professor in a seminary. He had enlisted in the Confederate army in the Spring of

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1861, and in 1863 the folks at home got a rumor that he had been killed. But running over these "Rebel company parole lists" I suddenly came upon his name signed to one of them — from an Alabama regiment of Wilcox's Division. This was a glad surprise, if I should happen to find him, which I made up my mind to do. Well, to cut a long story short, I found him. He was rugged and stalwart, but "Rebel to the backbone." He was glad to see me. We talked over old times. I told him the news of the family, and much other neighborhood gossip. This cousin was a fair specimen of what was left of Lee's army in its "last ditch." He looked around at our swarming legions in a cool, half contemptuous way, and then at the ragged, battered remnant of his own comrades with ill-concealed pride and exultation.

"You were always a fair-minded boy," he would say to me; "now just look on this picture and then on that, and tell me what you think down in the bottom of your heart. What do you suppose would have been the result of this war if we 'Johnnies,' as you call us, had had your equipment and your supplies? I have been in this army ever since the Capital was moved from Montgomery to Richmond, and for the last three years, at least, these men that you see here have not been much better clad than they are now, and they never had such a feast in their lives as when Gen. Grant gave them some of your rations yesterday. This army has lost more men from cold, hunger, and every misery and privation that comes from insufficient clothing and food than from your lead and iron twice over. Many of these men have done duty in the trenches all Winter barefooted, and without a sign of an overcoat, while you all look fat and comfortable. I tell you if we had had proper food and clothing this thing wouldn't be happening here now as it is. There would have been another kind of a settlement, and it would have taken place a great deal nearer Binghamton than this, and a year sooner, besides."

This conversation fairly represents the thoughts and feelings of the soldiers and subaltern officers of the Confederate army at Appomattox. The things they most feared were the negro problem and the confiscation of property. Some who lived in the mountain regions where there had always been a large Unionist element apprehended persecution from their loyal neighbors. As a rule, the "fraternization" between them and us, about which so many rhapsodies have been written, was pretty cool and formal. They were courteous when we visited their bivouacs, but that was all, and they did not visit us much in return. As fast as the formalities of paroling them were got through with and they could be supplied with a few days' rations to start them on their journey they slipped away, sadly and silently, to seek, in most cases, desolated homes, which they would have to rebuild from the ground up.

Leaving Appomattox the Fifth Corps marched leisurely to Nottoway Courthouse, where it halted for several days in expectation of orders to go down into North Carolina to the aid of Sherman. But when the news came of negotiations for the surrender of Joe Johnston's army the corps started

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for Petersburg en route to Washington. During this stay at Nottoway Courthouse Gen. Griffin decided to send on to Washington the 11 battle-flags captured by the Fifth Corps at Five Forks. Maj. Halstead was selected for this honorable duty, and he was supported by an escort composed of the men who had captured them — all enlisted men, except one, if memory serves me. Doubtless the reason of Maj. Halstead's selection was the fact that he was the only one of the corps General staff wounded in the campaign. This occurred at the White Oak Road, when the gallant Major was with Gen. Warren under heavy fire trying to "whoop up" Crawford's men, and where Charley Mink "got in his fine work," before mentioned. I wanted to attend the gallant Major on this mission, but Gen. Griffin refused, saying no one could go except those who had captured flags. Maj. Halstead has written me the following account of this affair:

There were, I think, 11 flags. They (and the captors) were received by President Lincoln in Secretary Stanton's office in the presence also of several Senators, Representatives and other distinguished men. Among the last I remember was Prof. Joseph Henry, then of the Smithsonian Institute (since deceased), from whom I had received instruction years before when he was professor of natural philosophy at Nassau Hall, N. J. The men were all given 20 days' furlough. I was offered a leave of absence, but preferred returning to duty, and soon after marched with the corps to Washington. Nothing of interest occurred, except the graceful compliment extended to Gen. Warren, then in Petersburg, Va., by Gen. Griffin, by marching the old Fifth past the quarters of Gen. Warren, who, with his family and Aids, came onto the sidewalk to receive the marching salute, and he must have known from the kindly demonstrations of officers and men that the harshness and injustice to which he had been subjected had only given him a warmer corner in their hearts.

An incident occurred in the Battery in this camp, not of general historical import, but of much concern to the boys. This was the death of a colt, who was born in the camp near Fredericksburg in 1862. She was considered as "everybody's colt," though belonging, I believe, to the Captain, who was very desirous to have her grow up and see service as a "child of the Battery." She was a smart little thing, and the boys had taught her many tricks. The Appomattox campaign had been too much for her, and when she died the boys buried her "with the honors of war," firing their revolvers over her grave.

On arriving in Richmond I was directed to report to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters. I reported to Gen. Weitzel in person. Richmond was under martial law, and Gen. Weitzel had complete control of the place, though Gen. Shepley, who had been Provost Marshal General at Fort Monroe, was known as "Military Governor." My duties were temporarily in connection with the posting of "safeguards" over the houses and property of the inhabitants and keeping a record of the men so detailed, and to note any complaints that might be made as to the manner in which they discharged their duties. But there were not many complaints.

At this time Gen. Lee had returned to Richmond, and was living at his residence on Franklin street. I had a great desire to see Gen. Lee and pay him my respects, as I had a great admiration for his talents as a General and

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his character as a soldier. A day or two after I reported to Gen. Weitzel he had occasion to send a note to Gen. Lee's house, and I was selected to carry it. After the surrender there was a great deal of delicate consideration shown by our Regular officers toward Rebel officers who had been comrades with them in the old army. I remember that immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Q. M.-Gen. Rufus Ingalls took Gen. Harry Heth to stay with him as his guest, and after entertaining him for two days or so sent him home to his farm, about 50 miles from Appomattox, in an ambulance with "supplies" enough to last him a month. The same sort of courtesies were shown by our Gens. Griffin, Gibbon, Humphreys, Wright, Ord, Sheridan, Weitzel and others to their old West Point classmates, such as the Rebel Gens. Longstreet, Field, Wilcox, Pickett, Anderson, Ewell, Fitz Lee and many others. I presume that, considering myself a full-fledged Regular at that time, I shared the feelings of my chiefs.

Among the incidents of this sort of fraternization between officers who had been classmates at West Point was an amusing affair between Gen. John Gibbon and Gen. Cadmus Wilcox. As soon as the surrender was accomplished Gibbon took Wilcox in charge, and after entertaining him two or three days the conversation turned on Wilcox's plans for the future. He finally decided to go to New York, and as he had no money except Confederate scrip, Gibbon offered to stake him for whatever amount he might need to get a new start in the world. Wilcox had long been accustomed to the large sums in which Confederate money was reckoned, and when Gibbon asked him how much he thought he would need Wilcox named a certain sum. It happened that this was all Gibbon had, except $2 in shinplasters, but he pulled his wallet and counted it out with the air of an Emperor dispensing bounty. It was too good to keep, however, and Gibbon had to tell the story to Griffin, who circulated it with much relish.

On a humbler scale, but quite as interesting, was the meeting of Corp'l Sam Majors, of our old Battery, with his brother, who had been all through the war in the Confederate artillery. Sam had served three years in the infantry and a year in the Battery, so that both of them had been through it all. Each had long supposed the other to be dead, and the meeting was quite affecting. Sam's brother remained as the guest of the Battery until they left for Washington, and I don't know how much longer.

The message I carried was directed to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and when I delivered it Gen. Robert E. Lee was not in the room. But thinking that I might never have so good an opportunity again I said to Gen. Fitz Lee: "General, if not inconvenient to him, I would like to pay my respects to your illustrious relative." At this he stepped into the parlor and motioned to me to come in. I was "got up regardless" in a brand new full-dress artillery uniform with white gloves. As I entered the room Gen. Lee was standing in the farther end of it, having evidently just risen from his couch in the library, which was back of the parlor. He had on a long, gray dressing gown and slippers. He looked worn and somewhat haggard, but the

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grace and dignity of his presence was something wonderful. He advanced as I came in and extended his hand. I said: "Gen. Lee, permit me to say, sir, that my request to see you was dictated by an earnest desire to pay my respects to a General whom I consider one of the greatest of history!"

Gen. Lee bowed very gravely and said: "It is gratifying to a man in my situation to know that he has the respect of soldiers who have fought against him. I hope you express the general sentiment of the enlisted men of your army."

"I assure you that I do, sir. All the soldiers in the Federal army share the regard for you personally that I expressed."

He then, with a most courteous bow and wave of the hand, said, "Good morning, sir," and retired to the inner room.

Gen. Fitz Lee then accompanied me to the door, remarking, as I was going out, "You see that the General is not well. The past Winter was very trying on him, and his fatigues and privations in the last campaign were almost incredible for a man of his age to endure. Please convey my compliments to Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, and say that I will respond to the message you brought later in the day. Good morning."

GEN. LEE AT HOME.

I do not know what the text of the message was, but know that it had reference to the safe guarding of Gen. Lee's property, which was a necessary measure, as many of our men wanted to testify the respect they had for him by carrying away pieces of his fence or shrubbery, etc., as mementoes, and they had already committed some depredations of that character. I was much struck with the absolute majesty of Gen. Lee's personal presence and bearing. It seemed to me that I had never seen quite so majestic a man. I did not wonder at the devotion of the Confederate soldiery to him. Fitz Lee was much lower in stature than the great General, and was quite stout. His face beamed with good nature, and, notwithstanding his disagreeable situation, he seemed quite cheerful.

After a few days at these headquarters I was transferred to what was known as the "Bureau of Supply." This was an arrangement made to issue rations to the destitute people of Richmond. We boys irreverently called it the "Free-lunch Bureau!" Nearly all the people in

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Richmond were destitute at this time, so that I might say that for a month or so we rationed the whole city. My particular field of operation was the suburb of Manchester, on the south side of the James, and the work of issuing rations to these poor people was very pleasant and interesting.

Shortly after my assignment to duty at Manchester it was reported that Sherman's army was coming up through Petersburg, and would cross the James the next morning. Of course all the Potomac Army men were anxious to see Sherman's army, which had done such wonders, made such incredible marches and fought such a romantic campaign all the way from Chattanooga to Bentonville, nothing like it having ever been known in history. We poor devils had been fighting over and over again on the same comparatively little patch of ground in Northern Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, several times fighting two battles on the same ground in different years, while Sherman's army had literally "eaten their way through the Confederacy" from one end to the other! We had envied them their "grand picnic through Georgia;" we had heard the most marvellous stories about their "Bummers," their foraging and their fighting. But to me personally the advent of this conquering host had a peculiar interest for several reasons. One was that a cousin, Gen. George P. Buell, was commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, composed of the 13th and 21st Michigan and 69th Ohio, and it would be a great gratification to see him and, if possible, let him know that, in a much humbler rank, I had been doing what little was in my power to uphold the reputation of the family. Another was that one of the most distinguished regiments in the Second Division of the Fourteenth Corps was the 17th New York Zouaves, in which were many of my home friends and acquaintances, chief among whom was Col. Joel O. Martin, an old friend of our family, and professor of mathematics in the academy where I had prepared for college. I also wished to see the 10th Wisconsin Battery, which was with Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division. My interest in the 10th Wisconsin Battery was due to the fact that several of the old Wisconsin boys who had been with our Battery up to January, 1864, when they re-enlisted, had taken transfers to that battery, and so had got the opportunity to add to their already brilliant records of Antietam and Gettysburg with us the wonderful experience of Sherman's "marching through Georgia." These boys were Alonzo Priest, Den Fuller, Pete Smith, Jerry Murphy, Frank Bell, John H. Cooke and Henry Childs. Of these Priest, Murphy, Childs and Bell had all been Corporals in our Battery, and Childs and Murphy had been wounded at Gettysburg. They were all from the 6th Wisconsin.

Unfortunately I missed seeing the 10th Wisconsin Battery, which, if memory serves me, was sent home by way of Wilmington, N. C., for muster out, and did not come through Richmond with Sherman's army. Sherman's army got itself up for a special demonstration coming through Richmond. Each corps of "Bummers" marched at the head of the army corps to which it belonged, and the "Bummers" attached to general headquarters headed the procession. As a rule, the troops were better dressed

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than I expected to see, due no doubt to the fact that Sherman had got considerable supplies of clothing by way of Wilmington after opening communication with that point. Their batteries were "a sight" so far as equipment was concerned. Many of them had mule teams captured in the enemy's country, or a mule and a horse hitched together. Their tugs or traces were often of rope or old chains picked up on the march. Their wheeled gear bore numerous evidences of ingenious makeshifts in the field, many spokes being made of pieces of sapling, sometimes put in green and having the bark still on. Add to this motley "trains" of two-wheeled carts, ricketty old wagons picked up from the farms and towns as they went along, captured Confederate wagons and ambulances, all loaded with every conceivable kind of stuff, and you have a faint picture of Sherman's army as it crossed the James. At the head of one regiment was a huge "grenadier," about six feet six, carrying a captured Rebel flag staff with a broom lashed to the top of it, signifying, I suppose, that they had been "making a clean sweep." This, I think, they said was the regiment that had fired the last shot at Johnston's troops, but I cannot recall its designation. It was said that Gen. Halleck, who was in Richmond at the time, had made elaborate provision for a "grand review" of Sherman's army as it passed through the town, but Sherman sardonically took his line of march through the city by another route than that arranged by Halleck and kept on the even tenor of his way to Washington, leaving "Old Brains" to cool his heels on his flag-draped platform in Statehouse Square "all unhonored and unsung."

Remaining in Richmond I, of course, missed the "Grand Review" at Washington. Capt. Stewart resumed command of the Battery while the Fifth Corps was on its way to the Capital, and had the satisfaction of commanding it in that immortal procession. He remained in the Regular Army till 1879, when he retired on account of his old wounds, and has since resided at Carthage, Ohio.

I remained on duty, as before described, in Richmond until the Twenty-fifth Corps sailed for Texas, when my humble service in the Army of the Potomac came to an end.

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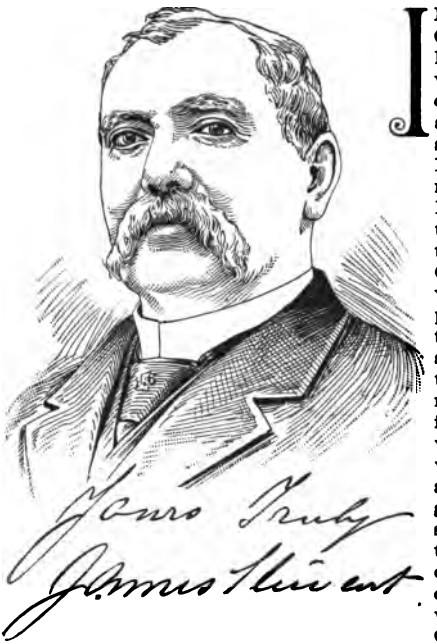
SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

CAPT. STEWART'S MEMOIR OF EARLY SERVICE IN THE BATTERY — EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF SERG'T CHARLES A. SANTMYER.



CAPT. STEWART IN 1890.

IN the Spring of 1851 I left Governor's Island, New York Harbor, for Brownsville, Tex., with a detachment of 90 recruits — 50 for the Battery and 40 for Company K, of the same regiment. I was acting First Sergeant of the detachment. When we reached Fort Brown I found that the Battery had no horses. A short time after an order came from Gen. Persifer F. Smith, who was in command of the Department of Texas, to mount the Batterymen on mules and send them up the Rio Grande to prevent the Indians from running stock across into Mexico. The following morning when we turned out for reveille, much to our surprise after roll call, the First Sergeant ordered the Bugler to sound stable call. We were then marched to the Orderly's office, and there every man received a cavalry outfit. We were then marched to the Quartermaster's corral, and on reaching there we saw six Mexicans with their lassos in hand to catch the mules that we were to ride. These mules, of which there were over 1,000, had been bought a short time before from the different haciendas in Mexico, and never had even a halter on them. I took in the situation, and knowing one of the Mexicans slightly I asked him if he did not wish to make an honest half dollar; he said he did. "Well, then," I said, "catch me up a mule, if it is possible to find one, that has been used." He said he would, and pointed one out to me that he thought was rather gentle. He caught him up; I had him tied to the fence, when I proceeded to try to put a saddle on him, but had to call for assistance from the other men, and after considerable kicking, snorting and rearing we finally got him saddled and bridled; then all hands held on to him until I mounted. As soon as I was in the saddle I told them to cast loose. The moment he was turned loose he gave one buck, sending the saddle and myself half way up his neck. Buck number two: The saddle was on his ears, and I was performing some very lofty tumbling to the admiration of the balance of the troops, but

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I had the satisfaction of seeing the rest of my comrades handled in the same disastrous manner. The mules were all Mexican mustang "burros," and in my estimation could double discount any American mule for cussedness. The girth attached to the saddles were cotton, and we had to tie about a dozen knots in them to shorten them in attempting to keep a saddle on a mule's back. A messenger was sent to inform Gen. Smith that these mules had never been used at all, and that it would take some time to break them for use under the saddle. The General allowed us eight days to break them in, and at the same time ordered the Quartermaster to hire some Mexican packers for the use of the pack-train, as no wagons could be taken along.

The morning we set out from the post we were all mounted and marched in front of the company quarters. Before getting to our quarters we had to pass Company K's quarters, and as we hove in sight a smart Aleck on the porch called out, "Here comes the cavalry," when another of the same stripe sang out, "Why, that's the Jackass cavalry!" However, we got in front of our own quarters and got the order for each rank to count fours. Just as that had been done the pack-train came in sight. The leading rascal of the train was an American mule, a fine, large white fellow, and as he held the post of honor in the lead he had all the camp kettles and cooking utensils on his pack. The mule following him was hitched to his tail, and so were the rest, each to his file-leader's tail. The Mexicans who were in charge tried very hard to make the pack-train go on the road leading out of the post, but the leader made a break for our company quarters. The Mexicans tried to stop them, but unfortunately the girth on the leading mule got loose and the camp kettles fell down among his feet. He came on at full charge to where we were formed. I was on the left of the company, being a Corporal. They dashed right in front of us, and the mule I was on gave one snort and commenced to run and buck, throwing me sky high. After I had been thrown he commenced backing and kicking at me. I rolled over on the grass, getting out of his reach as fast as possible. When I got up I saw there was not a man mounted, every one sharing the same fate as myself. The whole parade-ground was strewn with saddles, blankets and the balance of our traps, including our flintlock pistols that we had to fight the Indians with. In place of leaving the post at 7 o'clock in the morning we did not get away until after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Very fortunately for us we met no Indians. If we had I feel sure none of us would have been left to tell the tale, as we were only armed with flintlock pistols and artillery sabers, and I am sure there was not a man in the party that would have dared to use either while mounted on his mule. However, we got back to the post (having been out a little over three weeks) safe and sound, but horribly disgusted with our "chargers."

We then returned to Fort Brown, Tex., named after Maj. Brown, United States Army, who was killed in defense of the fort. At the time I served there two of his daughters were married to officers doing duty at the post. The first was Mrs. Van Vliet, whose husband was Quartermaster at the post at that time, now retired as Brevet Major-General, and at present living in Washington City. The second was married to Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, at that time Surgeon of the post, afterward Surgeon-General of the Confederacy. The other officers were Maj. Giles Porter, 4th Artillery, commanding; Capt. John W. Phelps, commanding Battery B, with First Lieuts. H. Whiting and E. Hayes, and Rufus Saxton, Second Lieutenant; Company K, of the same regiment, commanded by Capt. Wooster, First Lieut. J. P. Garesche and Second Lieut. J. Dungan.

It is interesting to trace the destinies of the officers and men who formed the garrison of Fort Brown in 1852-54. Lieut. Hartsuff was afterward a Major-General of Volunteers, and was wounded at the battle of Antietam; Lieut. Garesche was Chief of Staff for Gen. Rosecrans, and was killed at Stone River; Lieut. Weed also served with the Battery at Fort Brown, and was killed at Gettysburg in the second day's fight while commanding the Regular brigade

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as Brigadier-General; Lieut. Hazzard also served with the Battery, and was killed while in command of another battery in the seven days' fight in front of Richmond. The first thing that happened of any importance was the trial of Maj. Giles Porter, 4th Artillery, the commanding officer, for drunkenness, upon charges preferred by Capt. J. W. Phelps. Of course, such a court called for a very large number of field officers, among whom were Lieut.-Col. R. E. Lee, Maj. George H. Thomas and Col. C. Waite. The Battery was now ordered to Fort Leavenworth. We left Fort Brown the latter part of November, 1856, by schooner from Point Isabel, reaching New Orleans after a splendid passage. Capt. Phelps was left behind as a witness on Maj. Porter's court. Lieut. R. W. Howard was in command of the Battery. Second Lieut. O. F. Solomon was the other officer with it. First Lieut. G. F. Talmage joined the Battery at New Orleans. On our arrival at St. Louis we found the Missouri River blocked with ice, so the Battery was ordered to take post at Jefferson Barracks, and remained there until the month of March, when it was ordered to Fort Leavenworth by steamer. Arriving at Fort Leavenworth, in March, 1857, we found the 1st Cavalry and the 6th Infantry stationed there, Gen. Harney in command of the Department and Col. Sumner in command of the post. Lieut. Howard, who was commanding the Battery, had orders to have the Battery equipped as soon as possible to take the field, and from that day out we were just as busy as bees. Capt. T. L. Brent was Post Quartermaster, and, having served in the Battery as a Lieutenant, was very kind, and allowed me to pick out whatever horses I chose. He had the Battery painted by the men in his employ, and from morning until night we were busy either at the stables or drilling at the Ordnance Depot.

About one month before starting on the Utah expedition the 5th and 10th Infantry arrived at the post and were placed in camp near the river. I had never seen such a busy time; every soldier in the garrison seemed to be doing his best to get ready to start. Before we left the 1st Cavalry, under command of the Colonel of the regiment, started out after the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. Maj. John Sedgwick had charge of the wagon trains containing the ammunition and supplies. As the ammunition was the last to be loaded the rest of the wagon train was waiting, when an Orderly from Maj. Sedgwick came to my quarters and inquired if I knew where the Ordnance Sergeant could be found. Knowing the old man's habits, I started over to the Sergeant's house, where I found his wife all out of temper. She said Maj. Sedgwick had sent after the Sergeant to come and open the magazine, but no one could find out where he was; so she gave me the keys of the magazine, and I went over and found the Quartermaster Sergeant of the 1st Cavalry waiting there with a detail to receive the ammunition and load it in the wagons. I opened the magazine, took his requisitions, and had just completed the issuing when Maj. Sedgwick came over, and seeing me come out of the magazine asked who I was. I told him that I was the First Sergeant of the Battery, and that I had filled his requisitions. He was very much pleased, and told me that the first time I should see him after coming back from the expedition he would do something for me. The next time I saw him was in Washington City, October, 1861. I was walking with Gen. Gibbon, and he asked me if I knew that General officer coming toward us. I told him I did not, when Gibbon told me who he was, and I had just time to tell Gen. Gibbon what Sedgwick had promised me when we met. Gen. Gibbon introduced me to Gen. Sedgwick and reminded him of his promise. He told me that I was a good deal better off than he was, as he was simply worried to death from morning till night, but from that time until his death he was a very warm friend of mine. Capt. J. W. Phelps joined us about two months after we had been at the post. Once a week before the cavalry left to look after the Indians Col. E. V. Sumner had what was called a brigade drill, the 1st Cavalry, 6th Infantry and the Battery being the troops who took part. The drill always wound up by a general advance upon the enemy and a brilliant charge by the cavalry. This part of it was well worthy

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of the gallant 1st, as there were generally about 25 or 30 cavalrymen left on the field, while a good many of the horses struck out for the stables and a few made for the river, as I suppose they thought a good square drink would be the proper thing after such a drill. It was a beautiful wind up. In choosing horses for the Battery we generally would take about six at a time, hitch them up and see how they would work. In picking them out the Captain told me to take none over four years old, and to have each section's horses of different colors; the right section bay, the center black and the left sorrel, the horses for the Battery wagon and forge being gray.

July 19, 1857, we started for Utah, and such a start. It took us about two hours to move out of park, and although we only marched about six miles some of the pieces and caissons did not reach camp until way after dark, but in a very few days the horses worked quite well. That difficulty over with them we had another to encounter, and that was getting the horses used to the lariat and picket-pin. Each driver had to remain with his team for about 10 days, until the horses got used to the lariat getting around their fetlocks, but after that it was very pleasant for every one. We generally started in the morning at 6, and would march until about 11 or 12, rarely ever later than that in getting into camp. Our orders were to keep one day's march behind the 10th Infantry. The 5th Infantry was one day's march in rear of us, and no marching was to be done on Sunday. After getting our horses broken to work steadily, and also to be able to free themselves from the lariat, it was simply a picnic, as we had delightful weather the whole way to Green River, and as it took us 90 days to reach that point everything went just like clock work, and we had a splendid time. On reaching Fort Kearny we saw our first buffalo. At first there were two or three small bands, but after we reached our camp we saw thousands of them. When the Captain had come to the conclusion where we would camp he told me that if I wished I might go out and try to kill one for the Battery. I was certainly pleased, and after starting after them I rode so as to get them between me and the Battery. I soon made up my mind which one I would kill, and riding up close to him shot him behind the foreshoulder, thus preventing him from keeping up with the rest of the herd. As soon as I saw he was badly hit I commenced to try and drive him toward the Battery; but he came for me, and that settled it, as I gave him four more shots, and down he went. I got off my horse, and as I had a hunting-knife I cut his throat. In a short time five or six of the Battery were with me, and we proceeded to cut the buffalo up in the most artistic style. We carried most of it to camp, and I do not think there was a particle of it left by the next morning. From that day on not a day passed but we had one or two buffalos until we reached Fort Laramie. We remained at this point for two days, and then started for Green River. We had had delightful weather so far. The first rain that fell was while we were in camp at Independence Rock — a rock made famous by the late Professor Agassiz, who said that it substantiated his theory that this Continent had been covered with glaciers. From that point we struck the Sweetwater, and passed through a nice country until we reached Green River. When we reached the river we found about 3,000 Snake Indians in camp, and as they had seen us coming they did what they could to make a great impression on us. The warriors commenced riding in circles round the column, and the old chief, Washakie, came to our camp. He was dressed and looked like the grand warrior he was, but his bodyguard, I must confess, did not strike me as being very formidable. I expected to have seen splendid-looking Indians, but to me they looked poor and dirty, and I noticed most of them had sore eyes. There was only one of the bodyguard mounted upon anything like a good pony, and I at once started to make a trade. I offered the Indian $125 in gold, but he would not accept, though he finally accepted six red blankets and rode off behind another Indian perfectly delighted; and so was I. After the great chief Washakie had gone all over our camp he got down off his pony and sat on the grass in front of the Captain's tent, when I took a good look at him and

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his bodyguard. Washakie had on an officer's old uniform coat, with a pair of very much faded epaulettes. An eagle's feather in his hair, a pair of leggins and a breechclout completed his outfit. But the bodyguard, how shall I describe it. The most that one could see of them was their buffalo robe. That article seemed to be shirt, coat and overcoat. Besides the buffalo robe, a pair of leggins and moccasins completed their attire. They certainly did not make much of an impression upon us as samples of the "noble Red Men" that we had read so much of in Cooper's novels. It was in this camp that I abandoned my horse, "Tartar," with whom you afterward became so well acquainted. For over a month we were marched up one creek and down another waiting for Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston to arrive and assume command. But before he arrived the Mormon Destroying Angels burnt three large wagon trains and all the grass along the creeks to prevent our stock from obtaining any grazing. The General arrived about the 1st of November, and the following day we took up the march toward Fort Bridger. We started on the march in a very heavy snow storm, some of the horses being taken out of the harness and turned loose nearly every mile. When we reached camp that afternoon the Captain ordered me to take four men and go back and do our best to bring to camp the horses that had given out on the march. After dinner we went back to where we had started from in the morning, but all we could do was to bring three of the number that had given out, we getting back to camp about midnight. Some of the men had pitched my tent during my absence, and when I entered it there was 10 inches of snow in it. Fortunately, I had a lot of saddle blankets, and, throwing them on the snow, turned in, in boots and spurs and all my clothing. The following morning when I woke up I found 12 horses frozen at the picket rope. The cooks were doing their best to get breakfast ready, but it was a hard thing to accomplish. However, after considerable time we had our breakfast, and as soon as the men had finished I had them fall in and sent every man to the creek to cut willow branches and give them to the horses to nibble at, as there was not a quart of grain in the whole command. The thermometer that morning stood 45 degrees below zero. The number of animals that died of cold and starvation that night was estimated at 600.

We remained in that camp two days and then started on the march, making about four or five miles. It certainly was a sight to see us make the attempt to start. Every driver had to lead his horses, and one-half of the Cannoneers would take hold of the leading piece and caisson and push them up on the horses, the poor animals simply staggering along like so many drunken men. I had bought a pony from the Indians, and had it not been for him it would have taken us several hours longer before we could have reached camp. I just tried him as an experiment, and, although he had never had a collar on his neck, he pulled like a good fellow. At last we reached Fort Bridger, having taken 12 days to march about 30 miles. During all this march the cold was excessive, thermometer ranging from 38 to 46 degrees below zero, and nearly every man was frozen in feet or hands. We made our Winter camp a little below the fort. Every morning we would send our horses out a short distance to pick up what they could find, and that was certainly very little, as they were getting weaker every day, and we had to lift a good many of them up in the morning, and the men who were sent in charge of them had to carry poles with which to raise those horses which fell down. At last the order came that every horse had to be driven over to Henry's Fork and Burnt Fork. I do not know where the mules were sent to. Afterward the cattle that had hauled the wagons were ordered to be killed at once, and the Commissary attended to that part, and that was the only beef we had until the next June. The General had the Chief Commissary take an inventory of all the commissary stores, when an order was issued placing every officer and man upon the same allowance. The flour ration was 10 ounces daily per man, and as there was no hops or baking-powder or salt in the command our ration of bread was simply flour and water. I have seen $4 a pound offered for salt and refused. From the

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latter part of November until the following June there was no salt in the command. I have seen men offer $1 for a biscuit. I was in great luck! One of the commissary employes gave me a bullock's head and the four hoofs, and the company clerk and myself made a large panfull of what is called head cheese. We had it all marked off in small squares, intending that it should last three months, but when Christmas, New Year and George Washington's birthday came we celebrated by getting away with a double supply. However, the hardest part of our duty was to go out after fuel. The Battery, being stronger than any of the infantry companies, had the running gears of two wagons assigned to it, and every morning after breakfast I would have the assembly sounded, and when all were in line and accounted for I would order the guard to take two paces to the front, then "close the balance to the center" and divide in two, and send one-half with each of the wagons. They had to go about four miles, and the snow was almost 10 inches deep. It was pretty hard; still the men were cheerful.

One of the trains that was burnt by the Mormons contained the clothing for the Battery, and as there was no more in the Quartermaster's Department the Captain gave orders to buy red shirts for the men, so the Battery looked more like a fire company than light artillery. After the cavalry had been sent away to look out for the horses and mules the Battery was ordered to furnish men every night as a picket. The picket post was about four miles out on the road to Salt Lake City, and the Captain objected, as we had no firearms, but Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston told him that "he had never known a saber to miss fire," so we had to furnish men for the picket post.

Capt. Marcy, of the 5th Infantry, now started from our camp to Fort Taos, N. Mex., for supplies. There was no detail made. Every man volunteered, and they certainly proved to the world what men could endure, to start out in Midwinter, the thermometer away below zero, without tents and pretty short rations, no road, not even a trail, and over some of the highest mountains on the Continent. Of necessity their sufferings were very great, and a few of these gallant men perished, but the rest arrived at Fort Taos and soon got supplies. Col. Loring, of the Rifles, came back with Capt. Marcy with horses, mules, a good supply of beef cattle and an immense wagon train of all kinds of supplies. What was left of our horses were turned over to us, and a hard-looking lot they were. We also received some of those that had arrived from Fort Taos. When we were ready to start along came two Peace Commissioners—Ben McCullough, of Texas, and George Cummings, of Georgia. They started to Salt Lake City ahead of us. What kind of a peace offering was given or taken by either side I have yet to find out, but on to Salt Lake City we started. Nothing unusual happened until we came to Echo Cañon, where we found that the Mormons had contemplated making a fight. A great many places were fixed with large rocks and small ones, so they could fire through the loopholes. The cañon is about 20 miles long, and most of the way the sides are nearly perpendicular. The road crosses the creek nearly 40 times in the 20 miles. At the end of the cañon toward the city the Mormons had fixed a dam so as to prevent us from getting through; but the command reached Salt Lake City, marched through it, crossed the bridge over the Jordan and went into camp. Before the command had reached the city, and, as I suppose, to allow us to see what power Brigham Young had over his people, he had ordered nearly every man, woman and child out of it. I do not think there was over a hundred people in the city when we marched through it, and they did not come back to their homes until after Gen. Johnston had established his permanent camp and we were on the march to it. Our camp was in Cedar Valley, and named after the Secretary of War, J. B. Floyd. As soon as we reached the camp contracts were given out for adobes, lumber, hay, straw, all kinds of grain and whatever we needed. It was certainly a blessing to the Mormons, as before we arrived very little money was in circulation and all traffic was by barter. The camp for the first year was perfectly horrible on

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account of the dust. Sometimes the wind would commence blowing about 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning and continue all day, and during that time you could scarcely see 10 feet from you. I know that in my office I would close my under shutters and light the candle, and thank goodness that we were so well off as to have even a shelter. The command at Camp Floyd consisted of the 7th, 10th and 5th Infantry, four squadrons of the 2d Dragoons, Battery C, 3d Artillery, a detachment of Ordnance and Battery B, 4th Artillery, in all about 3,000 men, besides a very large number of citizen teamsters. The sending of troops to Utah was a very great mistake, as it merely assisted the Mormons by buying up all their spare grain and garden produce, besides giving employment to a large number and making money plenty where there was none before. After all the quarters were built for the officers and men large corrals were built for the mules, of which there was a very large number; also stables for the cavalry and artillery horses. They also built immense storage houses for the quartermaster and commissary stores. When everything was completed the large garrison settled down to the usual routine of post duty.

In May, 1860, an Indian outbreak occurred between Camp Floyd and Carson Valley, on the route to California, accompanied by depredations upon emigrants and mail stations. The Battery, mounted as cavalry, was directed by Col. C. F. Smith to proceed against these Indians—Shoshones, Snakes, Piutes and Pitt Rivers—to prevent further hostilities. The Battery was commanded by First Lieut. Perkins until Aug. 8, when, being sick, he was relieved by First Lieut. Stephen H. Weed. The other officers with the Battery for a short time were Ass't Surg. C. Brennen, Lieut. Beach, 4th Artillery, and Alexander Murray, 10th Infantry. The Battery in the performance of its duty marched over 2,000 miles over a barren country, and got no rest until late in September. Though the Indians were continually hostile the road was kept open for the mail and pony express, and emigation protected. Several of the scouting parties encountered the Indians and drove them to the mountains with loss. One attack at Egan Cañon, Aug. 11, resulted in the loss of five Indians killed and six wounded; also all their stock. On the side of the troops Private John Conley was mortally wounded and Corp'l John Mitchell and Private Herzog severely wounded. The Indians during the Summer had 25 killed and many wounded. The Battery Commander, in his official report, directed particular attention to the following enlisted men: First Serg't James Stewart, Serg'ts Bishop and Workman, Corp'l John Mitchell, Privates West, Armstrong, Conley, Chapin, Conner, Crawford, Kelley, Herzog, Lackey, McBride, Scully and Scott.

We then started for Carson City, getting there the Fourth of July, 1860. A good many people knowing of our approach came out to meet us and invited us to join them in celebrating the Nation's natal day. We told them that all of our uniforms had been left behind, and we could not make a very presentable appearance; so they very kindly sent us plenty of good fresh bread, beef and vegetables, and plenty of beer. Every one here seemed to be nearly crazy. Men were going about saying they were millionaires, and at the same time had not money enough to pay for their dinners. The celebrated Comstock Lode had been opened, and, being very rich, those who held stock were perfectly wild. A good many of these men came into the camp and made some of our men very strong inducements to desert, offering them $5 a day, our blacksmith being offered $10 a day and a guarantee of steady work; but for all that not a man deserted, which certainly proved their fidelity. After getting rid of our Mormon friends we started back for Ruby Valley, our headquarters, when between Dry Creek Station and Diamond Creek Station the pony express met us and reported that the Indians had run off the stock from the latter station. About two hours after, while at a halt, Lieut. Perkins saw a few Indians some distance off, who evidently did not wish to be seen. He ordered me to ride over toward them and see who they were, and also see how many there were of them. I started, and on getting pretty close to them the one nearest to me at

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once commenced stringing his bow, but I shouted to him to put that bow down, and at the same time cocked my carbine. I then made a signal for assistance, and some of the company came galloping toward me. We dashed in among them, and found there were about 40 of them. We made them move over to where the rest of the company had been halted and placed them in charge of the guard and then resumed our march, but had not gone very far before we saw a large number of Indians making for the mountains. The guard was ordered to halt and keep a good lookout for the prisoners, and the rest of the company started at a gallop after them. My horse (the afterward famous "Old Tartar"), being the fastest in the company, I concluded to head off those who were nearest the mountains. When I had passed the one farthest away I held up my horse as soon as possible, and after turning him I had to look to see where the Indian had gone. I found what I thought was a young Buck, but I was mistaken, for she was a rather pretty Indian maiden! She surrendered gracefully, and so did the others. We at once marched and soon arrived at Diamond Creek Station, when the agent told us that these were not the Indians who had run off the stock, but he was of the opinion it would be a good thing to keep them until the next morning.

The following day we left our Indians and started on our journey for Ruby Valley. We remained there several days, when Lieut. Weed and myself, with 20 men, were sent to patrol the mail line, going back as far as Fish Springs, in the desert. When we struck Red Butte we saw a wagon train coming, so we waited for them to come to the station. It was a train sent out by Col. Smith from Camp Floyd with 30 days' more rations. The order stated that Col. Smith was highly pleased with what had been done by the company, and that we should remain out for 30 days longer. After taking some rations out of the wagons Lieut. Weed concluded to go to Egan Cañon, where about five miles from that place the express rider joined us, and as it was a very bad place he concluded to keep us company for a short distance. After getting through the cañon he started at a good gait, and had gone about half a mile when I saw him coming toward us as fast as his pony could go. He was very much excited, and told me that the Indians had possession of the station, and that they had a large fire built in front and had the station keeper tied to a post and were going to roast him. I halted the column, made the men dismount, fix their saddle blankets, tighten their girths and see that their arms were ready for instant use. We could not see the station from the direction that we were going, as there was a very sharp turn in the bluff, but as we turned the point we saw that the Indians had full possession. It did not take us more than two minutes from the turning point to get up to the station, and it certainly was a great surprise to the Indians to see soldiers coming. Lieut. Goode had left the station that morning with his wagon train and a pretty strong party of infantry, so the Indians did not expect to see any of us for sometime. The station keeper awhile before this had killed one of their number, and they had made up their minds that this was a good time to get even with him. There were about 250, as near as I could estimate, but our sudden appearance surprised them, and we reached the station before the Indians knew what to do.

As soon as we came to a halt most of them jumped from the front of the station and took cover in an adjacent gully. The chief had no time to jump, as he was inside of the station when we reached it, and the others had gone before he came out. He walked up to Lieut. Weed and commenced speaking to him. The Lieutenant told him that he could not talk to him unless he put his rifle on the ground, and ordered me to make him put it down. I had my revolver in my hand and pointed it at his head, being very close to him, and told him to put his rifle down or I would blow the top of his head off. He put it down. One of our men had in the meantime cut the station keeper loose, and when the chief had put his rifle down I told the station keeper to take it up and keep it. He took it up, but put it down again. I told him again to hold on to the rifle, but I saw at once that he did not know what he was about.

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Lieut. Weed ordered me to dismount the men, put the horses in the corral and then come out, and he would engage the chief in talk while we were doing so. I gave the command to dismount, but scarcely had I done so when the Indians who had jumped into the gully fired at us; the chief at the same time snatched the rifle out of the station keeper's hand, but just as he was making the leap for the gully Lieut. Weed killed him with a single shot from his revolver, as we did not want to be bothered with him any more. The Lieutenant ordered me to make the men pull down a part of the rear of the corral large enough to get a horse through, and to take 10 mounted men and make a detour in rear of them and drive them out of the gully. I started on a run and soon drove them out. One of them could not run as well as the rest, so I closed up on him very fast and gave him a whack with my saber as I was passing. He was killed a minute later while trying to use his rifle.

As soon as we drove them out of the gully we took the horses back, placed them in the corral and then formed a skirmish line and started for them. Their first fire wounded Corp'l Mitchell, killed Private Conley and severely wounded Private Herzog, who was afterward killed at Antietam. We also had four horses killed and two wounded. After forming our line we drove them up the mountain at a very lively gait. We had got up about half way when we saw where their ponies were and started for them at once, and getting between them and the Indians drove the ponies into the corral. There were 20 of them, and all their food and tentage was on the ponies. As soon as it was dark one man was ordered to go back to Ruby Valley and bring the doctor with him. The doctor arrived the next forenoon. The morning following our fight I was ordered over to Shell Creek Station with six men, and I got there just in the very nick of time to assist the party, as the Indians had the station party besieged in the station, but when they saw us coming they put out just as fast as they could. Two days after we heard of them being at Deep Creek. We started after them and ran them 80 miles into the Bad Lands, when our horses gave out and it took us three days to get back, with the loss of two of them. We chased the Indians so hard that they abandoned everything, even to their saddles. The company also did a great deal to assist the emigrants, escorting them past places frequented by the Indians and showing them the most suitable places to camp. When the company first went out about 12 of the Destroying Angels, or "Danites," as they were called, were looking after the stations, but when the Indians broke out one fight was quite enough for them. They were all that could be desired to attack emigrants and run off the stock, but when it came to fighting Indians a very little of it went a great ways with them. After they had cleared out a good many of our men had to ride the pony express, as there were not enough men to do it at some of the stations. Here, for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Gen. Gibbon. He had recently been promoted Captain of the Battery, and on his arrival at the Post he found that the company had not got back from the Summer campaign, but knowing it was expected had ridden out that distance to meet the command. It was a fortunate change for all those connected with the Battery, as it was apparent to everybody that something was going wrong. The Secretary of War (Floyd) had decided that an artillery school be established at Camp Floyd. It was about as convenient for an artillery school as Hades would be for a powder magazine! All that could have been said in its favor was there was range enough to be had for any guns that could be manufactured, but the Government had to pay 20 cents a pound for all freight hauled to that station!

In July, 1861, we got orders to come East, and our equipment had been so reduced that there was not an officer or man but had to throw away some of his private effects. Before we were ready to start we could see that the Mormons would have liked very much to be able to cripple us in some way, but the command was the best I had ever seen. There was enough cavalry, infantry and artillery to give Ben McCullough all that he could have desired, and there was

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a good deal of talk about him intercepting us on our way East; but had he come our way he would not have found another Maj. Lynde! I feel sure that the surrender would have been on the other side. When we started East we had to proceed by easy marches, as the animals were cut down to half rations of forage, and 1,700 miles will tell upon animals allowed full forage. We had a very pleasant march across the plains, only one sad thing taking place. Two days from Fort Laramie, at night, a fearful rain and wind storm came up. At first the rain came down in a perfect deluge, the thunder kept rumbling and the lightning was more vivid than I had ever seen it. A tent of the 2d Cavalry was knocked down and the Sergeant killed, and every man in it was burnt more or less; two of the band horses were also killed and three beef cattle. The next morning when we left that camp, before we had marched four miles, we found the road covered with hail, in some places eight or 10 inches deep. I had never seen such a storm. We reached Fort Leavenworth about the 1st of October, remained there a few days, until the 4th, and then started for Washington, via the Missouri River to Iatan; thence by the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad to Quincy; thence by the Quincy Road to Chicago; thence by the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne to Pittsburg; thence by the Northern Central to Baltimore; thence by Baltimore & Ohio to Washington, camping on Capitol Hill.

Nothing of note occurred en route, excepting that while landing the Battery at Iatan, Mo., we observed the first Rebels drilling on a hillside about two miles from the railroad. We sent some parties that way, but they soon moved. We proceeded to St. Joseph, and laid there about four days, awaiting the rebuilding of the Platte River bridge, which had been burned by the Rebels a few hours before our arrival. Expecting guerrillas along the road, we had two 6-pounder guns on a flat car loaded and ready for firing, but were not attacked en route. We reached Washington the 13th of October, 1861. You are familiar with the history of the Battery from this time until the end of the Rebellion.

EXTRACTS FROM SERG'T SANTMYER'S JOURNAL.

July 28, 1860.—We have laid by since the 24th recruiting up a little. There are about 100 Shoshone Indians camped here near us, with the Indian Agent, William Rogers, or Uncle Billy, as he is familiarly called. The principal chief, Shocup, is here also. This evening a little war dance was gotten up for our amusement. About 15 warriors, with their naked bodies painted white with alkali and striped with yellow clay, so that their dark skins very much resembled striped clothes with white facings, their faces half white and half black, their hair done up in a bunch on top of their heads and tied with a string, and a long feather stuck in the top of it. They looked like so many clowns, entering the ring in single file, only that they ran in snake-fashion and came to a halt. They formed a ring, and commenced keeping time by stamping one foot to a drawling song, which was as follows: "Ai oh wishe tooka pah. Ai yah nan. Ai yah tu yu ni nah," etc. Two of them who were leaders of the ceremonies kept up an ambling gait in the center of the ring, singing louder than the rest, and when they came to a dead stop stamped most energetically, and gesticulated in a manner that would do credit to a lot of monkeys. One of the leaders would dart out snake-fashion and receive a present and then dart back, dodging the pieces of wood thrown at him by the idle Indians standing around, and when one would strike it would cause great laughter. After the presents were all given out they dodged away as they came, in single file. When they got to the water they tumbled in pell-mell and washed themselves, which afforded us as much amusement as the dance. A train of emigrants arrived to-night, and will lay over here to-morrow.

July 29.—We had quite a ball in the emigrant camp to-night. The moon shone bright, and the music surpassed anything that usually comes from Arkansas, and I have no doubt if a musician would go to Arkansas instead of California he would make his fortune. The ladies—there were only four

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that would dance — were specimens of the backwoods, dressed in half-Bloomer costume, though the material was calico. One, who, no doubt, lived near Paris, had some idea of crinoline, but as hoops are very useful in keeping barrels together in this country, it seems that she could only get one, and with this one she made quite a display and attracted equally as much attention as Miss Bloomer herself. As the other two ladies were rather modest in their deportment, I don't think a description necessary or interesting, as every one that danced seemed determined to enjoy themselves, and everything went off first rate. Even our doctor forgot the gravity of the medical profession and made some horrid grimaces and attempts to be funny. Old Uncle Billy was around and danced a hornpipe, after which the ladies retired and the "ball" was over.

Aug. 11.—Quite an eventful day. The company, numbering 26 fighting men, left camp at 6 a. m. At Butte Station we met Lieut. Goode with the supply train. After getting some mail matter from him we continued our journey and arrived at Egan Cañon about five o'clock; distance, 42 miles. At about five miles from the station the pony express passed us, and when we were within two miles of the station we met him coming back, and he informed us that there were 250 Indians around the station, and that they had the keeper corraled. As soon as Lieut. Weed came up we took the gallop. On coming in sight some few of the Indians that were warned took to the hills, but the rest resolutely stood their ground. The chief advanced to shake hands, but the Lieutenant made him lay down his rifle, as it was his intention to make him prisoner and disarm the whole of them in the same manner, but at this moment Corp'l Mitchell charged the Indians without orders. He was followed by two or three, leaving the rest of us quite unprepared, as we were awaiting the orders of Lieut. Weed. Mitchell was shot in the thigh and his horse wounded. Herzog was shot through the neck, and Conley was shot in the left side, the ball coming out on the right. The action became general after Mitchell's charge, and quite a lively firing was kept up for about an hour, the Indians retreating to the hills and rocks, where four or five of them were killed at long range. It was useless to follow them, as they could fire on us with impunity without running any risks themselves. One Indian was killed at the station and five or six in the rocks. Several were wounded, as we saw them carrying off their bodies. Two ponies, two rifles, several quivers of poisoned arrows, some antelope and deer skins were captured. All hands kept guard during the night, but nothing occurred to disturb us.

Aug.—12. Nine men went back to Ruby Valley this morning with the wounded. Five men went as escort to the pony express as far as Shell Creek, leaving nine of us to keep the station. Yesterday, when the Indians first came to the station, they pretended to be friendly and demanded flour. Some being given them they demanded more. Two sacks were then brought out, when they demanded coffee, sugar, meal, powder and lead. All the eatables that the station keeper had were given them, when they threatened to take everything he had, including stock. It was at this time that a dust was seen on the road, and the Indians laughed and said it was Shoshones coming to help them, but when we came in sight they commenced a jabbering, and I suppose concluded to act as friends. There were four returned Californians here awaiting a chance to get through, and no doubt they would have been killed with the station keeper but for our opportune arrival. It is believed that it was the whole tribe of Goshantes out on a war hunt. All hands took turns on guard. Serg't Maisak, who had been down the valley looking for grass, came back greatly excited and reported an Indian camp in a ravine. Lieut. Weed took Maisak, Workman, West, Harding and myself, and away we galloped for about seven miles. Arriving at the spot Maisak, who was on our extreme right, did not recognize the place, but turned off to the right and left us. The signs were evident that a party of Indians had recently left the place and could not be far off. Accordingly we rode to the top of the hill and got sight of four or five about

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a mile off. West suggested a charge directly after them, but Lieut. Weed said "no," as he had no idea of what their number might be; that it was best to head them off and keep them from getting to the mountains (toward Antelope), and about that time the infantry would arrive and we would have the uphill of them. So away we went up hill and down until we made certain that we were ahead of them. Seeing one of them standing near a cedar we dismounted and proceeded down the ridge on foot, expecting to find them in every cedar and momently expecting a shot. There Lieut. Weed and West executed a drill on the Zouave or artful-dodge plan. On reaching the foot of the ridge imagine our surprise when we heard the devils whooping behind us; so we rode to the top of the hill and bade them farewell, and took a little satisfaction out of a target. As soon as the infantry arrived we retraced our steps. A dog standing close to a cedar led us to see what the attraction was, and we found it to be a squaw and two papooses. Leaving them with the infantry we went down to the "wickey-ups." Destructiveness got the better part of our other organs, and I pitched into the household furniture. Old buckets that never leaked could not resist the fury of my heel. Finding nothing more to oppose my matchless valor, and having surpassed some of the feats performed by that mirror of chivalry, Don Quixote, I turned to see what the rest were doing. Workman was looking for skins; Harding was delighted at finding two awls and a brass spoon; West had his horse loaded down with jerked mule meat, while the Lieutenant was silently congratulating himself on the brilliant victory he had gained.

Aug. 14.—The captured squaw was very communicative after she had a few good meals. She claims that the Goshantes want peace; that they are very much tired of the warpath, and that if she had her freedom she could bring the tribe in and they would agree to be peaceable and sign papers to that effect. After considerable talk between her and the interpreter she agreed to go and bring the tribe to-morrow, but wanted to take her papooses, to which Lieut. Weed objected. He agreed to let her go, but held her papooses until she returned. Toward night she consented, and left at sunset with grub enough to do her for two days.

Aug. 17.—After a very troublesome night nursing the two papooses to keep them quiet, judge of our surprise at daybreak to see the hill two miles away covered with Indians, and our squaw with one Indian, her husband, one mile down the valley approaching the camp. On reaching the camp she informed us that the tribe wanted to be friends, and if we would be friends they would come to camp. Lieut. Weed said to her to tell them to come in. She gave a signal and they came on a trot. On arrival we formed them in line, they numbering 106. They were the hardest-looking gang I have ever seen. They were all smiles and how-deys, and seemed glad to shake hands and talk. They were loud in their praises of our bravery, saying, "We can't fight soldiers; you shoot too much bullet," etc. After a paper was drawn to the satisfaction of Lieut. Weed, binding them to prevent any interruption of travel through their country, etc., which the chief signed, they were given flour, bacon, coffee and sugar to their satisfaction, and were then released. They, however, remained in camp until nearly dark, when they moved over the mountain, apparently happy. We counted 24 of the Indians that had been wounded in the different affairs with us, and they seemed proud of their wounds.

[THE END.]

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